

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY



Edited by Katherine Tingley



Volume XIV

January—June, 1918



PUBLISHED BY THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.



THE ARYAN THEOSOPHICAL PRESS
Point Loma, California

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The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



Rd. 586799

VOL. XIV NO. 1

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

SINGLE COPY (Domestic) 30c. (Foreign) 35c. or 18 d. SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00-Canadian postage \$0.25- Foreign \$0.50

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JANUARY 1918

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine
Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

I have held, and I hold, that souls are immortal, and that they are subsisting substances (that is, the intellectual souls), and that, speaking in a catholic manner, they do not pass from one body to another, but they go either to paradise or to purgatory or to hell. Nevertheless in philosophy I have reasoned that the soul, subsisting without the body and non-existent in the body, may in the same way that it is in one body be in another, passing from one body into another; the which, if it is not true, at least appears to be the opinion of Pythagoras.—*Doc. xii.*

No substance being of itself dissoluble, we may not, according to Pythagoras, suffer fear of death, since we must await our passage to another place. For dissolution can only appear in that which is compounded, that which is no substance, but a circumstance, otherwise our substance would be continually changed by the perpetual flow of matter which enters into and issues from our bodies. So then we are that which we are by the indivisible substance of our souls, around which, like the center, the atoms assemble, and from which they depart. Hence it happens that in birth and in growth the quickening spirit expands; it retires lastly to the heart, and departs by that way which was its entrance.—*De Trip. Min. 13. From Giordano Bruno, the Nolan; translation by I. Frith.*

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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

Published by the New Century Corporation, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter, July 25, 1911, at the Postoffice at Point Loma, California
Under the act of March 3, 1879

Copyright 1918, by Katherine Tingley

COMMUNICATIONS

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to 'KATHERINE TINGLEY, Editor THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, Point Loma, California.'

To the BUSINESS MANAGEMENT, including subscriptions, should be addressed to the 'New Century Corporation, Point Loma California'

MANUSCRIPTS

The Editor cannot undertake to return manuscripts; none will be considered unless accompanied by the author's name and marked with the number of words. The Editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

SUBSCRIPTION

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, THREE DOLLARS payable in advance, single copy, THIRTY Cents. Foreign Postage, FIFTY CENTS; Canadian, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

REMITTANCES

All remittances to the New Century Corporation must be made payable to

CLARK THURSTON, *Manager*
Point Loma, California

VOL. XIV NO. 1

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'THE END OF DAY,' POINT LOMA

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THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIV NO. 1

JANUARY 1918

GREETING

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY ALL OVER THE WORLD



DEAR COMRADES: The comrades here at our International Theosophical Headquarters join with me in sending you greetings for the Christmas season and the New Year.

Once again Christmas-tide is here, with its message of good-will for all. Out of the darkness of winter the sun begins again his northern course. The Christos is reborn. The New Year commences, and in response to the anxious questioning of the weary watcher's "*Watchman, what of the night?*" comes the hopeful reply: "*The night is far spent; the day is at hand.*"

Comrades, never has there been a time in all the world's history when such a call has gone out as is now made upon all. The Christos spirit cannot be reborn in the hearts of humanity save through its rebirth in individual hearts of men and women. — Theosophy is a priceless blessing. The world is hungry for that which our sublime philosophy gives, that which alone can satisfy the soul and make clear the way.

Christmas-tide is the season for gifts, and what greater gift can we bestow than the example of our lives, lived theosophically, as practical exemplifications of the principles of TRUST and BROTHERLY LOVE?

Faithfully yours, KATHERINE TINGLEY

LEADER AND OFFICIAL HEAD OF THE
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

International Theosophical Headquarters

Point Loma, California

THE NEW YEAR

[The following excerpts are from articles by the first two Leaders of the Theosophical Movement.]

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL! This seems easy enough to say, and everyone expects some such greeting. Yet, whether the wish, though it may proceed from a sincere heart, is likely to be realized even in the case of the few — is more difficult to decide. According to our Theosophical tenets, every man or woman is endowed, more or less, with a . . . potentiality, which when helped by a sincere, and especially by an intense and indomitable *will* — is the most effective of magic levers placed by Nature in human hands — for woe as for weal. Let us then, Theosophists, use that will to send a sincere greeting and a wish of good luck for the New Year to every living creature under the sun — enemies and relentless traducers included. Let us try and feel especially kindly and forgiving to our foes and persecutors, honest or dishonest.

* * *

WHY should not the coming year be a year of greater spiritual development than any we have lived through? It depends upon ourselves to make it so. This is an actual fact, not a religious sentiment. In a garden of sunflowers every flower turns towards the light. Why not so with us? Let no one imagine that it is a mere fancy, the attaching of importance to the birth of the year. The earth passes through its definite phases and man with it; as a day can be colored, so can a year.

— H. P. BLAVATSKY

IN the year just passing we have been cheered by much encouragement from without and within. Theosophy has grown. . . . A new age is not far away. The huge, unwieldy flower of the nineteenth century civilization, has almost fully bloomed, and preparation must be made for the wonderful new flower which is to rise from the old. . . . But the grand clock of the Universe points to another hour, and now Man must seize the key in his hands and himself — as a whole — open the gate. . . . Let us then together enter upon another year, fearing nothing, assured of strength in the Union of Brotherhood. For how can we fear death, or life, or any horror or evil, at any place or time, when we well know that even death itself is a part of the dream which we are weaving before our eyes.

* * *

FRIENDS: the struggle for the Eternal is not the daring deed, nor yet hundreds of them. It is the calm, unbroken forgetfulness of the lower self for all time. Begin it now on your present plane. You have within you the same guide that the Helpers of Humanity possess. By obeying it they have become what they are.—WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS: by H. Travers, M. A.

NEW YEAR is the occasion for much cheap cynicism and many antediluvian newspaper jokes about the failure of good resolutions, and there is no immediate need for nauseating the reader by adding to the number of such witticisms. It is all very well to poke fun at the gallant but futile struggles of the half-hearted aspirant to sainthood; but he who sneers at wisdom merely exposes his own folly. Wit has its right uses and its wrong; and wit and wisdom should be comrades in arms, not foes tilting at one another. Let us be humorous without being cynical, and wise without being dull and sanctimonious.

Nobody but a simpleton would imagine that a man who has spent a whole year in remissness would be able to control his conduct for the whole of the ensuing year by the force of one spasm of good intention indulged for an hour or two at the beginning. It is a question of moral dynamics. When we were children we used to plant flower stalks in the ground, but they did not grow. There was no seed behind them. And so with many good resolutions; there is no seed behind them. Our reforms must be the outcome of deep and prolonged resolution, carried on every day of the year; otherwise their effect will be as feeble as the cause, as short-lived as the spasm which engendered it.

Nevertheless the new year is an important time at which to make good resolutions; partly so because it is a special epoch, and partly because it is simply an epoch. Although the potentiality of the future tree lies concealed in the seed, and there can be no tree without the seed, still the seed requires to be planted; and the planting is the work of a moment. And so with our good resolutions; while it is necessary to have the momentum of a whole bygone year's resolve behind them, yet there come moments when we can focus our power, and plant, as it were, the seed which in previous days we have been slowly conceiving. These epochal moments are the *beginnings* of times: the beginning of the day, the beginning of the week, the beginning of the year. Things done at those moments count for more. But the new year is a special epoch because it is the time when all nature is about to renew itself; and thus we have behind our efforts the momentum of that nature of which we form so vital a part and which has such power to further or impede our endeavors.

In the matter of habits, *time* is the most powerful agent, and we must get time on our side. By our impatience, however, we seek to make him an enemy, whereas he is our friend if we will. Habits are the accumulation of time; the lapse of time has made them strong. Time

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

will be required to overcome them; but time is another name for patience. The fact that we cannot change a habit in a moment is merely evidence that we *can* change it in time. The one thing is as sure as the other. Therefore we must be persistent and unflagging in our resolutions, adding little by little to the store of power that is accumulating until it will be strong enough to bear down all opposition. The times are in our hands.

A man who makes a resolution in a moment of exaltation, usually makes it with only a part of himself; and the other part does not endorse the undertaking. He catches the devil napping so to say; but when the saint goes to sleep and the devil occupies the stage again, there is trouble. This is why it is necessary to keep on making the resolution again and again. For it is a fact that the human personality is not a single thing but a collection — like a bundle of sticks. When we learn anything new, we have to train the whole nature, part by part, which takes a long time. We learn to do the new thing well one day; and the next day we are back at the starting-point and seem to have made no progress. This is because part of our nature which we had trained has now passed from the field of view, and another part, as yet uncultivated, has come on; and this also needs to be trained. And so we have to go on practising until we have trained every phase of our complex nature. And it is the same with good resolutions: they must be enforced again and again; and efforts too great to be concentrated in the act of a moment must be spread out over a long stretch of time.

It is a law of nature that whoever invokes the powers of good arouses also the powers of evil. And herein comes both his danger and his opportunity. This explains the sudden collapse of spasmodic resolves. When the hosts are arrayed on one side, they muster likewise on the other side, for the battle that is imminent. But the enemy could not be overcome unless he were met.

The power of a good resolution comes from the invocation of our higher nature; for if the forces called in were those of the lower nature, Satan would be divided against himself, and Satan cannot cast out Satan. Aspiration — true prayer — brings this supernal power to our aid, and endows us with a fixity of purpose that renews our efforts after every temporary set-back.

Easter is another crucial time for initiating; for it marks the rebirth of the sun in spring, when, as it crosses the vernal equinox, the new year is regarded by some peoples as really beginning.

THEOSOPHY AND THE ARTIST: by Maurice Braun

THERE are few artists who have not had the experience, after much plodding, of suddenly coming upon a view or an idea of such compelling beauty and character that all the hardships and disappointments in the quest are forgotten in the enthusiasm and wonder of the moment. It is with somewhat similar emotions that many a student has greeted the simple and sane presentation of Theosophy as originally taught by vatsky and as by the Universal Theosophical Society. A sense of wonder is aroused when one finds such a profound understanding of the meaning of life thus presented at a time when it seemed ledge was practically beyond human reach, and that the practical application of this knowledge would lead to a gradual and certain growth of character, which is the very key, by the way, to all development in other arts.

Perhaps it is this power of revealing, explaining all the apparent enigmas, which at first holds the student of Theosophy. Broad and universal in its scope, when applied to art and to the artist, it is as illuminating and as helpful as it is in other fields of endeavor. The art student finds in Theosophy a clear, bright light by which, with true vision, fully alive to the real issues, his best efforts may come to their proper maturity.

One of the enigmas, to the artist, is the fact that so much promising material fails to mature. At some period in the art life of many a student and artist, despite unusual opportunities and with exceptional early promise, comes stagnation or even complete deterioration. The simple Theosophical explanation is that the inner, the real man, has been starved. The student has been absorbed in the outer aspects of his art to the exclusion of all the deeper facts of life, and thus, gradually but inevitably, has acquired habits disastrous to the functioning and



'THE BROOK'

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even to the existence of his finer sensibilities. Such selfish absorption, even in art, may lead to a complete extinction of all true art sense, starving as it does the very source of inspiration.

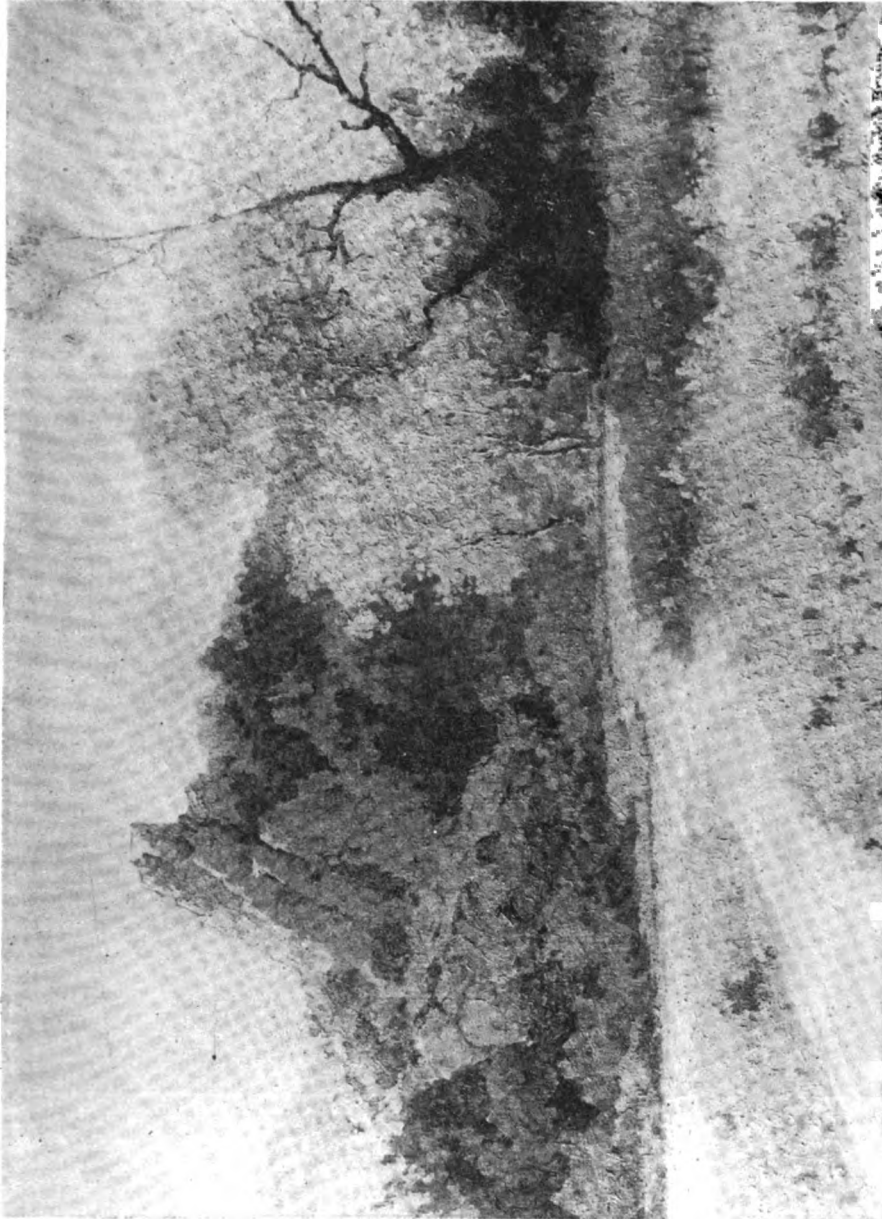
We are reminded of a story told of an artist who, in order to study the action of a galloping horse, ran alongside the horse through a crowded street, upsetting all who happened in his way, trampling under foot children at play, quite unconscious perhaps of any brutality on his part. His knowledge of a horse in action may have been greatly augmented, but surely something of his increased brutality must have become apparent in his work, also perhaps quite unconsciously to himself.

Artists in particular need to develop their humanity; they particularly need a balance-giving power such as Theosophy gives. They live so largely in an atmosphere of subjective emotions that unless there is some humanizing and spiritual power in their lives and unless they have some knowledge of their own complex natures, they are likely to be led into bypaths of disintegration. This has become only too evident by the many wrecks all along the way and the stultifying of the efforts of many a genius, which the history of art records. In the minds of some, genius and dissoluteness appear to be inevitably coupled together, as though they were the product of one condition.

It will require several generations of artists and poets entirely devoted to the highest ideals, expressing the highest principles of art and of great purity in their personal lives to wipe out this almost universally accepted stigma upon genius.

To be an artist, one must first of all be a man. A weakling can accomplish nothing lasting and true in any vocation. In fact, artists cannot afford to disregard Theosophy, because it develops the very qualities which are absolutely necessary in their make-up, namely, their true manhood, the power of imagination, an insight into nature and into spiritual truths. It develops a love for humanity, for all things that are good and true and therefore beautiful; it gives a poise, an outlook upon life, and creates an atmosphere which is essential to the normal growth of art. It accentuates the fact that although the technique of art is important to the artist, the technique of right living is infinitely more so.

Moreover it gives an assurance that no labor, no effort is in vain, the least as well as the greatest. With the doctrine of immortality, of continued effort in repeated lives to come, the student may go on confidently, knowing that even though his progress is slow, and final success or realization of the coveted power is not in sight, he yet has every incentive to continue to the end, for he knows that opportunity after opportunity will be his, that for the soul there can be no failure, that



Reproduced from the painting by Maurice Braun

'CASTLE ROCK'

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.



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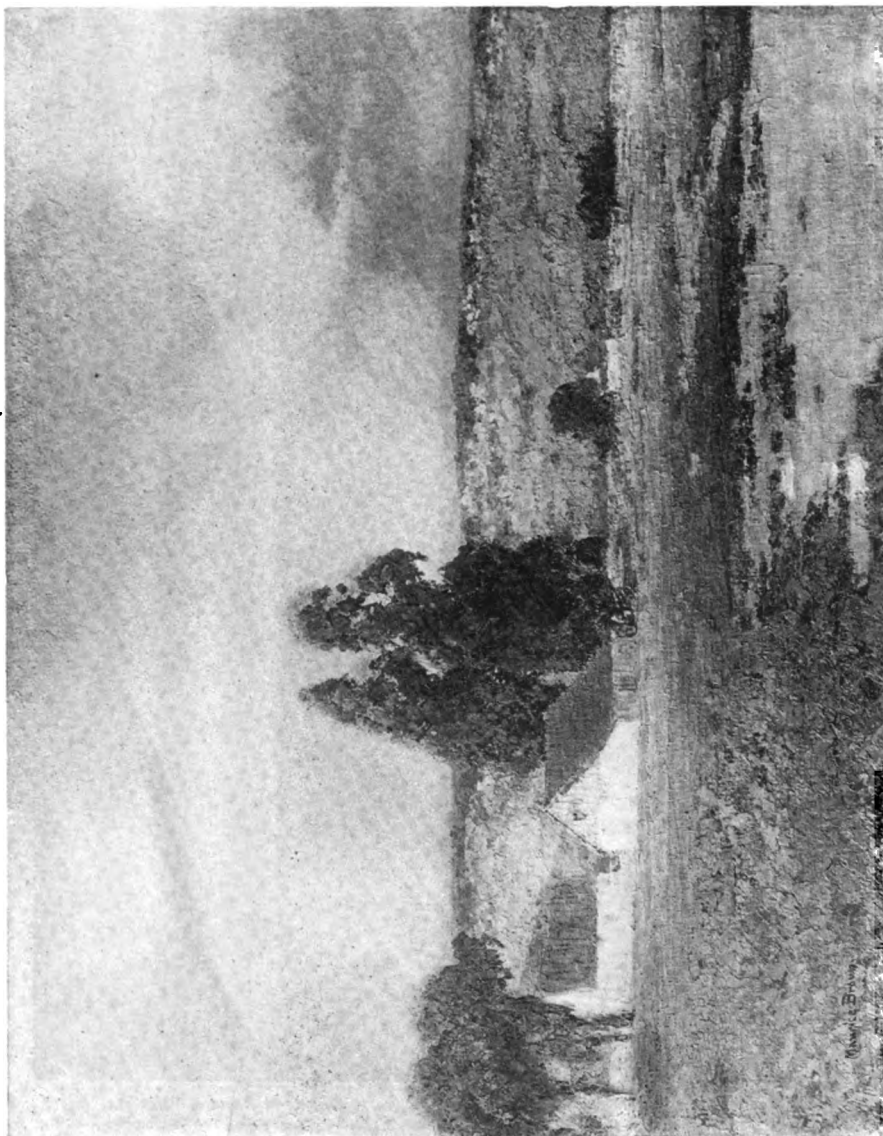
IOMALAND FAIRIES



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A GROUP OF EUCALYPTI



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'MOONRISE'

Reproduced from the painting by Maurice Braun

A MASTER-BRUSH OF POINT LOMA

with the soul's indomitable will must come final victory and achievement. This aspect of the doctrine of immortality gives such a broad outlook upon life and its possibilities that it inevitably brings to the nature a quality of discrimination absolutely necessary for the development of art along natural lines. Balance and discrimination are sorely needed now as never before.

If the original purpose of art, namely the service of the divine powers in man, as it was with some of the ancients, or 'art for humanity's sake' as it would be in our modern phraseology, had not fallen to 'art for art's sake,' we should not have so much confusion; there would be no doubts as to the worth of any one of the numerous new art movements.

From the standpoint of a student of Theosophy, there are forces now at work in the field of art, as there are in other fields of endeavor, which threaten to obscure its high mission, that of interpreter of truth and beauty. Theosophy is the champion and inspirer of all that is noble and true and genuine in art, as it also is in other fields. It is a guide, unfailing at every cross-road, pointing ever onward and upward, illuminating the way, and inspiring and encouraging the traveler at every step.

It is the writer's privilege and great pleasure, before closing, to endeavor to pay a fitting tribute to one who directly and indirectly has encouraged and inspired him in his efforts from the time that he first began his art studies. This assistance was particularly appreciated and most highly valued because it came at a time when there was apparently little to encourage, and was repeated generously at times when it was most sorely needed. If a true friend is to be gaged by the thoughtfulness, the generosity and the unfailing kindness displayed in deed and word, then Madame Katherine Tingley is indeed friend; and to her students she is more than friend—their Teacher, Leader, Benefactress.

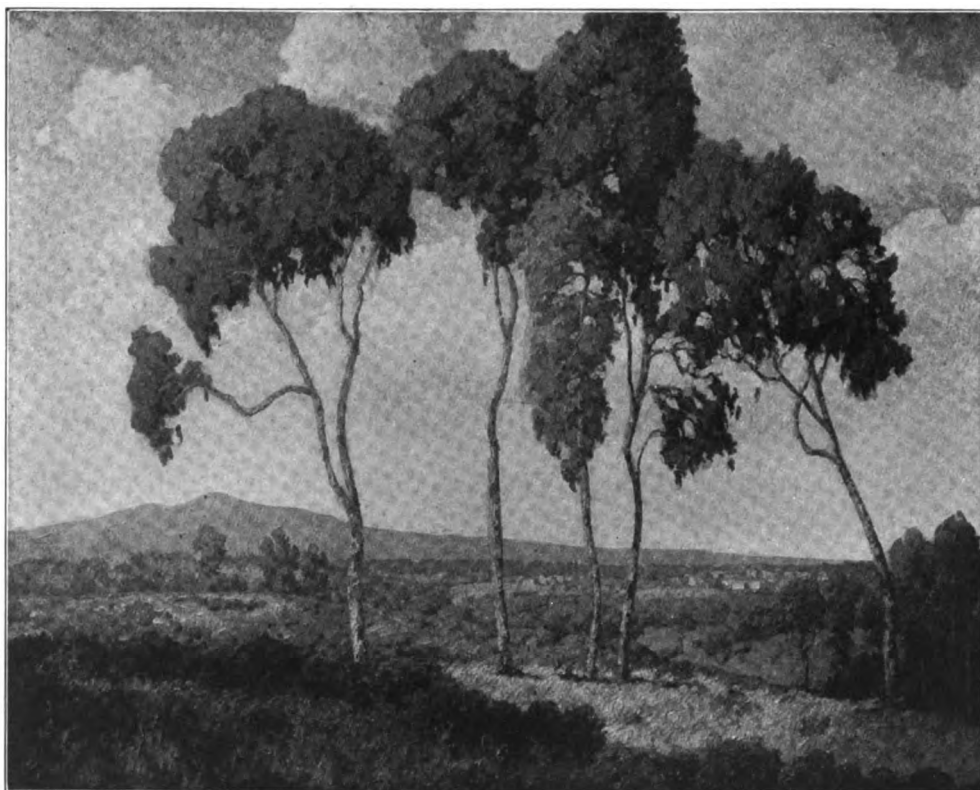
'A MASTER-BRUSH WHICH BREATHES ITS INSPIRATION FROM POINT LOMA'

In *The Santa Fe Magazine* (August 1917), in the leading article under the above caption, Esther Mugan Bush writes as follows:

... None other has better interpreted the elusive charms of the southland than has Maurice Braun, an artist who, in his seven years of sincere work in the midst of such environs, has chummed with nature and has so won the confidence of sea and sky, mountain and valley, canyon, tree and flower and shrub, that he has been able to interpret their varying moods and transfer them to the canvas with unerring brush. These lovely canvas poems of his have made their way into the various art galleries of this country and abroad, carrying with them California's message to the world—the message that here abound space and sunshine and beauty for all.



'POINT LOMA HILLS'



'A GROUP OF EUCALYPTI'

Awarded a Gold Medal at the San Diego Exposition in 1916

A MASTER-BRUSH OF POINT LOMA

Mr. Braun came to us from New York, where he was for many years a student in the National Academy of Design, with Edward M. Ward, George W. Maynard, and Francis C. Jones for his instructors. He was born in Nagy Bittse, Hungary, in 1877, but was a very small lad when his parents brought him to this country. Upon finishing his course in the National Academy he sought to leaven his American Training with a bit of European inspiration, and accordingly he took himself to his native country, where he remained a year, short time much he since has decanvases. Mr. Braun, however, does not foster the idea that American painters are imitators of the French, German, and Dutch schools, and as he believes that we have developed a school distinctly our own. . . .

Mr. Braun argues that American art is generally tists, although in some instances the product of European thought, are not imitators, but have taken the best of the old traditions and combined them with those of the East and are using them to give expression to their own inner convictions.



MAURICE BRAUN

"This is particularly true of California art," he avers, "for here we are in a country in the freshness of early youth. It is prosperous without the deadening influence of luxury and excess. It smiles upon the world, happy in its sunny optimism. Its scenery is majestic and possesses qualities to satisfy any taste. It is either lyric or dramatic, as you choose to find it, or it is sober, or gay, or tender, and full of subtleties, or frankly brutal in its rough mountain gorges.

"I have heard many painters remark that our tree life, shrubbery, and other elements in California, are much like those of certain countries, but to my knowledge no one has yet made an absolute comparison. It is just this peculiarity of atmosphere, hill formation, verdure, quality of soil, which most attracts me. . . . Here the immensity of the open spaces are themselves an inspiration. Again, in England, or countries of like latitude, artists cannot help being influenced by the somber atmosphere. Here, even a gray day vibrates luminosity. And how vital is the subject matter. One

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is compelled to express it with a preponderance of warmth, because of the brilliancy of the colors which cling and soon become a part of one's vision."

And in this last sentence lies the keynote of a most characteristic quality in Mr. Braun's landscapes. He eminently excels as a colorist, painting always in the high key which is expressive of optimism and cheerfulness. "I cannot paint in a low key," says this artist. "It depresses me and I am sure it would have the same effect upon those who view my work."

Although he speaks of the gray days which vibrate luminosity, he rarely paints a gray day. Rather has he seemed to absorb the blues and golds, the purples and scarlets and exquisite rose and emerald tints that pervade our atmosphere three hundred and fifty of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. I commented upon the exquisite blue tones which I observed in many of his canvases. "It is impossible to paint around San Diego without getting a great deal of blue into the canvas," he replied, "as it is the dominant note in the color scheme that nature has adopted hereabout." . . .

Speaking of San Diego, Mr. Braun says: "This vicinity has been overlooked by the artist. Neither Greece nor Italy surpasses southern California for artistic atmosphere. This is particularly true of Point Loma, affording as it does a splendid view of the ocean, bay, shore, and hills. In many respects we have superior advantages, for our sky is bluer, our waters have more colors, and our trees and flowers are brighter. It is indeed an Eden for those who seek the beautiful in Nature." . . .

From his talented and versatile brush have come hundreds of worthy canvases, interpretative of the best that southern California has to offer. He has grasped the brilliancy of her sunlight, the gorgeous, fleecy loveliness of her cloud glories — those 'dry' billowy clouds that hover ever over our picturesque harbor, serving but to enhance the blue of the firmament and adding greatly to the beauties of the bay region. He has given us the bay by moonlight, mystic and fascinating under the night spell.

Point Loma, where the artist makes his home amidst the transcendently beautiful surroundings of the Theosophical Headquarters, has been to him an endless source of inspiration. 'Along the Point Loma Shore,' reproduced herewith, admirably portrays one of the picturesque coves which witness the ceaseless ebb and flow of the mighty Pacific. Another of our illustrations, 'Point Loma Hills,' is a remarkable treatment of landscape, although the reproduction but inadequately conveys the beauty that the original painting in oil contains, for mere black and white never can suggest the wonderful color tones that are always the crowning beauty of a Braun canvas. However, it does not require the eye of a connoisseur to discover the admirable technique and the happy composition of this subject. . . .

But if Mr. Braun has found the road to success beset with stones and briars, he seems not to have been cast down by such obstacles. Is it the philosophy of Theosophy, I wonder, that has clothed his spirit with such brilliant visions? At any rate his canvases are joyous things — companions

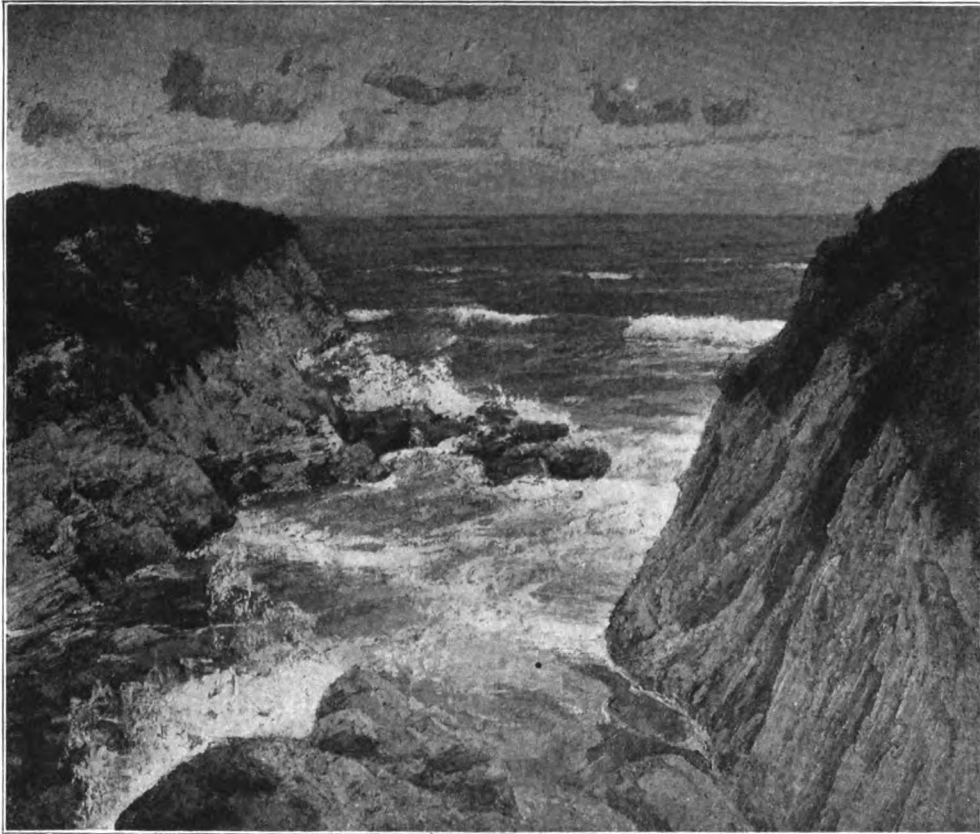


'A MORNING IDYL'



'SAN DIEGO HILLS'

Awarded a Gold Medal at the San Diego Exposition in 1915




‘ALONG THE POINT LOMA SHORE’

for our gayer hours — that breathe of woodland beauties, laughing waters, the songs of birds, and, over and above all, the sparkling, warmth-giving sunlight.

One of Mr. Braun's paintings which has created nation-wide comment is his 'San Diego Bay from Point Loma.' This is a large canvas, showing in the foreground a canyon flooded with brilliant sunlight, then a stretch of the blue waters of San Diego Bay, and in the middle distance the city lying low along the shore, "flushed with pinkish lights and purple shadows of this clear clime;" behind the city are the mountains, clothed in violet and over all is a glorious bank of shifting, colorful clouds. It is a wonderful portrayal of our city beautiful and has been hung in most of the prominent galleries in the East, doing much to acquaint our eastern friends with the advantages which San Diego has to offer.

ORIGIN OF RELIGIONS: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

LL thoughtful people must be interested in this question, and must often have reflected upon it. In considering such problems it is usual to start with a definition of religion; but that would take too much space, and perhaps it is better left undefined in any case. Religions are partly traditional and authoritative, and partly due to personal conviction; these two factors enter into the question always. There is generally a war waging between them, the upholders of tradition and authority on the one side, and the advocates of internal experience on the other. This conflict is so familiar to us from the pages of history, as well as from present experience, that we are apt to think it inevitable. Nevertheless the war is only a peculiarity of the particular age in which we have been living, and it did not always exist, nor is it inevitable. It is argued by the upholders of tradition and authority that, if individual freedom is allowed, it will lead to an endless variety of sects; and this tendency we do indeed observe. But on the other hand, authority and tradition tend to destroy the value of personal experience and to narrow down religion into dogmatism and bigotry.

If everybody's internal experience were the same, then religious freedom would not lead to diversity of beliefs, but to uniformity. In science we can obtain uniform results, so long as our observations are confined to those of the physical senses possessed equally by all men. The facts and laws of nature must be uniform; and if we can only observe them accurately and reason correctly about them, we shall arrive at uniform results in science — uniform in essentials at any rate, even though with local differences of taste and manner of expression. But how stands the case with religion? Can that also be a matter to be determined by observation? Are there *spiritual* facts and laws of nature, which can be ascertained by observation, and which will consequently lead to uniform results wherever and by whomsoever observed? The answer to this question must be that, in our present civilization this is not so. We do not seem to possess faculties that would enable us to ascertain without error the spiritual facts of nature and laws of life, and consequently we are left largely to mere speculation; while individual experiences do not always corroborate each other. This is why freedom tends to lead to diversity and chaos.

But what if man has been living for millenniums in an age of spiritual decline, during which his attention has been so focussed on material and external experiences that he has become unable to use his faculties of spiritual discernment? What if there were ages when man was not so occupied with wars and material pleasures and acquisitions,

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and when he possessed undimmed spiritual discernment? Then, under those circumstances, it might have been possible for mankind in general to achieve uniformity in religious experience, so that there would be one religion for all mankind, with perhaps unimportant local differences.

This is, in fact, what, according to Theosophy, has occurred. For, besides tracing the animal evolution of man, Theosophy is concerned also with his divine origin, and traces the development of his mind and higher faculties. The scientific doctrines of evolution are true to a certain extent. It is true that man's body is derived from all the lower kingdoms of nature, mineral, vegetable, and animal; but no evolution whatever can take place without some higher power descending into a material or organism and causing that material or organism to expand and grow into something higher. Hence, if we could look far enough back into the history of the human race, we should come to a time when the first intelligent race of physical men was brought into existence by the descent of *Mind* into organisms ready prepared to receive it. Mankind receives its light from great teachers and leaders and men of genius, who appear from time to time and leave their impress upon races for a long time afterwards.

Science, with its view of evolution, has attempted to trace the evolution of religion in the same way, and to represent the greater as having always proceeded from the less; and we are doubtless familiar with books which describe the religious beliefs and superstitions of uncivilized races, and try to explain how our present religions must have evolved from these. Many of these attempts strike us as very lame and far-fetched. It is especially difficult, on such lines, to explain the wonderful similarities that exist between the legends of the creation of man, the Garden of Eden, the Fall, the Serpent and Tree, the Flood, etc. And, as it is impossible to account for these resemblances by supposing a collusion between so many and so widely-separated races, the theorists are driven back upon the suggestion that the human mind is so uniformly constituted that men in all lands and all ages will always *invent* exactly the same myths. But, while this might be so in a general way, it becomes altogether too improbable when we try to apply it to the legends mentioned above. The resemblances are too exact.

Theosophy says that all religions have proceeded from a common and universal culture that once spread all over the inhabited globe; and that this was in times when mankind was more spiritual and less material than at present. Afterwards, when a separation took place, the different races resulting from the dispersal took away with them to their settlements portions of the universal religion, and these became gradually transformed until the present diversity of beliefs arose. This accounts

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGIONS

for the fact that religions are so different and yet so similar. It is like the many languages of the Indo-European family, all so different, and yet all traceable back to the same roots and the same principles of inflexion.

This also explains those wonderful and elaborate systems of mythology which we find, for instance in ancient Greece and Rome, in Egypt and India, in Scandinavia, and among the aborigines of the Americas. Theorists are hard put to it to account for these. It seems impossible that a savage humanity could ever have put together such elaborate systems, or could ever have had a motive for so doing. And then they are so similar wherever found. But those who have gone deeply into the study of these mythologies have discovered that, when interpreted symbolically, they can be shown to represent the same fundamental truths. The fact is that these mythologies are simply the traditional remains of the teachings of the universal Wisdom-Religion, which teachings were always expressed in symbolical language, such as we actually use in our present religions. After the separation of races (alluded to in true mythical form in the legend of the Tower of Babel) the different migrant races each adapted the teachings to their own special needs, and gave them local coloring; so that we find Gardens of Eden all over the world, and the Tree in the Garden is all kinds of trees, and its fruit is all kinds of fruit, according to whether the legend was preserved in Asia or America or elsewhere. And we find Hercules and Apollo appearing over and over again in different guises and disguises, but always representing the might of the human Soul in its triumph over the temptations of the flesh.

These remarks may now be amplified by some quotations from H. P. Blavatsky's great work *The Secret Doctrine*, which we cite by volume and page, adding comments.

If it is shown that in those ages which are shut out from our sight by the exuberant growth of tradition, human religious thought developed in uniform sympathy in every portion of the globe; then it becomes evident that, born under whatever latitude, in the cold North or the burning South, in the East or West, that thought was inspired by the same revelations, and man was nurtured under the protecting shadow of the same TREE OF KNOWLEDGE. —Volume I, page 341

This suggests that religious knowledge was, in the days spoken of, a matter of certainty; just as are those natural laws which science investigates. Observe too that the word *knowledge* is used.

No one can study ancient philosophies seriously without perceiving that the striking similitude of conception between all — in their exoteric form very often, in their hidden spirit invariably — is the result of no mere coincidence, but of a concurrent design: and that there was, during the youth of mankind, one language, one knowledge, one universal religion, when there were no churches, no creeds or sects, but when every man was a priest unto himself. —I, 341

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What has become of all this knowledge and culture? Is it all lost but what we can recover by interpreting the mythologies? By no means; for the records are preserved from age to age.

More than one great scholar has stated that there never was a religious founder . . . who had *invented* a new religion, or revealed a new truth. These founders were all *transmitters*, not original teachers. They were the authors of new forms and interpretations, while the truths upon which the latter were based were as old as mankind. Selecting one or more of those grand verities — actualities visible only to the eye of the real Sage and Seer — out of the many orally revealed to man in the beginning, preserved and perpetuated in the *adyta* of the temples through initiation, during the MYSTERIES and by personal transmission — they revealed these truths to the masses. Thus every nation received in its turn some of the said truths, under the veil of its own local and special symbolism; which, as time went on, developed into a more or less philosophical cultus, a Pantheon in mystical disguise. — I, xxxvi

Thus the resemblance of Christianity to other religions, such as has been shown by the discovery of cuneiform inscriptions in Chaldaea, having the stories of the Creation and Flood, is no disparagement whatever to Christianity; nor is the fact that Creation and Flood stories are found among the ancient Americans. The religious teachers merely gave out facts and truths; they presented these in a new light for the people among whom they appeared. After the departure of the teacher, the teachings began to assume a more dogmatic form, and schisms occurred, giving rise to sects. As to the preservation of records, we read that:

The members of several esoteric schools — the seat of which is beyond the Himālayas, and whose ramifications may be found in China, Japan, India, Tibet, and even in Syria, besides South America — claim to have in their possession the *sum total* of sacred and philosophical works in MSS. and type: all the works, in fact, that have ever been written, in whatever language or characters, since the art of writing began. — I, xxiii.

The Secret Doctrine was the universally diffused religion of the ancient and prehistoric world. Proofs of its diffusion, authentic records of its history, a complete chain of documents, showing its presence and character in every land, together with the teaching of all its great adepts, exist to this day in the secret crypts of libraries belonging to the Occult Fraternity. — I, xxxiv

If these quotations appear too slight, we must refer the reader to their source, where he will find much more which there is not room to quote. We have shown that knowledge is preserved in two chief ways: it is accessible to those who have the eyes wherewith to see; and it is preserved in documentary form. It is of course most important to us to-day to realize that there is all this at the back of us; for we are the heirs of this knowledge, and it is our heirloom. Secresy became necessary when mankind began abusing this knowledge. Among the teachers who have given out some of the Secret Doctrine in a form adapted to the requirements of their time, must be reckoned H. P. Blavatsky. The influence of her work on the ideas and spirit of the times is already visible.

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGIONS

An extensive comparison of the various myths and pantheons, if undertaken in the light of the above remarks, will lead to an interpretation of the truths concealed in them. Who were the gods? Originally men, in many cases, teachers of mankind. Every mythology speaks of divine ancestors, gods and demigods and heroes, who preceded the race of ordinary men and gave them teachings, arts, and sciences, which were preserved and handed down. For evolution cannot be accomplished without the descent of something higher into that which is to evolve; and man was evolved by the descent of Mind into that which was 'mindless.' But Mind is not abstract, but a possession of intelligent beings — advanced men, whose lives as ordinary men belonged to an earlier cycle, and who subsequently appear as teachers to promote the evolution of succeeding races. These were the divine ancestors, whose memories often degenerated into myths and symbols not understood or misunderstood. All fable and superstition must have a basis of fact somewhere behind it; for the existence of a counterfeit argues the reality of the genuine. Sham Mysteries were imitations of real Mysteries, and spurious oracles were the unworthy successors of the true oracles.

Our races — they [the traditions] all show — have sprung from divine races. — II, 365.

These Beings appear first as 'gods' and Creators; then they merge in nascent man, to finally emerge as 'divine-Kings and Rulers.' But this fact has gradually been forgotten. 366

Not only Herodotus — the 'father of History' — tells us of the marvelous dynasties of gods that preceded the reign of mortals, followed by the dynasties of demi-gods, Heroes, and finally men, but the whole series of classics support him. 367.

In the Turin papyrus . . . in the words of the Egyptologist, de Rougé: "Champollion, struck with amazement, found that he had under his own eyes the whole truth. . . . It was the remains of a list of dynasties embracing the furthest mythic times, or the *reign of the gods and heroes*. . . . At the very outset of this curious papyrus we have to arrive at the conviction that so far back already as the period of Ramses, those mythic and heroic traditions were just as Manetho had transmitted them to us; we see figuring in them, as Kings of Egypt, the gods Seb, Osiris, Horus, Thoth-Hermes, and the goddess Ma, a long period of centuries being assigned to each of these." 367-368.

Religion, then, is loyalty to the truth — that truth which man by his faculties can know. It is loyalty to the divine in human nature. Religion will always be reborn from age to age, for its seed is preserved through all temporal decay.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society has for its motto the aphorism, "There is no religion higher than Truth"; and this motto aptly sums up our remarks — that religion surely must rest on a foundation of *reality*, however deeply this may be concealed.

STUDIES IN VERGIL: by J. O. Kinnaman, M. A., PH. D.

I: INTRODUCTION

WHAT is it," asks M. Patin, "that makes the story of Aeneas establishing himself in Italy into a Roman Epic? It is the eminently national character of the legend used by the poet; . . . it is the perspectus continually opened, down *the history of Rome*. . . ."

The above quotation appropriately opens the first subject of our discussion: the cal foundation Roman epic. ject on which deed, as far as has ever been yet one upon classical stu- for more infor- the fact that far from being poet, has been to the faith Dr. H. Schlie- veritable mine chaeology, eth- lore, geogra- phy, and nu- things. Schol- devoted their search in phi- lation to Ho- sidered their cess if they add even one of new know- great accumu-

meric erudition. But no such great school of research workers has grown up around Vergil, because of the fact, perhaps, that Vergil is as historical as George Washington or Abraham Lincoln, and there is not a mist of uncertainty surrounding him as in the case of Homer. No one can deny that Vergil wrote the Aeneid, nor can the poem be attributed to a 'school of rhapsodists,' nor can it be divided into its 'original lays,' nor can there be any 'Wolfian theory,' nor can 'Nine cities claim



VERGIL

true histori- of the great It is a sub- very little in- we are aware, written, but which every dent wishes mation, from Homer, very the dreamer- found, thanks of one man, mann, to be a of history, ar- nology, folk- phy, philoso- merous other ars have also lives to re- lology in re- mer, and con- labors a suc- were able to small particle ledge to the lation of Ho-

STUDIES IN VERGIL.

the Vergil dead, Through which the living Vergil begged his bread.'

Vergil was Rome's greatest poet, second to none in that great literary age — the Augustan. He is not surrounded by mystery. We know him; he belongs to the world, and hence the lack of *motif* among scholars to enter into lengthy and learned discussions. They take him for granted, and there the matter rests. But there is more in Vergil than 'imitative poetry,' imagination, flowery language, stiff hexameter, epic machinery that will not run, mythology, a desire to please a mighty potentate, or to revive and popularize a dead religion; and this it will be our purpose

In 1906 Dr. were discussing of Vergil, when him 'the Bar-Vergilian studiatly retali- ing that I read the subject be- cal Association West. Thus be- sure, my re- rection, though devoted some phase of the

When I first of the Homeric fessors of the time — with a show of profound erudition — in propounding the theory that the Iliad was an allegory setting forth the struggles of Apollo (the sun god) in traversing the sky from "Morn to the dewy eve"; that the Trojans were merely the clouds of a summer's day; and so on, ad infinitum.

One man believed that the shovel and pick would reveal things beyond the wildest fancy of the romancer. Acting upon this belief with the faith engendered of conviction, choosing the hill that legend said was the site of Homeric Troy, he set to work, and the results were the most astounding in the history of scholarship. That man was Dr. Schliemann, and his work is now a matter of common knowledge. But I wish to say for the benefit of younger students that the state of mind into which scholars were thrown when the news flashed around the world that the Homeric Troy had actually been found, can scarcely be imagined. Scholars saw their pet theories, which they had labored so sedulously



HOMER

Kelsey and I certain phases I suggested to ren Lands' in dies. He immed- ated by request- a paper upon fore The Classi- of the Middle gan, in a mea- search in this di- for years I had attention to this study.

began the study poems, the pro- day spent much

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to build, tumble about their ears like a house of cards. When it was announced that the tomb of Agamemnon had been found, it was like a thunder clap from a clear sky. Then men began to concede cautiously that an historical foundation of the Homeric epic *might be possible*, that *some* of the characters might have been men of real flesh and blood and not the figments of a blind poet's fancy, nor the phantasy of an overwrought mythology. The characters began to take the form of real men, though shadowy at first, walking, as it were, either in too dim light, or in the too intense arc-light of archaeology to be clearly seen. Troy became more than a legend; it became a real ancient city in the Troad; the walls of Troy and the 'Scaean Gates' had become again a reality.

These great discoveries lifted scholars out of the scholastic rut in which they had rested so comfortably for centuries. They could no longer juggle with logic and fancy, but they must now turn their attention to the interpretation of cold facts. They now have a double-edged sword which must be handled with care lest it slay. Men are slow to change their habits of thinking; they ultimately think in grooves, as it were; they cannot inhibit impulse moving over the line of least resistance, which in the case of the mind is the one most frequently used. The older generation finally adjusted itself to the new tenor of things; to the younger generation it was the regular *modus operandi*, until now we live in daily expectation of new discoveries, fresh light upon old subjects of investigation, revelations, illuminations, and confirmations.

Daily the spade of the archaeologist is opening new vistas of ancient life, confirming the Greek and Roman writers, converting legend into history.

In order that we may intelligently study Vergil, it is necessary, as a first step, that we lay hold of the *purpose* of the Aeneid.

M. Boissier holds that the Aeneid is a religious epic, and that the chief purpose of Aeneas is the introduction of the Trojan gods into Latium. Vergil was an Epicurean. It is possible that Vergil recognises the gods which Aeneas is bringing to Italy as *symbols* of divinity, but in his mind they have no real significance. They came from Troy, but they derive their importance from Rome; Rome does not owe her importance to them. While religion may be a minor factor in the poem, yet it is not the *motif*. We must look deeper. It seems to me that the following lines from Vergil himself would shed some light upon the subject:

Multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem,
inferretque deos Latio: genus unde Latinum
Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae.—*Aen.* I: 5.

STUDIES IN VERGIL

Especially in the case of the line in which he sums up his theme:

Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem.—Aen. I: 33.

This last line gives us the key to the purpose of the entire poem. Vergil looks down through history from Aeneas to Augustus; from Augustus up to Aeneas, and he finds it telling one story, breathing one spirit, the spirit that brought Aeneas from Troy to the Tiber's mouth; that consolidated Rome; that subjugated Carthage; in fact, the spirit that made Rome what it was.

If the verse quoted above is the keystone to the arch of the Aeneid, why did not Vergil write an historical poem? There was plenty of material at hand: Vergil was deeply interested in antiquities; Roman history was full of the deeds of great men, and these, together or separately, were capable of poetic treatment. Ennius had written an historical poem of the Punic Wars. Other contemporaries were writing of Julius and Augustus. Vergil in earlier life began an epic dealing with the Kings of Alba, but abandoned it, as he tells us (*Ecl.* VI: 3).

Perhaps there were two reasons why Vergil did not commit himself to historical poetry. First, there is a lack of *unity* in history that prevents metrical history from becoming a poem. The poet is held closely to fact, to the narration of a series of events, and these events, except in treatment of history as philosophy, seem not to be related to a central concept; without this central concept a poem is utterly impossible. Second, the functions of poetry and history are different. Aristotle says that "Poetry tends to express the universal, history the particular." It is the universal that Vergil wishes to express, but to express this universal he must draw upon the particular. He must have a central concept around which the details that make for the universal may be grouped. He must see clearly the philosophy of history without projecting it upon the consciousness of the reader; he must be scientific in his treatment without academic erudition; he must appeal to the human side of his readers, arouse and enlist their sympathy. In short, the task Vergil assigned himself was that of expressing the Roman people; not only that, but the utterance of humanity. The Aeneid's interest is not local but universal; it expresses the feelings not of a tribe, people, or nation, but of all civilized humanity. It has been the favorite poem of European races for nearly two thousand years, expressing for them the fountain source of all activity — love and sorrow. It is the poem of the birth of a people, the work done, the suffering and sorrow endured to found a race, the spirit brought forth that should enable a race to hold sway over the whole world, and stand for it as a symbol of union and peace. This the task, this the theme Vergil set for himself. What material should

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he choose in order to carry this great, grand, and sublime concept to fulfilment?

If we were removed two thousand years from the Pilgrim Fathers, would we believe that one hundred homeless, wandering, poverty-stricken exiles laid the foundation of the great American Republic? Would we believe that they nearly starved and froze to death on the dreary and 'rock bound' coast of New England? I am inclined to answer in the negative. We would relegate the romance of these same people to the wild imaginings of some unsettled intellect. Yet their actual history is, apparently, far more impossible than the works of Aeneas.

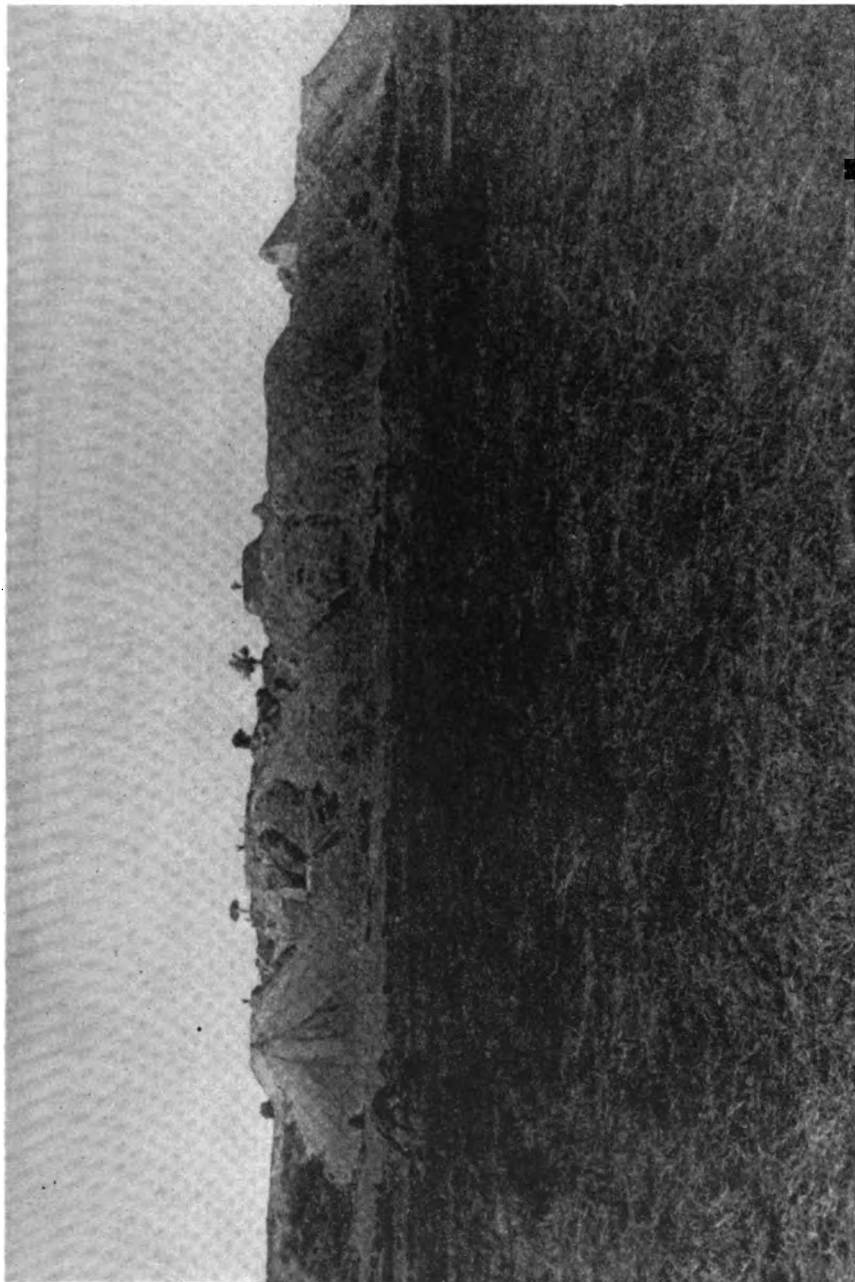
The parallel between the *Mayflower*, and its passengers and the fleet that carried Aeneas to Italy, is striking. The Pilgrims were bringing their Penates to the American shores in order to enjoy religious freedom and to found a new home for themselves and their posterity. They were exiles who did not wish to spend their lives in Leyden, and have their children grow up Hollanders, thus forgetting their English tongue, manners, and customs. Aeneas was seeking a new home for the Penates of Troy; seeking under divine guidance a place wherein to perpetuate the ideals of the Trojan race. The new home of the Penates of the Pilgrims (under divine guidance as they considered themselves) was America; that of the Trojan Penates, Italia. One developed into the Roman Empire, the other into the United States of America. Yet the acts of the Pilgrims are history, authentic. Was Aeneas historical, and Vergil his historian? That is the question that we would investigate, not with the hope that we may settle it, but merely that we may suggest certain lines of investigation.

II — THE PROBABLE HISTORICITY OF AENEAS

In order to appreciate thoroughly the probable historicity of Aeneas, it is necessary for us to study further the Iliad and the recent discoveries in the Troad, in order to see what the latest research has revealed in that regard. Dr. Walter Leaf is the eminent English authority upon the Iliad and the Troad, and his latest work, *A Study in Homeric Geography*, gives the latest word, as it were, in regard to Homeric study. We shall quote from his works, giving him full credit, for the writer does not assume original research work in the Homeric field. On page 13 in the Introductory, Dr. Leaf says:

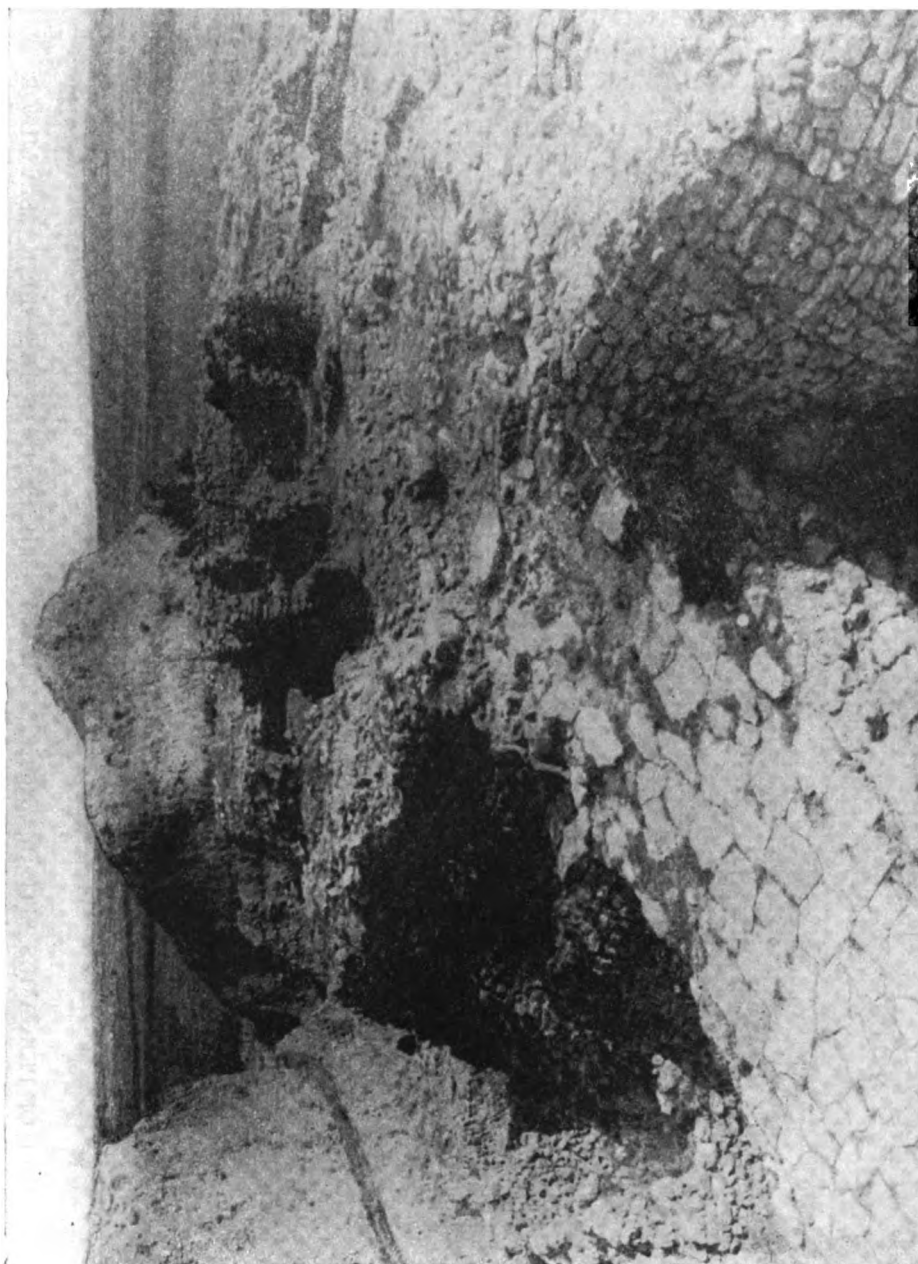
I can feel no doubt that the Iliad is based on a very solid foundation of historical fact . . . the Trojan catalogue is essentially a contemporaneous document . . . it has survived in something very like its original form.

And in further evidence of authenticity the author says on page 214:



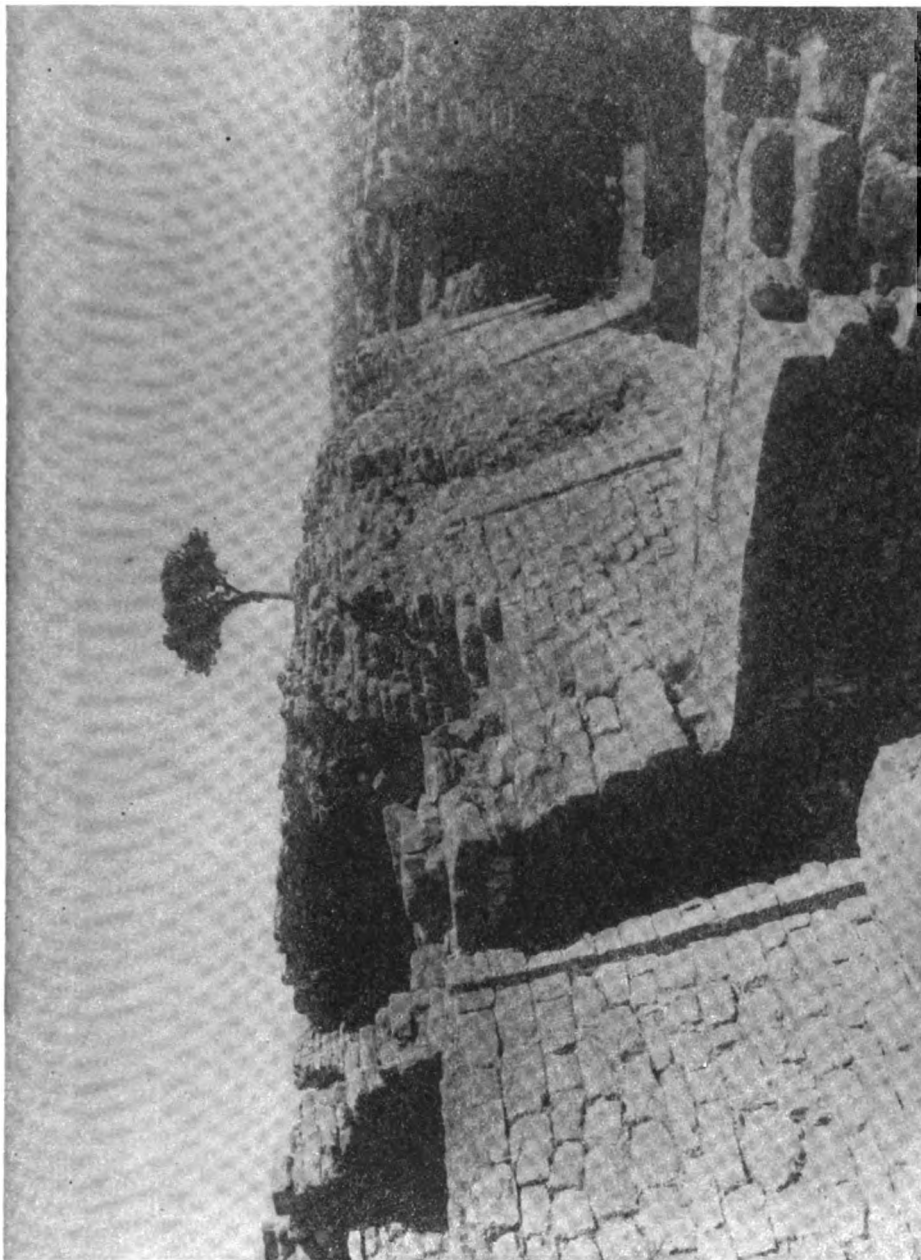
Lensland Photo & Engraving Dept.

HILL OF PERGAMUS. SITE OF ANCIENT TROY, IN THE PLAIN OF HISSARLIK, ASIA MINOR



Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.

TROY: RAMP LEADING TO ACROPOLIS OF SECOND OR 'BURNT CITY'



Lowland Photo & Engraving Dept

TROY: SOUTHEASTERN WALLS OF 'SIXTH CITY'

The 'city' that has been identified by Dr. Dörpfeld as the Homeric Troy is the Sixth Stratum counting from the bottom. The remains here worthy of our notice consist of the great fortification-wall of masonry, three gates, towers, and houses. . . . The Sixth Stratum flourished during the second half of the second millennium, from 1500 to 1200 or 1100 B. C.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

TROY: 'SCAEAN GATE' OF SIXTH CITY

The state of mind into which scholars were thrown when the news flashed around the world that the Homeric Troy had actually been found, can scarcely be imagined. . . . Troy became more than a legend; it became a real ancient city in the Troad; the walls of Troy and the 'Scaean Gates' had become again a reality.

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It is almost self-evident — that the *Iliad* is the outcome of a large mass of earlier poetry, dealing with the same story, and assumed to be universally familiar.

In attempting to identify Hissarlik with the real Homeric Troy, on page 28 he says: "The identity of the larger features is unmistakable." Its location is identical with the text of Homer. In fact, every detail, (and Homer gives no detail in description except in one place, *i. e.*, in regard to the hot and cold springs) or rather impression, for Homer takes it for granted that the listener is personally familiar with the landscape scenes with which he deals, every picture, is complete and agrees with the text of the *Iliad* as it has finally reached us, except in identifying the Scamander with the present Maeander. But after discussing this problem, Dr. Leaf concludes:

We can say with confidence that in all points where the landscape is fixed, Homer represents it with absolute faithfulness; and in the points where it is fluctuating, as the changing course of the Scamander, it is possible to frame a reasonable hypothesis which makes the whole picture consistent.

Then we may conclude that present-day scholars have agreed, in the main, that the plain in which Hissarlik is situated is the Homeric Troad. Therefore, let us examine the hill of Hissarlik in the light of latest excavations.

THE RUINS OF TROY

The plain of Troy, today, is subject to inundations in the winter and is malarious during the summer, so, as a result, though the soil is very fertile, the plain is practically not inhabited. This does not seem to have been true in Homeric times; at least, Homer nowhere gives us any such hint; this change is probably due to change in drainage rather than any other cause. The 'City of Troy' is located upon a hill standing in the midst, or rather projecting into the midst, of this plain, called Hissarlik. Dr. Schliemann considered this the site of the Homeric Troy, and, on the strength of his faith, spent his time and money in excavating it. The hill is about the shape of a hemisphere with a section taken off the top. Originally it was about fifty feet high; debris and successive settlements raised it to approximately one hundred and twenty feet above the sea-level. It does not stand today at quite that average height, due to the excavations.

I wish to correct some erroneous notions that have arisen in regard to this hill. Dr. Schliemann found the hill in strata, each stratum representing a distinct settlement. Each of these strata he denominated as a 'city,' and the name has clung to them ever since. But each of these strata, while representing a distinct settlement, and a distinct degree of culture, do not represent a 'city' as understood in the modern sense,

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nor do they even represent a town. The hill at the stratum of the Homeric Troy is about one hundred yards in diameter, giving an area of about five acres on which to build the 'city' and its walls of defense. It would be more properly speaking to say that the 'city' was a castle, the home, or, more truly, the fort of some chieftain who ruled over the district. It is necessary for us to grasp this fact clearly so that our eyes may not be blinded by the glamor of a city in the modern sense. This castle could be the residence of the chief, of a few of his retainers, and contain barracks for a small garrison. This was what really constituted the 'city' of Troy. It was the fort, corresponding to the 'fort and block-house' of our early frontier settlements. No doubt there must have been some kind of 'town' built within accessible distance of the fort, to which the rural inhabitants could flee in time of danger. All traces of such a town are lost, and its existence is mere conjecture, yet one founded upon analogy.

The 'city' that has been identified by Dr. Dörpfeld as the Homeric Troy is the Sixth Stratum counting from the bottom. The remains here worthy of our notice consist of the great fortification-wall of masonry, three gates, towers, and houses. Without entering into a technical discussion, which would avail us naught at this time, it is sufficient for us to note the conclusions reached by Dr. Walter Leaf. We are fully justified in

co-ordinating the Sixth Stratum with the period known in Greece as the Late Mycenaean, and in Crete as late Minoan III. The Sixth Stratum flourished during the second half of the second millennium, from 1500 to 1200 or 1100 B. C.

Without going into further detail, we can say that the Troy of Homer's Iliad, the hill of Hissarlik, and the 'city' of the Sixth Stratum, agree so closely that one would feel compelled to say that the poet was an eye-witness of the scenes of which he sings. Thousands have written, we will say, about the battle of Gettysburg, yet no two eye-witnesses absolutely agree; however, we would not question the actual battle, nor the statement that each writer saw that which he claims. Then why should we question in regard to an actual Trojan War?

Again Dr. Leaf has added irrefutable proof, due to his deep insight and personal study of the location of Hissarlik. He concludes that during the period of the fifteenth, to the eleventh, centuries B. C., Hissarlik was then what Byzantium later became, or Constantinople is at the present time in regard to the Black Sea. In other words it was the key to the Euxine, controlling the trade of southern Russia, and therefore, incidentally, of the central plain of Europe *via* the Danube; also it controlled the overland trade route through Asia Minor. If this were true, it is easy to reconstruct the cause or causes of the Trojan War.

STUDIES IN VERGIL

If Homer is authentic in respect to the war, why doubt the authenticity of his characters? If Troy actually existed, if the war was actually fought, why are not such characters as Agamemnon, Priam, Menelaus, Odysseus, Hector, Achilles, or even Helen herself, also true to life and actual characters?

I am aware that I face the possibility of seeming over-credulous, and this condition of mind might be assigned (by higher critics) to ignorance deep and profound; yet I have always maintained that the leading characters of the *Iliad* were historical, or, at least, had their foundation in historical fact. I believe that Drs. Schliemann and Dörpfeld have practically proven to all fair-minded men, that at least two of the characters of the *Iliad* were real men of flesh and blood. If these two were historical, why not the others? In his character sketches, like his landscape touches, Homer sweeps with artistic hand, taking it for granted that his characters are so well known that they need not his description — only an epithet here and there in order to call attention to well known characteristics. He does not dare to portray in detail or to exaggerate, for his audience is as well acquainted with the characters in play as a modern audience would be with McKinley, Lincoln, Grant, or Lee. With the touch of a great artist he refers to his characters in such way as to flatter his audience, in that he assumes that they are as well acquainted with them as he. This attitude upon the part of the poet, seems to me to throw the onus of the argument over to the negative. He seems to take it for granted that his listeners *know* that the men and women of whom he sings are historical. This very attitude is in favor of his authenticity.

We may properly ask at this point, What was the attitude of the Greeks and Romans in historical times in regard to the question?

After the fall of Homeric Troy, that great tide of Hellenic movement, the Dorian Invasion, set in. Two hundred years after the fall, the first movement in Hellenic colonization takes place to the islands of the Aegean and the coast of Asia Minor. Troy is succeeded in importance by Miletus, Abydos, etc., until the 'hard luck' of Troy passed into proverb in the form of *Ἰλίου ἀεὶ κακὰ*. A thousand years pass without Troy being often called to our attention, but it is by no means forgotten by the Greeks, who were ever reminded of its importance by the temple of Athena at Troy. This was said to be the identical building whither the Trojan matrons carried their richest garments to lay at the feet of the goddess; also in it were preserved the arms of some of the heroes of the Trojan war. At least, the fame of the temple was world-wide, as is shown by the visits of Xerxes and of Alexander the Great. Xerxes visited it at the time of his first invasion of Greece; Alexander

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on the occasion of his invasion of Persia. One other historical custom points to the authenticity of the Trojan War and the fame of this same temple of Athena, *viz.* the sending of an annual tribute of maidens by the Lorians, which ceased only when the temple was finally overthrown by a barbarian horde.

Our attention is again called to Troy by Demetrius of Scepsis, who as a young man visited it about 180 B. C. He calls it *καμόπολις*, *i. e.*, an overgrown country village, its houses not having tiled roofs. The remains confirm the statement, as not a piece of tile roofing has been found below the Roman stratum.

After the visit of Alexander, Troy seems to have become a religious center due to the famous temple of Athena. Then the Romans fostered it because of their tradition (?) that the first Roman came from there. Troy enjoyed prosperity and immunity from the wheel of chance until 89 B. C., when Fimbria sacked the town and murdered the inhabitants.

We could go into further detail, but shall not do so at this time. The remains of Troy date from the Palaeolithic Age down to the late Roman times; the Sixth Stratum is practically identical with Homer's text; the site was fostered by both Greek and Roman; its location is such as to furnish a *key* for just such a struggle as the Trojan War purports to have been. To make a conservative statement, we may say that all things seem to substantiate Homer, making him not only the greatest poet the world has ever seen, but also the first authentic historian of Greece. We have so long looked upon him only as the poet, that it is somewhat of a shock for us to think of him in the light of an historian. The same is true of Vergil; we have the habit of thought so ingrained of classing him next after Homer as a great poet, that we have not stopped to study the historical foundation of the Aeneid.



INSTEAD of wishing our readers a happy or prosperous New Year, we feel more in the vein to pray them to make it one worthy of its brilliant herald. This can be effected by those who are courageous and resolute. Thoreau pointed out that there are artists in life, persons who can change the color of a day and make it beautiful to those with whom they come in contact. We claim that there are . . . masters in life who make it divine, as in all other arts. Is it not the greatest art of all, this which affects the very atmosphere in which we live? That it is the most important is seen at once, when we remember that every person who draws the breath of life affects the mental and moral atmosphere of the world, and helps to color the day for those about him. Those who do not help to elevate the thoughts and lives of others must of necessity either paralyze them by indifference, or actively drag them down. — H. P. BLAVATSKY in *Lucifer*

WHY DO WE SUFFER? by Lydia Ross, M. D.

WERE we as anxious to know the real cause of suffering as we are to know how to escape it, we should understand the mystery of life.

Madame Blavatsky said that "almost every individual life is, in its full development, a sorrow." Evidently, then, suffering must have a distinct place and purpose in the human drama. Moreover, something deep within man's nature must consciously work to fulfil the great purpose which lies back of the pain in human life. But for this subconscious will and willingness to live and endure, the race, long since, would have come to an end, unable to support 'The misery of existence.'

The impulse to live is so natural and inherent that the current of human affairs flows steadily on with the majority, day after day. Few stop to question what it is that keeps up their interest and their desire to go on playing a part which is rarely satisfactory. There are always thousands who are cramped and dulled and weary with a monotonous daily routine: but they long for a change and a broader field of activity, rather than wish for the end to come. Even the pious people who feel sure of a place in heaven are in no hurry to leave the earth. The story is told of a bishop asking the captain of a ship on which he was a passenger, during a severe storm, if there was any danger. On hearing the captain's reply that "if this storm does not moderate we shall all be in heaven in half an hour," the Bishop exclaimed, 'God forbid!'

The pleasure seekers are anxious to prolong their days also. Even those who have the means and leisure to exhaust every enjoyment and sensation, and are bored and satiated without a single resource of lasting satisfaction, are not eager to try another world.

This clinging to life is no less strong in many who are utterly wretched and hopeless. In the public hospitals and in miserable homes there are always men and women who are poor, sick, unloved and helpless, racked with pain, anxiety and hopeless misery, who yet cling to life tenaciously. Something within their nature seems able to know the purpose of it all, and to remain untouched by troubles.

There is no question that Death is pushed back at times of acute crisis in sickness, or chronic illness, by the strong will to live. Other patients, seemingly not so ill, negatively drift away because they lack the desire to live.

To the courageous there is a compensation in suffering which gives them something finer than it takes away.

It is noteworthy that the modern increase in suicide is not mainly

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among the poor and wretched. He who runs may read in the daily papers of these tragedies among those whose financial and social position leaves nothing to be desired, in externals. Not a few men of ability and with congenial ties, reach the goal of their ambition by strenuous efforts limited to the material world of affairs. Then without apparent reason, they commit suicide. They have been so unconscious that life was for all-round development of the nature, that they recklessly end the unsatisfying round. The successful, prosperous materialist, who reaches the limit of resources in his own world, and ends his life because it has nothing more to offer, is a bankrupt and a failure in the conscious sense that does not measure itself by mere things around it. He is worse off in soul power and riches than his miserable fellow-men who blindly live out their experiences. Though the unhappy pauper's brain-mind may think he is a weakling and a failure in gaining possessions, his unseen soul may be learning how its greatness shall yet dominate all things. Each man's experience becomes a part of himself; and a lifetime of blind suffering may be a preparation to see things more clearly in future lives.

In the light of reincarnation, the larger purpose of growth which links the lives together is a satisfying clew to the present. In the grand sweep of this truth, no experience is felt to be either fatal or final. The present is always an incident and an outcome of our own karma, and so can it be made the starting point of better future conditions. Having made the present what it is, we are making the future what it shall be. As the creator of our own conditions, we can plan to escape many of the old evils by learning wherein we have failed before. It is indeed true that we 'are not punished for our sins but by them.' And it is equally true that we are not rewarded for our virtues but by them.

Had the old theology taught man that he was a soul, this knowledge of his essential divinity would have ingrained into humanity a broader, nobler, and more courageous view of life. Instead of his present uncertainty and vague fear of the unknown, he would confidently respond to the challenge of any test of endurance which life had to offer. Trouble would be recognised as an opportunity to develop latent ability to meet and control difficulties. With each experience he would take on a fresh sense of freedom, finding himself the master not the slave of conditions. Suffering would not find him already half conquered by his fear of it, he would count on finding that his pain was less than his gain would be.

A man must believe that he is a soul to call forth the soul power, which theology has shrouded with so much doubt and fear. Nothing less than a conscious knowledge that he is divine can overcome the belittling fear, which, for ages, had cramped and crippled the expression

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of the higher nature. A realizing sense that they are souls makes gods and heroes of mere men. Amiel has well said: "Heroism is the overcoming by the soul of the Fear of Suffering and Isolation." People complain as bitterly of loneliness and lack of sympathy as they do of physical pain: and few escape them. The actual experience is often easier to bear than the fear of it, because fear belongs to the lesser nature. The deepest sorrow may brush aside the superficial things in a nature, and show the riches of unsounded depths of unselfish feeling.

The pampered child that is hurt or lost, is at the mercy of pain and loneliness. Fear intensifies his sufferings. His training has taught him to look to others for help and he has no clew to his own resources. His devoted friends and relatives, in trying to protect him from ordinary discomforts have left him defenceless and exposed to greater trouble and danger.

A self-reliant child, in the same place, is aroused to meet and withstand the pain, and to confidently explore the unknown places. He feels that he is still the center of his world of things, and shall presently find his lost friends, or new ones.

It is the same with the older children of men. The pampered lesser nature shrinks from a hard or unpleasant situation or from anything new that may not yield to it the old indulgence. It prefers its old domain of sensations and desires, and the familiar touch of old limitations, rather than to lose its power in a larger freedom for the real man. With its own tears and lamentations it grows blind and deaf to the truth before it. It blames everything but itself for the troubles that come: and selfishly reaches out to grasp relief and reassurance from some one else. It is afraid to step out into a strange silence and find how small and mean it is alone. It is afraid of pain; but it would rather be in the old pain than not to be at all. And it instinctively knows that once man has found the satisfying peace and freedom of his higher nature, he will not live content in the changing pains and pleasures of his emotions and desires. The lesser self must suffer in the process which transmutes its power to higher use. There are literal death pangs for it when the man gives up his lesser life that he may more truly live. But he looks upon his own suffering calmly, when he knows himself as a soul, working to perfect the man of flesh. He knows that as he pays the price, he will receive the compensation, — will be, in fact, his own compensation.

Paul said:

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

He did not say that the glory should be revealed *to* us but *in* us, showing that he knew the truth of man's perfectibility. He pointed out

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an example of the Way, the Truth, and the Life, in the perfected man Jesus. Of this teacher he said:

For it became him for whom are all things and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings. For both he who sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren.

Paul also saw that the progress of a soul in an animal body made the conscious man a paradox,

as sorrowful yet always rejoicing: as poor yet making rich: as having nothing yet possessing all things.

He clearly believed that suffering should be turned to account, when he wrote that

godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death.

Not the least source of suffering is ignorance of the dual nature of humanity. Until that fact is known and understood, there is no way to detect the subtle play of the lower nature. Selfishness is not most dangerous when it is frankly gross and cruel, or quarrelsome and stupid. It can use all the powers of mind, and the grace and skill of the body to gain its ends. The way in which children get their own way by wheedling their parents into yielding consent, is an instance well known to all but the parents. The charm of a pleased child, and the unpleasant tempers which parents dread, because they can neither understand nor control them, often results in yielding against their better judgment. Parental love and parental ignorance of human nature are often played upon with such subtle instinct that the child becomes master of the situation. This is especially true of the restless, precocious, undisciplined American child of today. They neither give happiness or comfort to others nor really satisfy themselves. It requires no stretch of imagination to see the suffering that these uncontrolled natures will invoke for all concerned, as they mature into more insistent desires, and the larger freedom to indulge them.

The same unworthy play of the subtle lower nature is to be seen in other ties, of family and friends. It may be an indulgent husband or a devoted wife catering to the vanity, extravagance, selfish impulses or dishonorable dealings of the other, without realizing the trouble they are indorsing and must share. These couples do not always lack conscience so much as they lack consciousness that both are being played by the lower nature. While they dance to its tune, they must pay the fiddler his unhappy price.

It is this pitiful ignorance of the forces in human nature which de-

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ceives and victimizes the individual and those he loves the best. The nearest ties of family and friends are often strong in mutual weaknesses, — perhaps fostered by the association of other lives. The few points of real unity and understanding in close ties show how strong and lasting love is between those whose natures have met and overcome something in common. Who can question that genuine unselfish love is an immortal something that made life sweet in the long forgotten past, and that will grow stronger throughout future ages? Its deep and sacred power hints at the ideal fellowship which will come when the whole nature is expressed at its best. The faults in our friends are often our own weak points in another guise. Perhaps life after life, we have feared to face ourselves and to live through the painful experience of overcoming these very failings. It may require all the heroism of the soul to overcome the fear of suffering and the isolation of this unknown step now. It may be also that the maturing of the whole character waits upon this one thing to be rounded out. But the continued effort to do it, as a soul, will strike a keynote of courage for every near tie. And the isolation necessary to find the true self, will react into that real unity which outlasts life itself.

When Mme. Blavatsky was asked why there was need for rebirths, since no one secured a permanent peace, she replied:

Because the final goal cannot be reached in any way but through life experiences, and because the bulk of these consists in pain and suffering. It is only through the latter that we can learn. Joys and pleasures teach us little; they are evanescent, and can only in the long run bring satiety. Moreover our constant failure to find any permanent satisfaction in life which would meet the wants of our higher nature shows us plainly that those wants can be met only on their own plane — to wit, the spiritual. . . . Further, we maintain that all pain and suffering are results of want of Harmony and that the one terrible and only cause of the disturbance of Harmony is Selfishness in some form or other.

Everything points out the fact that the world is not merely a playground and that life is serious business. Since whether as sinner or saint, suffer we must, we may as well claim the compensation earned by our experience and suffer to a conscious purpose. Pain is a necessary protection and danger signal, — a safeguard against going still further wrong and against repeating old errors. There is a sacred responsibility in all experiences, but especially in those where the truth is sharply defined by pain. The ignorant suffer ignorantly; but the more conscious suffer according to their light, however cleverly they seek to escape. Did not Jesus say to the lame man, cured after his thirty-eight years of infirmity:

Behold thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.

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The great law of justice, working through the purpose of pain, shows even in the quality of disease, whether the prevailing wrongs of an age are done more or less consciously. The plagues which devastated Europe in the middle ages were ignorantly ascribed to a mysterious Providence by a superstitious age, that believed men were only miserable sinners, and not responsible for what happened. It is clear enough to this sanitary age that the awful pests were the creation of medieval uncleanness. Man, not Providence, made the plague conditions; but it took hundreds of years to learn the cause of that medieval suffering. By modern sanitation man masters the plague and is decreasing all contagions due to faulty hygiene in his surroundings. But the more conscious brain and more highly organized nervous system of today shows the wrongs of this age in a host of puzzling nervous disorders, and in greater frequency and more incurable types of insanity. Now the prevalent diseases are related to the consciousness rather than to material conditions. The organization of industry and of society show moral plague spots of slums and degeneracy and vice and crime, undreamed of by existing primitive peoples. No savage could conceive of the depths of degeneracy and the mental and moral suffering to be found in any city. Meantime the medical profession usually refuse to see that mental and moral wrongs must react upon the body; and they have no remedy to offer for the malignant and degenerate diseases that grow more numerous and more difficult to treat. It might be well to re-read that old prescription which Jesus gave his patient in the temple:

Sin no more lest a worse thing come unto thee.

The study of Theosophy shows the interrelation of all the elements in human make-up, and it goes to the root of modern wrongs. H. P. Blavatsky said in the early days of the society:

Theosophy's aims are several: but the most important are those which are likely to lead to the relief of human suffering under any or every form, moral as well as physical. And we believe the former to be far more important than the latter. Theosophy has to inculcate ethics: it has to purify the soul, if it would relieve the physical body, whose ailments, save in case of accidents, are all hereditary.

✽

WE have a greater responsibility than we dream; we who are working on this plane so close to the aching hearts of humanity. It is ours to send out our hope with such power that it will become the world's hope; that all life shall be illuminated. We have done much, but so little in comparison with what lies just ahead waiting to be done. —*Katherine Tingley.*

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC: by Daniel de Lange*

PART VII

IS it right to consider music merely as entertainment? In the world, we meet with artists, scientists, diplomats, theologians, spiritualists, lawyers, politicians, manufacturers, merchants, bankers, brokers, etc., etc. How many of these people occupy themselves earnestly with art as part of the spiritual side of life? This question implies another, *viz.*, What is life viewed from a spiritual standpoint?

We cannot go into such questions thoroughly here; we can only allude to the fact that the majority of mankind, when thinking of the spiritual life, cling to the form of external religion as embodied in the different churches, or to one or another of the philosophical systems. This proves that man feels unconsciously the need of something that can unite him with the divine; but on the other hand it proves that man has not yet realized that to find the divine he must look within, not without; for, if he had realized this he would know that forms can never express spiritual inspiration in its completeness: so that every religion that tries to give form to the inner idea — as being an attempt to express spiritual inspiration — must prove a failure.† A man can only begin to realize what spirituality is after experiencing in himself the descent of the divine, and spiritual growth in consequence, and in this case, he knows that no material form will ever be suitable to express that inspiration. People who have not experienced this inner rebirth, cannot imagine what has taken place in those who have gone through this experience. While the latter look inward the former are content with the externals. In order to realize to what degree the spiritual ideas have been materialized in our present times, we have but to look at one of the loftiest ideas of antiquity. In *The Secret Doctrine* (II, 231) H. P. Blavatsky says:

“The Logos is passive Wisdom in Heaven and Conscious, Self-active Wisdom on Earth,” we are taught. It is the Marriage of “Heavenly man” with the “Virgin of the World” — Nature, as described in *Pyramander*: the result of which is their progeny — immortal man. It is this which is called in St. John’s *Revelation* the marriage of the lamb with his bride.

In *Revelations* XIX, 7, we read:

Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready.

*Founder and ex-Director of the Conservatory of Music, Amsterdam, Holland, and now one of the Directors of the Isis Conservatory of Music, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

†In this connexion we draw attention to the fact that every institution, religious or secular, declines after having fulfilled a certain mission in the life of humanity. Perhaps a real spiritual union, *without outer form*, might be everlasting.

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Today this beautiful and lofty idea has been woefully misinterpreted, a fact which gives us an insight into the kind of mentality which is prevalent nowadays, and proves conclusively that any attempt to express the divine in a material form will have a similar fate.

What, then, is to be done? Must we wait till the time of materialism has gone by? But will that period ever pass unless man strives towards a higher level? Is not humanity itself the creator of what is going on in this world? And, if this is so, how can materialism disappear unless humanity reshapes its inner self? This is the solution: Humanity has to reshape its inner self!

In the period that is now ending, we have had many materialistic experiences. Everyone had in view his own interest, his own life, his own joy; separateness was the key of all action. Consequently man considered his fellowman as an enemy; covetousness, hatred, ambition, envy, and so forth, were the qualities which were predominant, perhaps unconsciously, yet as a natural consequence of his mental disposition; and, as a no less natural consequence, man became accustomed to consider the expressions of the higher life as mere adornments, unreal, of no value, and no better than ordinary enjoyments.

Evidently, this mental disposition had an influence on all so-called spiritual products of that time. If we put them to the test we shall find that, speaking generally, their fundamental motives were not of a high order; constantly the materialistic side comes to the fore. Think of scientific, social, moral, and artistic acquirements. Are they not imbued with materialistic ideas? Yes, even religious creeds and dogmas are full of them. Is it not natural, then, that these expressions of materialistic feeling and thinking were pressed into the service of the lower nature? Science was principally working for the extension of might and power, while art was creating works which might serve as pleasure or amusement for the well-to-do. Social and so-called moral attainments tended to improve only the material conditions of mankind. In every way, every spiritual conquest was made a means of increasing the feeling of materialistic wealth.

If we glance at the condition of humanity today, we must acknowledge how fatal the situation is, and realize how necessary and indispensable was the coming of H. P. Blavatsky. Although there always have been, always are, and ever will be great personalities, able through their individuality and their mighty moral and spiritual influence to help humanity, yet during the last few centuries no one of them has given anything to humanity comparable to what H. P. Blavatsky brought back to the world. The *Wisdom-Religion*, which has been hidden for so many centuries, was again revealed to mankind. The *Wisdom-Religion*

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embraces not only all the religious tenets of all world-religions, but as well all scientific and philosophical problems. The Wisdom-Religion teaches that all that exists is simply a reflexion of the one great unknown principle, and that the veil can be lifted, but only for those whose hearts are so purified that the soul becomes fitted to reflect the image of the mystery. Does not Jesus say the same thing:

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.— *Matthew*, V. 8.

Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of heaven.—*Matthew*, XVIII, 3.

And as *The Voice of the Silence* says:

Before the Soul can see, the harmony within must be attained, and fleshly eyes be rendered blind to all illusion.

Are not these the most comforting words that humanity ever heard? When the soul becomes as pure as that of a child, man can see God! Even the man devoid of intellect, if he has but a pure soul, can see God! Such a soul vibrates in unison with the Universe, and all that is therein is part of the Divine.

We hear a sound; we see a ray of light; we listen to a voice; we see a flower; we hear music; we see the light; are not all these caused by the Divine in nature?

We see a man; — is it not the Divinity itself? All one unity! It is the Divine itself manifested in manifold forms; they all are but reflexions on our terrestrial plane, for we cannot see, touch, or experience the Great Reality itself; we can only perceive its symbols, its reflexions. But they show forth the Great Reality to our soul as soon as the latter has been sufficiently purified to render the image behind the symbol, reflecting it on the mirror of our mind.

Oh! the beautiful words of Jesus! The beautiful words of *The Voice of the Silence*! The wonderful work of H. P. Blavatsky!

Is it necessary to use many words to vindicate for music a place among the spiritual treasures which are not destined for humanity's entertainment merely, but for its uplifting?

No, certainly not! Music must exert an influence for the upbuilding of man's character; music must influence him during his existence on this earth; music must remind him that all here below is but illusion; and music, better than any other thing, can do this, because the matter it uses for the production of the divine inspiration is of a kind so different from any matter used for other productions of this inspiration, and is so much more subtle, that perhaps it cannot be considered as matter; music must teach him that instead of separateness he must practise

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unity, because every man can produce but one part in the great Symphony of human life; music must teach him that, although man can produce but one part in life's symphony, yet *every* tone in his part contains in itself the vibrations of all tones which can possibly be produced in the Universe, so that this fact in itself relates him to the whole Universe (for Universal Brotherhood is a fact in nature); and music must teach him that even the slightest vibration sets the whole atmosphere in motion, and that, once the vibration is started, no power can bring it to an end until equilibrium has been restored.

Here, we have spoken of the materialistic side only, and we shall not make an attempt to tell the reader of that other side, the side where even the vibrations of the air are a medium too materialistic to render the beauty of what we wish to express; yet let us not forget that the value of true music consists exactly in what we are not able to express, and therefore: —

Before the ear can hear it must have lost its sensitiveness,

is a sentence from that beautiful book *Light on the Path*; and the truth of this sentence can be realized even in music by everyone who is able to understand the true significance of music; it is entirely applicable to music. But if we wish to apply this principle, we have to free our mind of all impurity, so that we may be able to perceive through the inner ear the spiritual vibrations which music arouses in our soul, which are direct reflexions of the vibrations of the All-Soul. We might even call this condition an 'intoxication of the Higher Self,' were it not for the certain misunderstanding of such an expression. And yet we all know that without the state of mind which we try to express by that word, nothing can be done. Even the smallest duties can only be performed in the right way when performed under this influence.

There is but one emotion in life that can be compared with the impression produced by music: it is the emotion of true, absolutely unselfish, and pure love; love in the highest sense. Who has ever tried to translate this emotion into words? We know! We know!!

But let us not try to say how, or why, we know. It would be of no use; we know: that is all. And what is of still greater importance, this knowing is beyond any doubt. No scientist, even the most learned, can give a more sovereign proof of the correctness of his knowing than the human heart can give of the truth and genuineness of its true love.

Would anybody maintain that this kind of love is given to mankind as an ordinary entertainment? Even the most depraved being feels in his heart the touch of the divine, on meeting with true, unselfish, and pure love. In the same way, true music touches the hearts of the most

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ignorant, the most depraved. But it must be *true* music; or the influence is of no value at all.

Enough has been said to make the reader understand that music cannot be an ordinary entertainment. This art possesses qualities which give it command of the noblest side of man's character, and also of the composition of the atmosphere; its mighty influence makes itself felt in every emotion of the inner life. And, as was stated in a preceding article, the day will come when sound will be used as a force which can set an engine in motion; but, as man's heart must be completely purified before he can even hear the inner sounds of musical tones, which reveal the divine meaning of those sounds, so man's thought and feeling must be purified of any selfish motive before he can understand how to use this most beautiful and powerful new force. In *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 555) Madame Blavatsky speaks of this "coming force" in the following words:

We say and maintain that SOUND, for one thing, is a tremendous Occult power; that it is a stupendous force, of which the electricity generated by a million of Niagaras could never counteract the smallest potentiality when directed with *Occult knowledge*. Sound may be produced of such a nature that the pyramid of Cheops would be raised in the air, or that a dying man, nay, one at his last breath, would be revived and filled with new energy and vigor.

For Sound generates, or rather attracts together, the elements that produce an *ozone*, the fabrication of which is beyond chemistry, but within the limits of Alchemy. It may even *resurrect* a man or an animal whose astral 'vital body' has not been irreparably separated from the physical body by the severance of the magnetic or odic chord. *As one saved thrice from death* by that power, the writer ought to be credited with knowing personally something about it.

And again, I, 563:

It is this vibratory Force, which, when aimed at an army from an *Agni-Ratha* fixed on a flying vessel, a balloon, according to the instructions found in *Ashtar Vidyā*, [Astra-Vidyā] reduced to ashes 100,000 men and elephants as easily as it would a dead rat. It is allegorized in the *Vishnu-Purāna*, in the *Rāmāyana* and other works, in the fable about the sage Kapila whose *glance* made a mountain of ashes of King Sagara's 60,000 sons, and which is explained in the esoteric works, and referred to as the Kapilāksha — "Kapila's Eye." And is it this Satanic Force that our generations were to be allowed to add to their stock of anarchist's baby-toys, known as melinite, dynamite clock-works, explosive oranges, "flowerbaskets," and such other innocent names? Is it this destructive agency, which, once in the hands of some modern Attila, *e. g.*, a blood-thirsty anarchist, would reduce Europe in a few days to its primitive chaotic state with no man left alive to tell the tale — is this force to become the common property of all men alike?

We need not draw any conclusion. After what has been said everyone must draw a conclusion for himself. But we do not hesitate to declare that in the future, in a certain sense, music will rule the world. Who knows if the roaring of the most powerful guns will not be silenced by one sound of that mighty instrument, which, although "it lives in the heart-life of all," still has to be discovered, as it seems: the mighty instrument that can have but one name — LOVE ETERNAL!

WITHIN THE 'FORBIDDEN CITY': by R. L.

PEKIN derives its name from the palace where the 'Imperial Son of Heaven' formerly dwelt, as Pe-king (pronounced Pai-ching by the Chinese) means literally 'north palace,' just as Nan-king is 'southern palace.'

The Palace proper occupies the central portion of the enclosed square known as the 'Forbidden City' (*Tsze-kin ch'êng*) which is the innermost of the four walled enclosures comprising Peking and is situated in the heart of the 'Imperial City' (*Hwang ch'êng*), which in turn is within the 'Tartar City' (*Nei ch'êng*). Surrounding the Imperial and Forbidden City are walls that were once vermilion but are now a faded pink in color, capped with yellow tiles, as are all the imperial buildings.

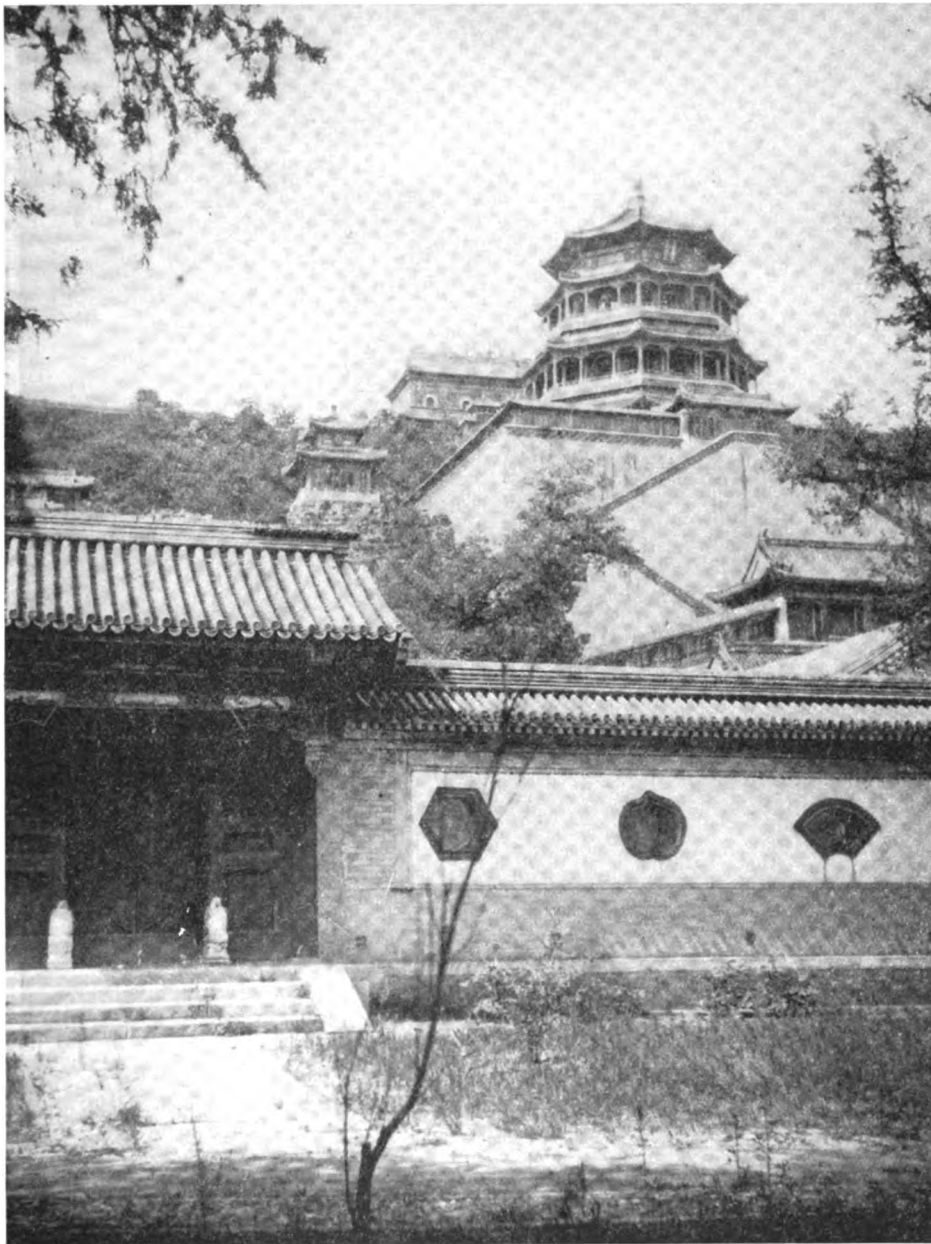
To the north of the Forbidden City and separated from it by a moat is the *King-shan*, or 'Prospect Hill,' an elevation of about one hundred and fifty feet, which is encircled by a wall about a mile in circumference. There are five summits to this hill, each crowned with buildings. North of Prospect Hill stand the residence of the *T'itu*, or 'Governor of the City,' and the Drum and Bell Towers; while to the west is the *Si yuen*, or 'Western Park,' beautifully laid out in gardens and traversed by a lake, which is crossed by a magnificent marble bridge.

The accompanying illustrations convey some idea of the architecture of the Palace buildings. None of the buildings are more than one story, yet the throne-rooms and great halls are so lofty as to suggest the dome of a cathedral.

The 'Winter Palace' proper forms three sides of a square, with a high front story of unbroken stone walls surmounted by rows upon rows of columns supporting curved roofs. Small pavilions rise at the salient angles of the walls. The bright yellow-tiled roofs of these and other ornamental buildings scattered through the pleasure grounds of the Palace gleam like burnished gold in the sunlight, rendering them very conspicuous against a background of dark-green foliage. Note the characteristic Chinese roofs with their up-turned corners, said to be a survival of the tent-dwellings of the Tartars' nomadic ancestors. As to this significance of Chinese art, Mrs. Conger says in her *Letters from China*:

Their architecture is unique and each part in detail has its meaning. A special significance seems to be woven into all their thoughts, whether they are manifested materially or not. The manifested affects the unmanifested; the seen influences the unseen, and *vice versa*... they strive to perfect their work, taking no account of time or labor.

And yet no less an authority than Sturgis assures us that the overloaded splendor of color and ornament, the coarse curves and clumsy masses of the Ming builders, are inevitable marks of a degraded style, and that in still more ancient days there was a more refined art.



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PROSPECT HILL, WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE IMPERIAL CITY, IN PEKIN



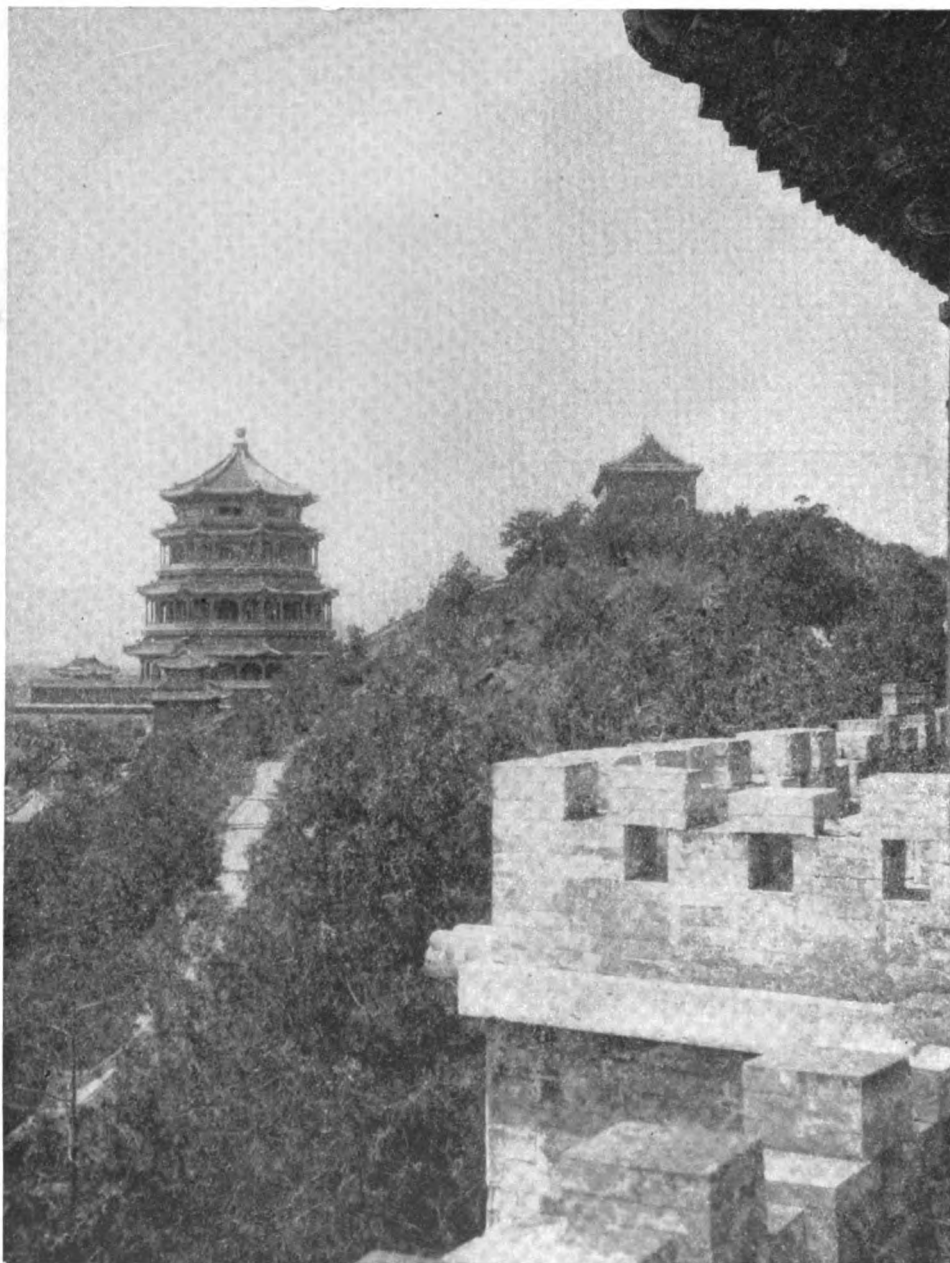
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A CORNER OF THE PALACE GROUNDS



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

A FINE EXAMPLE OF CHINESE ARCHITECTURE



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VIEW FROM PROSPECT HILL

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN SCIENCES OF THE RADIOACTIVE TRANSFORMATIONS OF NATURE:

by W. A. Dunn

A VINDICATION OF THE TEACHINGS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY

PART THREE

IT will be seen at a glance that the whole value of comparisons between Theosophical and scientific teachings turns on this important question: Is man the possessor of a radioactive body, or only a mechanically active one? Have we any evidences as to the resultants of human activity that support the Theosophical teachings relative to *atomic* functions and powers, hidden behind, as it were, the familiar physical and chemical processes now taught in the public schools? Upon an answer to this question turns a most momentous event, in fact the most important which concerns the welfare of humanity. If man is a radioactive being, then his *interior* vital currents, of conscious energy which co-ordinates organic parts, of will-force that flows into self-determined channels, in fact the whole range of voluntary and involuntary activities of *consciousness*, all these at once take their proper station as *being at one* with the invisible radiating *atomic* energies which science has found means to observe from an *objective* standpoint. If, on the contrary, man is *not* a radioactive being, then all that materialists postulate as to his evolution holds true — in short, that man is but a molecular phenomenon, possessing no independent atomic organism, with an eternity accorded even to common minerals and from which proceed atomic transmutations.

That this materialistic view of man's place in nature is shattered by this newly discovered science of universal radioactivity can now be proved by the evidence which has accumulated of late years. *We now possess data to demonstrate that the interior psychology of man in all its aspects, and universal radioactivity, are not only correspondent, but identical in fact and substance;* and that the prevailing doctrines based upon physiological and chemical data are, because permeated and *governed* by these unseen radioactive forces, but transient appearances of the more fundamental facts now emerging into the light of day.

Mme. Blavatsky endorses this idea in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, page 88, when she says (quoting Voltaire):

The great classics and philosophers felt this truth, when saying that "there must be something within us which produces our thoughts. Something very subtle; it is a breath; it is fire; it is ether; it is quintessence; it is a slender likeness; it is an intellection; it is a number; it is harmony. . . ."

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Now what are the basic facts that the latest experiments of science are providing us with? That the radioactive process is *Atomic*, i. e. it arises entirely from *atomic* processes, and is independent and untouched by the ordinary molecular processes over which *alone* modern science has control; in consequence of which the atomic *latent* forces are not ordinarily manifest to the *modes* of present day approach to nature. Therefore the atomic forces manifest according to laws of *their own*, as if the usual contrivances of science did not exist. This is the discovery of radioactivity, of the universal life principle of the earth. We have found means to detect it, but not to *govern* it in the smallest detail by scientific means. Radioactivity is *unceasing* in its radiation of the *three rays* of positive, negative, and neutral energy, with a rapid emission of heat, the continuous production of a gas called Helium and the formation of active deposits which give rise to *secondary* conditions of excited or induced activity in ordinary substances.

Now let us compare these facts with what medical science has to say of the body.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, the eminent English physician, in his article in *The Scientific American* of December 1908, says: (*italics ours*)

The idea that a good many analogies between machines of man's making and *his own body* are capable of being drawn, is not one which prominently forces itself on the public view. Yet nature has *preceded* man in respect of "many inventions" which typify and *foreshadow* mechanical expedients seen familiarly around us. We have a force-pump illustrated in the heart, and a photographic camera-lens, adjustment, and so forth, — in the eye. We find all kinds of lever-movements exemplified in the working of bone and muscle, and we could discover examples of *self-governing* machinery in the nervous regulation of the heart and circulation. . . .

There is little difficulty in drawing many comparisons of *exact nature* between the furnishings of our bodies and the mechanical contrivances which characterize the march of civilization. But *beyond* these details lies *another field of inquiry* such as opens the door to consideration connected with our body and its *working powers*. . . .

. . . All through life, the body of an animal, high and low alike, is the seat of constant change, and this change is due to the fact that the living frame is incessantly at work. It is true that in the hours of sleep the bodily processes are slowed down: they do not, however, cease action. The heart works constantly; the rise and fall of the chest in breathing continue all through life. The process of manufacturing the fluids and secretions used in digestion (such as bile, sweetbread-juice, and the like) goes on both in sleep and in the waking state; and of certain brain and nerve centers it may be truly said that they exist in a condition of *unending watchfulness*, keeping watch and ward over the actions through which life is maintained. No truth of physiology is, therefore, more easily demonstrated than that which shows forth the *constant* work of the body.

This inside labor is independent of the external work we perform. [Readers are invited to compare this with the independence of radioactivity of molecular processes.] Indeed it is through the possession of the working powers just noted [*the inside powers*] that we are able to perform the daily tasks our hands and brains require to discharge. Our body, therefore,

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is *not* merely a working machine in itself; its labors extend *beyond* the actions devoted to its upkeep. . . .

The body's *own* energy expended in maintaining heat and in providing for the upkeep of its *internal work* has been calculated at about 2800 foot-tons per day . . . this amount of work would raise 2800 tons one foot high. . . .

A man's total daily income of food, water, and air, amounts to about 8½ lbs. only; yet out of this modest supply his body *generates* power far exceeding in amount and in direct economic usage that produced by the best engines of his own invention. . . .

If we think of a man's heart alone, in 24 hours, it expends 120 foot-tons of energy — force sufficient to raise that weight one foot high — we may see how admirably *living* nature orders *her* ways. . . .

Most wonderful of all is it for us to *consider* that all man's achievements, physical and mental alike, represent part of the *profit* accruing from the *transformation* of what he eats into *what he does*.

As bearing upon the above, the following definition by Prof. Rutherford of the recently 'discovered' radioactivity of the earth, is repeated for the purpose of showing that Madame Blavatsky uttered *fact* when speaking of man's *inner* nature. Rutherford says:

The radioactive property is atomic, and consequently must result from a process occurring in the atom and not in the molecule. . . . This latent energy does not ordinarily manifest itself, since the chemical and physical forces at our disposal do not allow us to break up the atom.

We read in the *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, page 106:

If he [the student] would learn something of the secret of the FIRES, let him turn to certain works of the Alchemists, who very correctly connect fire with every element, as do the Occultists. The reader must remember that the ancients considered religion, and the natural sciences along with philosophy, to be closely and inseparably linked together.

And again on page 107 (quoting the *Pymander* i, 6):

"I am thy Thought, thy God, more ancient than the moist principle, the *light that radiates within Darkness*. . . . 107"

Prof. Frederic Schiller Lee gave an address at Columbia University in September 1908, in which many notable things were said as to the *trend* modern physiology is taking. Theosophists the world over will welcome the decided departure, which this address indicates, from the crude mechanical notions of a generation ago. The following excerpts by Prof. Lee are taken from a report given in *The Scientific American Supplement*, No. 1705 (*italics ours*):

The *vital process* is of a complexity unapproached, much less equaled, in the inorganic world. *Living* substance is never exactly the same at two successive periods. It is ever in *unstable-equilibrium* [a compound word worth deep reflection], the seat of constant change, of augmentations and depressions, of physical and chemical mutations, and of what we *in our ignorance call spontaneous activities*; [compare spontaneous emanations of radium atoms], and the conditions of its activities are manifold and often *obscure* and *unsuspected*. To maintain the majority of these conditions intact, while altering one or more, is a superhuman task, one that is approached, but probably never realized, in its entirety. The physiologist is thus constantly baffled in his pursuit of the desired object, and must needs exercise unwonted

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patience in the face of not infrequent failure. His progress is slow and his results can only approximate the mathematical exactness of the experimenter *who deals with stable non-living matter*.

This last italicized sentence is the *fulcrum* upon which the lever of physiological research has *based* its deductions. As radioactivity demonstrates that so called 'non-living matter' is in reality in an intensely *living* state of *atomic* activity, the obsolete *assumption of non-living matter* as a basis for experimentation falls to the ground — leaving physiology face to face with *functional* activities *per se*, and the teachings of Theosophy relating to these as applied to man's interior *atomic* interaction with nature.

Professor Lee continues, (italics ours):

Unfortunately *living substance cannot be chemically* analysed directly, since all known methods at once kill it, and there is left only the non-living [the fulcrum of certain failure] proteins, carbohydrates, fats, and other organic and inorganic compounds, the individual bricks, or, better, cleavage products of the *complex unity*. In determining these and their relationships great progress has been made, *but we of the present are far removed from that state of smug satisfaction of some of the earlier investigators*, to whom a living body represented only so many molecules of carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, sulphur, and phosphorus. . . .

Of recent years physiological physics and physiological chemistry have come to meet on common ground within the realm of the *new science* of physical chemistry. . . .

In investigating physiological problems by the aid of modern physical chemistry, we seem to be brought at times *perilously near* the electron theory of matter, and we are tempted to hazard the guess that the establishment of *that* theory would place the physiologist under renewed obligations to the physicist.

The learned professor does not seem to realize that to be "perilously near the *electron* theory of matter" *as applied to physiology* is somewhat different from the application made of it to natural processes *external* to man — which is the field of the physicist. The electron theory of matter, *applied to physiology*, is but a short cut to the field of knowledge with which Theosophists and Mystics have been familiar for ages. For what are the atomic activities *behind* physical functions but radioactive processes proceeding from the primordial trinity to which every atom responds? Prof. Lee proceeds:

The rise of general physiology represents a movement *away* from the earlier study of the mechanics of organs, toward that of a *vital phenomenon* of living substance *itself*, irrespective of its special position within the organism. . . .

The nervous mechanism of a host of unconscious organic processes has been discovered. That the *psychic* portion of the brain does not function as a unit, but consists rather of a complex group of nervous organs, each with its specific functions — a fact that is of great moment in the *relations* of brain and mind — has been known for only a little more than thirty-five years.

That the "psychic portion of the brain" *may* "function as a unit," and impress that unity on the "complex group of nervous organs" is evidenced by the ancient Teachers of Humanity who originated every

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impulse of historical progress. The complex systems of philosophy, science, theology, art, etc., can all be traced back historically to certain 'Beacon Lights' of antiquity, around whom were woven the lights and shades of mythology. May not the ancient Gods have been men who had 'attained,' as incomprehensible to those who described them in mythical phraseology, as are the great Teachers of today to those who interpret them in the fantastic garb of *modern* myth and fable?

Professor Lee continues:

Even though we have thus come to know the *gross* functions of specific parts of the higher mammalian and human brains, we still know all too little of the *processes* by which the different parts are co-ordinated and *made to subserve* the more complex needs of the organism. . . .

When I make a summary of what we now know of the physiology of the nervous system, I come to realize anew its paucity, compared with what we ought to know, and will know, I am confident, in the long future. Here it seems to me, is a field sadly needing tillage, and one where, though tillage be extremely difficult, the yield is certain to be rich. All investigations here will lead up, in a sense, to the solving of that problem of problems, which has been for ages the focus of discussion and speculation, the *problem of consciousness* — at once the oldest problem of philosophy and one of the youngest problems of science.

No greater contrast to the above utterance could be found than that given by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, page 108. "The Supreme Spirit of life" is described by her as becoming "merged with his own effects," the lowest and most material being that of *false perception* of the objective universe." The final paragraph reads:

It is in strict analogy with ITS attributes in both the spiritual and material worlds that the evolution of the Dhyān Chohanīc Essences takes place; the characteristics of the latter being reflected, in their turn, in *Man*, collectively, and in each of his principles; *every one of which contains in itself, in the same progressive order, a portion of their various "fires" and elements.*

Compared with radioactive emanations having definite time progressions, and the various changes which the elements undergo, the above throws a direct light on the fact that modern science is nearing the gateway of ancient knowledge of which Mme. Blavatsky was the interpreter. To restrict observation to the objective side of that gateway has its disadvantages and limits — and it is noteworthy that many leading scientists are already suspecting that the *Key* to the phenomena they have been investigating is already known to teachers who have actually explored the subjective reality of radioactive *effects*.

R. K. Duncan, late professor of industrial chemistry in the University of Pittsburg and of Kansas, wrote in his book, *The New Knowledge*:

There are certain new conceptions which, while we can hardly say they are ascertained truths, shadow themselves as such. It is in the realization of *two* of these conceptions that during the next two hundred years the great work of the world will lie.

The *first* is the transmutability of the elements. Our reason bids us assent to its actual accomplishment, not with our aid but in spite of it, in the case of the heavy elements. . . .

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Still another conception of the new knowledge is that of the vast stores of inter-elemental energy of which we live but on the fringe — a store of energy so great that *every breath we draw has within* it sufficient power to drive the workshops of the world. Man will tap this energy some day, some how.

Of course we do not know this, but we believe it. We believe it because we believe that Creation means something and means it intensely. . . .

But now that we know, or think we know, of this infinite treasure-house of inter-elemental energy lying latent for the hand of the future man to use, it is neither difficult nor fanatical to believe that "Beings who are now latent in our thoughts and hidden in our loins shall stand upon this earth as one stands upon a foot-stool, and shall laugh and reach out their hands amidst the stars." . . .

To know, is to work and do.

During the short period of twenty years since M. and Mme. Curie announced to the world their discovery of the independent radioactivity of certain metallic substances, an immense field of new knowledge has been investigated, and the *Divine Trinity of immortal life, actually demonstrated* as permeating the visible Life of the earth, the air, and the ocean. This is the triple radiation of *the atoms* from which all chemical substances are composed. *There is no possible doubt that can be entertained on this question.*

Scientifically speaking, a sudden leap has been taken from the extreme materialism that closed the last century, into an atomic field of experiment in which the Trinitarian energy of Nature is met face to face, as yet unresponsive to any method of control at present known to science. Let us sum up the scientific position in the words of Prof. Frederic Soddy, M. A., of the University of Glasgow, taken from his great work, *The Interpretation of Radium*, published in New York and London in 1909, and delivered as experimental lectures before the University of Glasgow.

Radioactivity has accustomed us in the laboratory to the matter-of-fact investigation of processes which require for their completion thousands of millions of years. In one sense the existence of such processes may be said largely to have annihilated time. . . . WE ARE NO LONGER MERELY THE DYING INHABITANTS OF A WORLD ITSELF SLOWLY DYING, FOR THE WORLD, AS WE HAVE SEEN, HAS IN ITSELF, IN THE INTERNAL ENERGY OF ITS OWN MATERIAL CONSTITUENTS, THE MEANS, IF NOT THE ABILITY, TO REJUVENATE ITSELF PERENNIALY. [Page 239. Capitals ours.]

No more profound definition of *what constitutes the Immortality of Man* has ever, perhaps, been uttered during the modern Scientific Era.

Prof. Soddy proceeds, page 241:

It is curious how strangely some of the old myths and legends about matter and man appear in the light of recent knowledge. Consider, for example, the ancient mystic symbol of matter, known as Ouraboros — "The tail devourer" — which was a serpent, coiled in a circle with the head devouring the tail, and bearing the central motto "The Whole is One." This symbolizes evolution; moreover, it is evolution in cycle — the latest possibility — and stranger still it is evolution of matter — again the very latest aspect of evolution — the existence of which was strenuously denied by Clerk Maxwell and others of only the last century. The idea which arises in one's mind as the most attractive and consistent explanation of the

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universe in light of present knowledge, is perhaps that matter is breaking down and its energy being evolved and degraded in one part of a cycle of evolution, and in another part still unknown to us, the matter is being again built up with the utilization of the waste energy. The consequence would be that, in spite of the incessant changes, an equilibrium condition would result, and continue indefinitely. If one wished to symbolize such an idea, in what better way could it be done than by the ancient tail-devouring serpent?

Our readers are acquainted with the fact that this is the symbol of the Theosophical Movement, with the motto: "There is no religion higher than Truth."

Some of the beliefs and legends which have come down to us from antiquity are so universal and deep-rooted that we are accustomed to consider them almost as old as the race itself. One is tempted to inquire how far the unsuspected aptness of some of these beliefs and sayings to the point of view so recently disclosed is the result of mere chance or coincidence, and how far it *may be evidence of a wholly unknown and unsuspected ancient civilization of which all other relic has disappeared.* . . . [Italics ours.]

. . . To the Philosopher's stone was accredited the power not only of transmuting the metals, but of acting *as the elixir of life.* . . . Was then this old association of the power of transmutation with the elixir of life merely a coincidence? I prefer to believe it may be an echo from one of many previous epochs in the unrecorded history of the world, of an age of men who have trod before the road we are treading today, in a past so remote that even the very atoms of its civilization literally have had time to disintegrate. . . .

What if this point of view that has now suggested itself is true, and we may trust ourselves to the slender foundation afforded by the traditions and superstitions which have been handed down to us from a prehistoric time? Can we not read into them some justification for the belief that some former forgotten race of men attained not only to the knowledge we have so recently won, *but also to the power that is not yet ours?* [Italics ours.]

Science has reconstructed the story of the past as one of a continuous Ascent of Man to the present-day level of his powers. In face of the circumstantial evidence existing of this steady upward progress of the race, the traditional view of the Fall of Man from a higher former state has come to be more and more difficult to understand. From our new standpoint, the two points of view are by no means so irreconcilable as they appeared. . . .

Radium has taught us that there is no limit to the amount of energy in the world available to support life, save only the limit *imposed by the boundaries of knowledge.* p.249 [Italics ours]

Compare with this the utterance of H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, page 326:

The evolution of the GOD-IDEA proceeds apace with man's own intellectual evolution. . . . For every thinker there will be a "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," mapped out by his intellectual capacity.

We may well rub our eyes, and wonder if they are deceiving us. Sober men of exact science, writing (from evidence gathered in their own field of research) in terms for which Mme. H. P. Blavatsky was treated with contempt during her lifetime, may indeed excite our wonder. Her vindication is at hand, for it would be difficult for any reasonable mind to declare that she did not *anticipate* many of the definitions now given by science of the processes of nature — *definitions that were laughed at when Mme. Blavatsky gave them out.*

Her great books *The Secret Doctrine* and *Isis Unveiled* contain passages

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that *obviously* define the radioactive transformations of nature; and moreover, throughout the main body of her teachings will be found information drawn from sources as reliable as those which enabled her to anticipate the present scientific position. "The Knowledge" and "The Power" that Prof. Soddy suggests as having been possessed by "some forgotten race of men," *may never have passed from the Human Race* — and the day appears to be approaching when Mme. Blavatsky will be universally recognised as having been one of its custodians.

Her knowledge of radioactivity has been proved to be true, as the comparisons given in this paper amply demonstrate. We are justified, therefore, in entertaining a feeling of certitude as to the reliable *sources* from which Mme. Blavatsky drew *all* her teachings. The idea naturally arises, that if she knew so much of radioactivity as to describe it in almost identical terms with those now being employed by science, what *other* branches of knowledge does she correctly define, especially in relation to the *true nature of man's Soul*.

The following excerpts from Mme. Blavatsky's writings speak for themselves. We ask unprejudiced thinkers to *compare* them with the scientific knowledge arrived at during recent times, many years after Mme. Blavatsky passed away in 1891. Whatever accusations may have been brought against her by those who sought to defeat her work, in this respect, at any rate, no possible charge can be raised that she borrowed her knowledge from the 'New Science,' for she wrote her books many years before its appearance. We may confidently assert that the advance of science is revealing the fact that Mme. Blavatsky was a *True Teacher*, and that the question will increasingly take possession of the public mind: *From whom did she receive her knowledge?*

The waves and undulations of Science are all produced by atoms propelling their molecules into activity *from within*. Atoms fill the immensity of Space, and by their continuous vibrations *are* that MOTION which keeps the wheels of Life perpetually going. It is that inner work that produces the natural phenomena called the correlation of Forces. Only, at the origin of every such "force," there stands the *conscious* guiding noumenon thereof.—*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 633.

The atom, as known to modern science, is inseparable from *Purusha*, which is spirit, but is now called "Energy."— *ibid.*, 582.

As described by Seers — those who can see the motion of the interstellar shoals, [of Atoms] and follow them in their evolution. . . . they are dazzling, like specks of virgin snow in radiant sunlight. Their velocity is swifter than thought, quicker than any mortal physical eye could follow, . . . and the motion is circular. . . . At times . . . their motion produces flashes like the Northern lights.— *ibid.*, I, 633.

God is a Number endowed with motion, which is felt but not demonstrated. [Quoting Balzac] — *ibid.*, I, 67.

The collective aggregation of the Atoms of the lower principles,

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forms the World-Soul of our solar system, says *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 672.

God felt in the atom makes the whole world divine.

Atoms, being psycho-spiritual, *not physical units*, act under laws of their own. . . .

As our body is the covering of the inner 'principles,' soul, mind, life, etc., so the molecule or the cell is the body in which dwell its 'principles,' the (to our senses and comprehension) immaterial atoms which compose that cell. The cell's activity and behavior are determined by its being propelled either inwardly or outwardly by the noetic or the psychic Force the former having no relation to the *physical* cells proper. . . . the latter act under the unavoidable law of the conservation and correlation of physical energy, the atoms. . . .

The cells of his body answer to both physical and spiritual impulses. . . .

It is the function of the physical, lower mind to act upon the physical organs and their cells; but, it is the higher mind *alone* which can influence the atoms interacting in those cells, which interaction is alone capable of exciting the brain . . . to a mental representation of spiritual ideas far beyond any objects on this material plane.

The phenomena of divine consciousness have to be regarded as activities of our mind on another and a higher plane, working through something less substantial than the moving molecules of the brain. They cannot be explained as the simple resultant of the cerebral physiological processes, as indeed the latter only condition them or give them a final form for purposes of concrete manifestation. . . .

The whole human body is, as said, a vast sounding board, in which each cell bears a long record of impressions connected with its parent organ, and each cell has a memory and a consciousness of its kind, or call it instinct if you will. These impressions are, according to the nature of the organ, physical, psychic, or mental, as they relate to this or another place. They may be called 'states of consciousness' only for the want of a better expression — as there are states of instinctual, mental, and purely abstract, or spiritual consciousness. . . .

Their reality, in the sense of trueness or correctness, is due to the 'principle' they originate from, and the preponderance in the Lower *Manas* of the *noetic* or of the *phrenic* ('Kâma,' terrestrial) element.—*Psychic and Noetic Action*

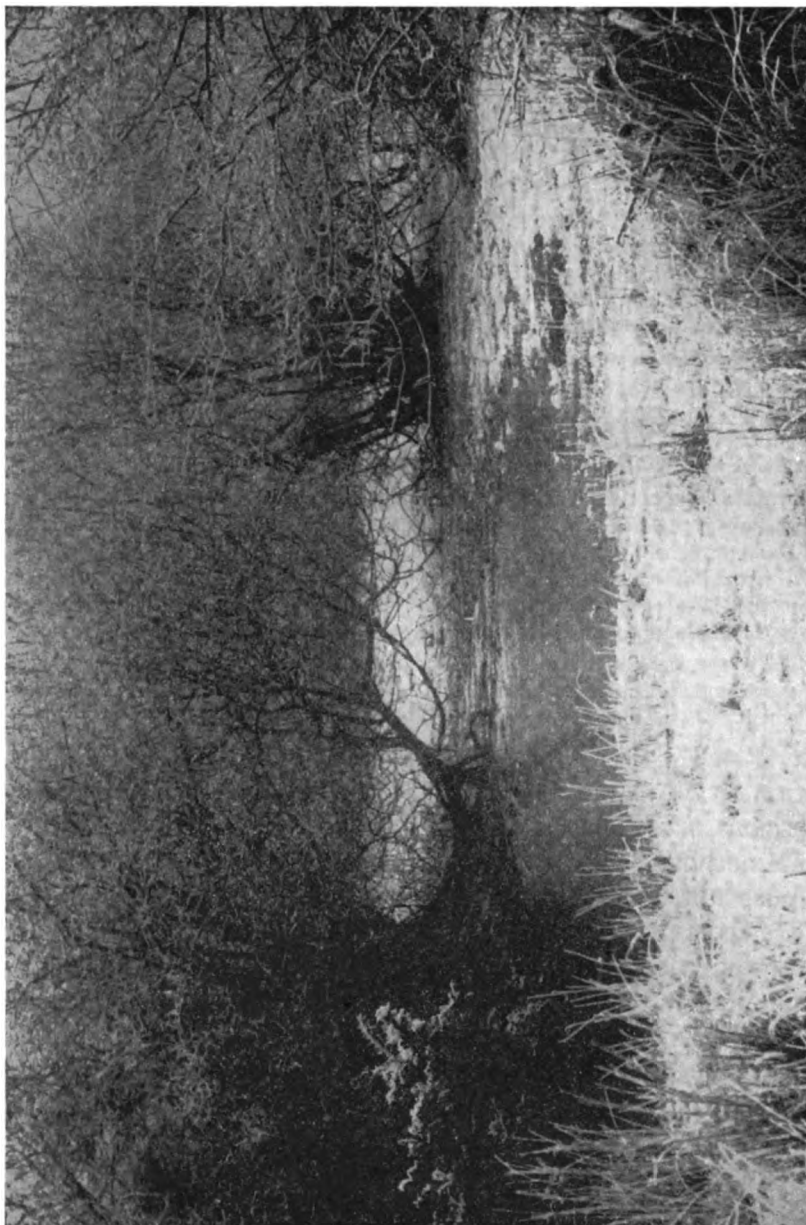
In Vol. II of *Lucifer*, page 175, Mme. Blavatsky defines *man as he is*, in relation to *all* planes of Being. It explains *why* each human soul is *only* conscious of an outer world that is in exact correspondence to its own internal activity. And it also throws a flash of light over the path *each one* must follow for himself, to attain the knowledge and power which Prof. Frederic Soddy suggests as having been possessed by "some former forgotten race of men" which "have trod before the road we are treading today." That such was *really* the case the writings of H. P. Blavatsky amply justify — and no more conclusive evidence as to her knowledge on this question could be found than the following:

The three 'Egos,' are MAN in his three aspects on the astral, intellectual (or psychic), and the Spiritual planes, or states.

When the 'Astral' reflects only the conquered man, the still living but no more the longing, selfish personality, then the brilliant *Augoeides*, the divine SELF, can vibrate in conscious harmony with both the poles of the human Entity — the man of matter purified, and the ever pure Spiritual Soul — and stand in the presence of the MASTER SELF. . . .

He who would profit by the wisdom of the universal mind, has to reach it through *the whole of Humanity*."

"THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH."



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A WINTER SCENE IN ENGLAND

MAGDALEN: by Grace Knoche

BEHOLD the Hosts of Souls. Watch how they hover o'er the stormy sea of human life, and how, exhausted, bleeding, broken-winged, they drop one after other on the swelling waves. Tossed by the fierce winds, chased by the gale, they drift into the eddies and disappear within the first great vortex.—*From an archaic text translated by H. P. BLAVATSKY.*

IF the drama is a powerful teacher it is equally a powerful reflector of the customs and the interests of an age, and in these days of unsolved social problems the unfortunate woman is naturally a frequent central theme. But to a student of human nature in the light of Theosophy, she is seldom understandingly portrayed. There is need of the dramatic interpreter who possesses a certain cosmic greatness of soul, a rare and fine perception of human nature *in its duality*, without which the Magdalen cannot be portrayed as she really is — a creature Divine as well as human, bound to the rock of Karmic fate by chains of her own making, helpless, hopeless, and enmeshed, yet, urged by the Divinity within her, struggling and suffering on. In drama, as in fiction, there is often an accentuation of the vice-fascination with a corresponding obscuration of the divine possibilities that are latent in every soul, however debased, often waiting only the touch of brotherliness, the warm sunlight of a true compassion, to blossom into loveliness and redemption.

Alexandre Dumas fils, in *La Dame aux Camélias*, — long since translated into every tongue in which romances are known and in its dramatized form, Englished as 'Camille' — wonderfully approaches a Theosophic interpretation of the age-old Magdalen-type. Its key-episode is one that only Reincarnation can explain, while it plainly holds a brief for Brotherhood as a fact in Nature, for the Duality of mankind, for Compassion as the 'Law of Laws,' and for Love as the great unfolding power in human life. The picture that Dumas paints for us: of poor anguished Marguerite, gay indeed but "with a mirth that is sadder than sorrow," falling at last, "exhausted, bleeding, broken-winged," first into Life's great vortex and then, freed from that, held like a wolf in a trap, to be submerged and drowned in the foul waters of the world's hypocrisy and sham — it is a picture to warn and to purify both. By their central test the old Greeks would have written this down as a supreme tragedy — structurally, at least — for it is a minister of purification to every heart honest enough to open to its pathos, and intelligent enough to grasp its appeal. Pity and terror: let us arouse these emotions in the spectator's soul, said the old dramatists who knew, and there ensues a purification of the whole nature. He passes through a baptism of the spirit, a real initiation. That used to happen in the old, old days, before the Mysteries were dead and while the drama was yet part of their expression. It happens today — as in Shakespeare's greater works and

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in a few tragedies written by others — though only now and then, indeed, rarely. But in Dumas' faithful picture of *La Dame aux Camélias* this old test is faithfully met.

The story of Marguerite Gautier, which is an actual life-history, not only inspires one with terror — terror of self-indulgence, of sin, and of the fruits of broken law — but it leaves one inoculated with the spirit of true reform, alive with righteous indignation against the cold hypocrisy of society, living in glass houses all the time and yet so eager to cast the first stone. "No, whatever she may do or may become, the fallen one can never rise again. The world is inflexible. . . ." So Marguerite in the play. Yet such compassion suffuses Dumas' presentation that in spite of itself conservatism is swept away on the tide of it, out into new oceans of perception and of love, on and on to shores where new ideals rise up to greet one and words are almost out of place.

Renunciation is the rock on which spiritual growth really rests, taken in the last analysis, and it is so proclaimed by all the Scriptures of the world, wherein no greater love is pictured than that which layeth down its life for a friend. "Tis from the bud of Renunciation of the self that springeth the sweet fruit of final Liberation," says the ancient text from which is taken also the quotation at the head of this article. More to the point, it is declared supreme by every atom of one's finer, more heroic self, and it is the wheel upon which the Magdalen of Dumas' conception is broken — yet spiritually made whole. It is lightly touched upon through the varied modulations and dissonances of the building up of the story, but it rings out supreme in the symphonic climax:

O fear nothing, nothing! *He will hate me!*

The words alone are as little and plain as Macbeth's equally tense, "Thou canst not say I did it!" when the shade of Banquo stalks in with its silent challenge. But we cannot mistake the meaning of that tense note in either one, and each, though ringing out from opposite poles of consciousness, marks, structurally, the ridge-pole of the play. Up to that point everything rises, builds, accrues: after it, everything totters, falls, vanishes. Macbeth renounced soul for personality, and reaped the "wages of sin." Marguerite renounced personality for soul and drank of the bitter draught which "in the beginning is as poison and in the end as the water of life." Up to the moment of her renunciation, little by little, sweet dream added to dream as stone might be placed on stone, the outward structure of the nobler life, for which this poor soul had longed with an intensity of longing that the conventionally good woman can never possibly know, has been a-building. And why not? Its builder, in the baptism of the first unselfish love that had ever come into her life, had become a transformed, indeed transfigured being. This is not a

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sentimental opinion. She proves it by many acts, though we have words from her as well.

My past self separates itself so entirely from myself of today that I seem to be two different women, and the second barely remembers the first. . . . I have spent more money in bouquets than would serve to feed an honest family for a year; and now, ah, now one little flower, such as this which was given me this morning, makes the whole day sweet. . . .

She refuses marriage, which women of her class commonly clutch at like vultures (and surely we are not to blame them, if they do). She will not even seem to profit by a step which she thinks at some time in the future will embarrass another — for her code of honor is high. “No, if I wished to marry, Armand would marry me tomorrow. But I shall never consent to take his name,” she says to her friend Erminia, adding, “You see, dear, *there are some things a woman can never wipe out of her life;*” and she rejoices later in the marriage of this friend — an unfortunate girl like herself — without a trace of jealousy or repining. Secretly, lest it humiliate the one whose beautiful faith in her has transformed her whole life, she sells her house, jewels, and belongings, that she might begin her new life far from Paris and free from the tentacles of the old.

Then comes the bolt from the blue — Karma, *Karma!* Society makes a call upon her and speaks its mind — in the person of Duval *père*, a gentleman and a man of heart, but so gripped by social hypocrisy that he fancies its opinion to be his own. He comes to treat with Marguerite Gautier as a creature beneath him and apart. He remains, to appeal to the noblest qualities of the human soul as the only possible way of reaching one whom he absolutely respects. Marguerite, gripped by the same conventions, only in another way, is too honest to appeal from his decision. She feels again the icy wall which marks her off from the great human lot, and the old sad hopelessness re-asserts itself. She must reap as she has sown, however ignorant, however thoughtless, the sowing may have been. “No, the fallen one can never rise. The world is inflexible. . . . *It is justice,*” she says. But a single moan escapes her.

It is very good of you to speak to me of your daughter, M. Duval. Yes; and some day will you tell this pure and beautiful girl — whom I never saw but for whom I give up all my happiness — tell her that there was once a woman who had but one hope, one thought, one dream in all the world, and who yet, at the invocation of her name, renounced it all, crushed her heart between her hands, and died of it — for I shall die of it. . . .

And then she meets the challenge, the supremest that can be offered any soul — for what more can be demanded than *all one has*, and society demanded of this woman the utmost, the highest thing that, at that step in her growth, she could comprehend. She rose to the demand, and with more than the courage of an Alcestis, for not only must she renounce this great dream, this transmuting, wonderful love, but by her own de-

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liberate act she must turn its sweetness into gall. There is no other way, such is Armand's faith in her, as she knows. And this she does. Not once, but even a second time, tempted, baited, tried by more than fire, she deliberately lifts her hand again to shatter all that she had once created with so much love and care. At last human strength can bear no more, the frail body sinks under the pressure and the soul demands release. But why did she do all this? you question. She did not have to. No one had the power to enforce the demand thus made. With a single word she could have won to her side an irresistible support. Yet she did not speak that word. This 'fallen one' held to a higher code of honor than the world accepts even as a theory.

One truly needs Theosophical light and understanding before such a type-creation as Marguerite Gautier can be brought out in all its subtle *nuances* of character, in its wonderful *chiaroscuro* of light and dark, dark and light, and with its spiritual possibilities fully unveiled. There are other demands in dramatic interpretation than those of the unities or the classic construction of a plot, and there is need of Theosophical insight on the stage itself. How many times has this play been presented with apparently no perception whatever of its significance as the battleground of the soul, or of the great universal laws invoked by every such struggle between the personal will and the Divine, between the leadings of desire and the summons of the Soul, between man's harsh, cruel judgment and the compassion of the Higher Law.

Not always, however, for one great figure comes to mind as an exception: that of Eleonora Duse, who transfigured the whole theme with the spirituality of a great, an awakened, woman. Nor did she err in thus suffusing the play with a something more of fire than of earth, for Marguerite is introduced to us in the first place as one who had already taken a stand against the fevered life, and her subsequent lapses seem to be simply forced by the ghosts of old cynicism and hopelessness that in no life will down at once. William Quan Judge once wrote the following, and we commend it to those reformers who tell you that the unfortunate woman is likely 'to slip back,' and in general 'cannot be reformed.'

Just as in your material world during vast, shadowy periods, intermediate types float about until the habit of nature has changed, so in each daily life, or moral life, the intermediate forms remain until *your* habit has totally altered. They then disappear forever.

Duse was sublime in her portrayal of this pathetic character because of her great compassion. Her own nature is of that cosmic and elemental largeness that can understand and solve a problem as large as humanity itself, and as old — shall we glibly repeat here the current phrase, 'as the oldest profession in the world'? Oldest! What an exposure of spiritual ignorance that such an expression, such a lie, should weave its way in

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and out of history, literature, art, even philosophy, so-called, during age after age, unchallenged! Duse's grandeur comes out of the fact that something in her woman's heart told her better than this. She pictures faithfully this woman *in her duality*, but her portrayal, essentially, is that of the Spiritual Woman, the Eternal Woman, whose profession is far older than that of the erring one. This, in our opinion, is why she rises to such nobility of conception and such miracle of art in her every recital of the triumph of a soul. She is great enough to understand that a woman who had passed through an Inferno of sin and pain and yet had risen above the hell and heat of it unscarred, unsoiled, burned clean, was not only capable of perceiving the highest moral principles, but could not have done otherwise than make them a living power in her life. So that by such an act the 'fallen one' takes her place in what actually is, so far as woman is concerned, 'the oldest profession in the world': that of the sharer of Spiritual Knowledge, the Custodian of Spiritual Light. For who was it served, in the very dawn-mist time of things, as the link between unevolved humanity and the Elohim, the bright Gods, of whom radiant Lucifer was one? Modestly we say it, but yet it is time it were said: was it not woman? Whose hand was the first to receive the Torch of Reason, Spiritual Intelligence, the 'Light of Mind,' by which mankind, receiving it in turn, should be even as the bright Gods themselves, knowing good and evil? Who never thought of herself, but hastened to share this supreme gift, without which mankind would be no more than animal even yet? The old scripts tell us it was woman, who, H. P. Blavatsky tells us in addition, in one of her earlier signed articles, "had she been let alone and allowed to do what she intended, would have led man to the Tree of Life." This drama, in its *dénouement*, suggests the citation.

That mankind boggled the great opportunity, and fell and suffered and wandered and is wandering yet, has nothing to do with the issue right here, which is whether or not 'the oldest profession in the world' with which woman had to do is that of the destroyer or the Spiritual Teacher in short, and Initiator. And however we may have boggled translations, or misread allegory and symbol, or dragged the Elohim themselves through the slough of theological upside-downness, at least this much of the tale is left in more than one World Scripture, and so clearly that he who runs may read. In her great renunciation Marguerite Gautier actually took her soul's primal place in the truly 'oldest profession in the world,' that of Teacher. Hers was the hand that, as the *dénouement* shows, passed on the torch. Duval *père* can never be the social puppet again, for he was reborn through the power of this woman's sacrifice.

This great spiritual issue is one that the great Italian actress intuitively understood. The author, too, perceived spiritually, because Theo-

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sophically, and thus wrote more truthfully than he knew. That is why the play, in structure so very simple and direct, is something more than the usual counterpointing of plot and counterplot, emotion and emotion, outward bravado and inward recoil. Moving along beside the outer form of it, *pari passu* with its measured progression to climax and then catastrophe, music-wise, there is also a spiritual, melodic thread — creation, rather—progressing *in contrary motion*, so that when the crash comes and outward things are shattered, a lofty temple of spiritual beauty towers sublimely over all. How few plays have this inner, hidden resource!

Could anything do more good today, with the social problem more than ever at the fore and good folk still summary and harsh, than a fresh, new presentation of this truly spiritual theme, revived under the direction of one who knows Theosophy, who knows human nature in its duality and therefore loves it in its need, who has faith in the Divinity of mankind and whose object would be, first of all, *to teach*? We do not believe so. Such a play is thaumaturgic in the quality of its appeal. If it is a tender brief for the unfortunate woman, it is a nobler one for the Divinity in all humankind. As Dumas wrote at the conclusion of his history of Marie Duplessis, the actual Marguerite of the play:

I am not an apostle of vice, but I will make myself the echo of a nobly borne misfortune, whenever I hear its voice raised in supplication.

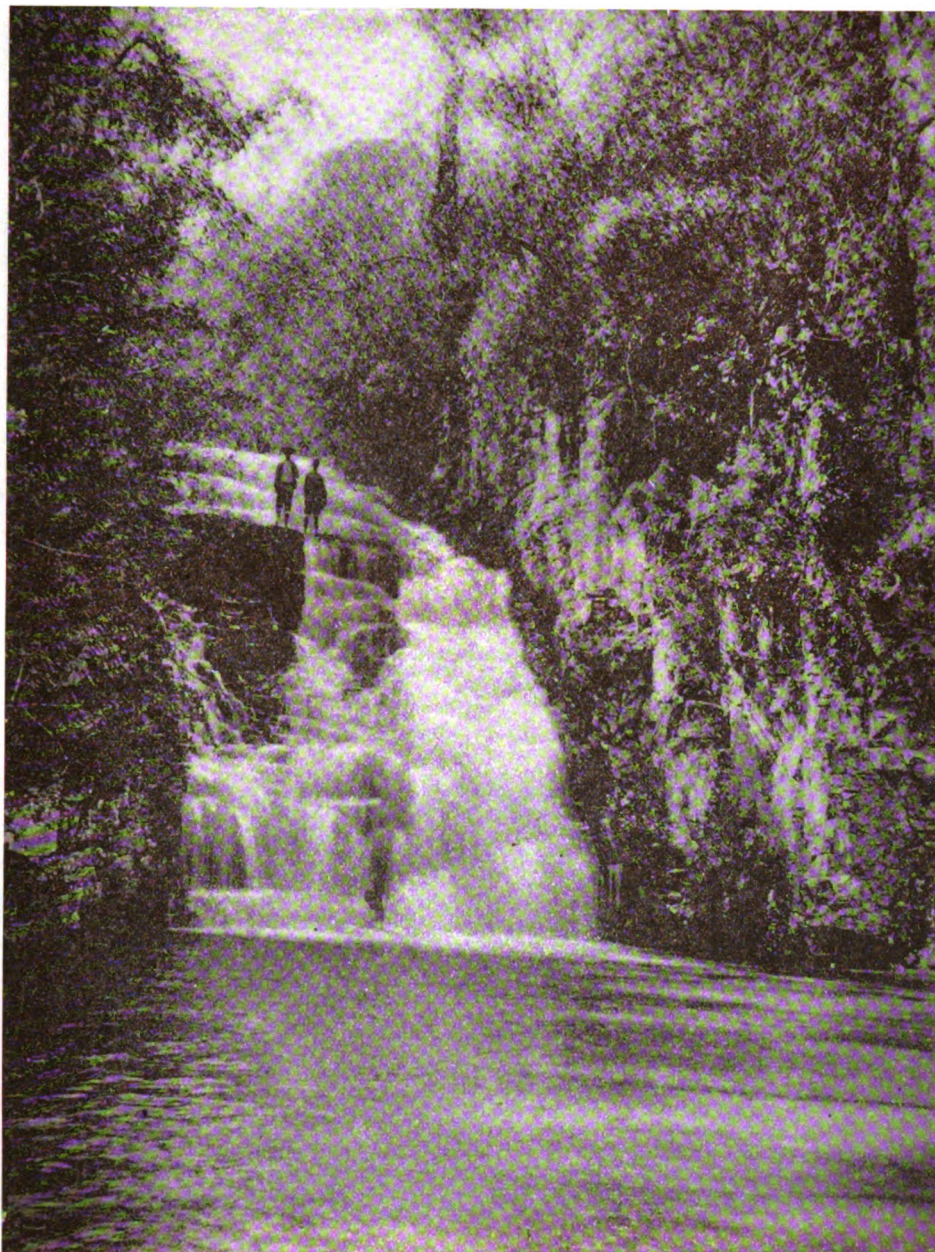
A RONDEL OF LOMALAND: A MORNING IN JANUARY

BY KENNETH MORRIS

GOD is in this gray, pensive rain;
It is his mystic, inmost mood:
He has some old, sweet thought to brood,
Too curious for joy or pain.
Keep your heart hushed; you'll get no gain
Of anxious prayers and strivings crude
While God is busy with the rain.

Some secresy, occult, arcane,
Holds its swift drifting multitude,
It hurries through the quietude
Whispering so silverly. It's plain
To me, God's roaming in the rain,
His inmost, most mysterious mood.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

'SOLEDADE' WATERFALL, RIO GRANDE DO SUL, BRAZIL



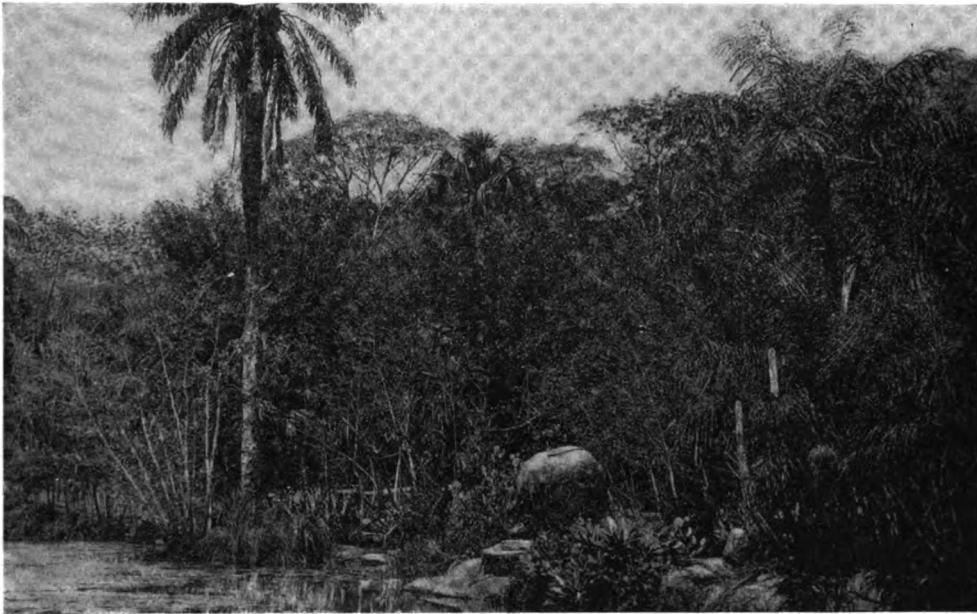
'Gloria' Entrance of the Harbor, and Fortress of S. Joao



Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.

Aqueduct of Carioca

VIEWS OF RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL

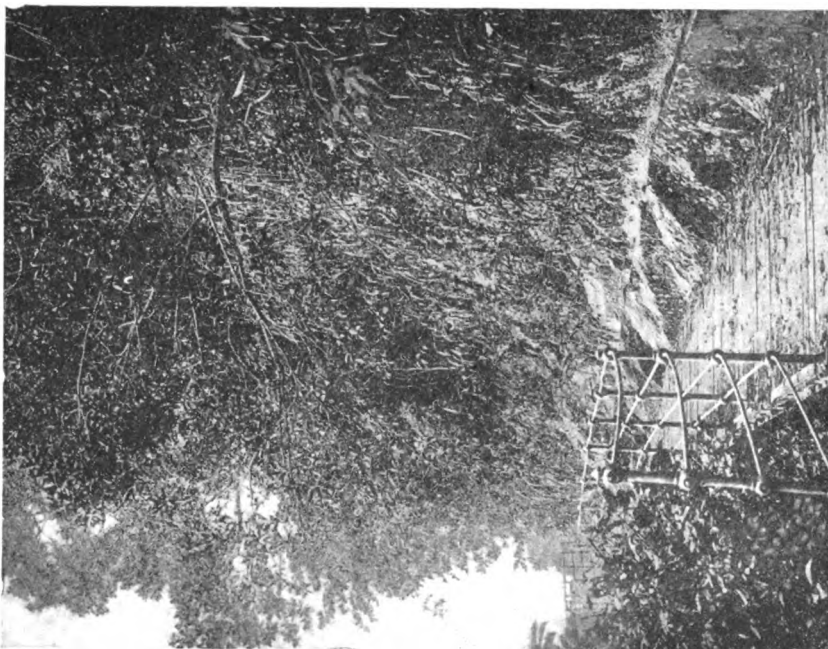


Botanical Garden

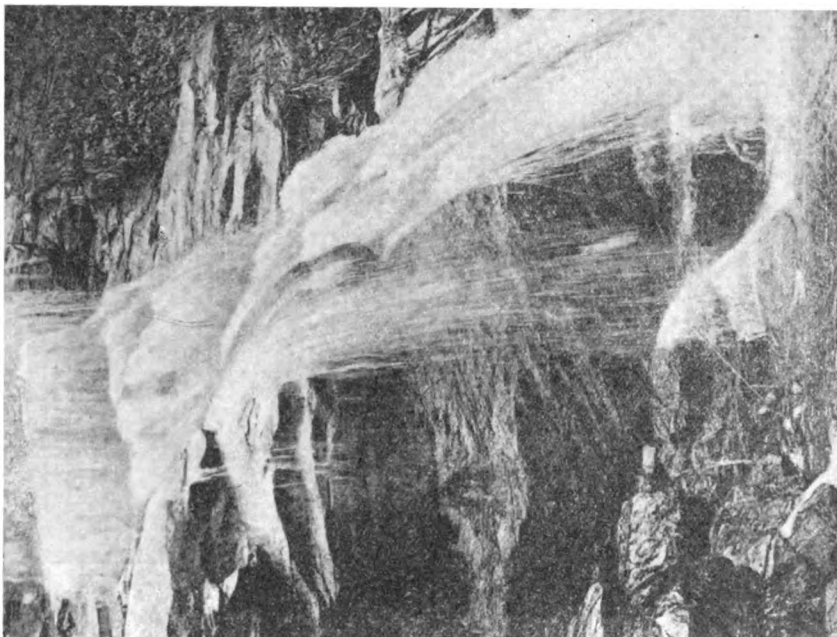


Lemeland Photo & Engraving Dept.

In the 'Corcovado Woods'
NATURE IN ALL HER GLORY AT RIO DE JANEIRO



Bridge of the Inferno on the Corcovado



Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept

Little Cascade of Tijuca

MORE OF NATURE'S BEAUTIES. RIO DE JANEIRO

THE TEMPLE OF FIRE: by Will Sabin

[Halemaumau, 'House of Everlasting Fire,' Kilauea Crater, Hawaii,
World's Most Active Volcano.]

THERE'S a glorious God of Goodness
And His home is everywhere:
In the earth and in the ocean,
In the sunshine and the air;
In the hearts of those who love Him;
In each tiny grain of sand;
In the stars that light the heavens;
In the souls who understand.

Yet there stands a special temple —
Or it seems like that to me —
On a mountain on an island
In the middle of the sea,
Where an altar fire eternal,
By primeval forces lit,
Burns effulgent in the chancel
Of a great volcano pit.

There are sacred times and places
Where we feel His presence most:
In the solitary silence,
Or amid the human host;
In the hours of blessed triumph
Over doubt or over sin;
In the sacrificial moment
Of the fearful battle's din;

There are pillars high and stately
In the crater's crimsoned walls,
And a psalm is sung in thunder
When a crumbling column falls;
There are mumbled invocations
In each deep and rumbling quake
That enthrills the pulsing bosom
Of the living lava lake.

In a new day's pregnant dawning;
In a garden, 'mid the bloom;
In a reverie at evening,
With a loved one in the room;
In a word, or in a handclasp,
In a glance, or in a friend,
God is omnipresent always
To the souls who comprehend.

There's an unseen choir chanting
Where the fiery fountains spring;
Countless quaint volcanic voices
In a mystic murmur sing,
And a silent congregation —
Or it seems like that to me —
Worships in this sanctuary
On a mountain in the sea.

Oh, how often do we fancy
Forms and faces in the fire,
And how oft we try to fathom
Thoughts the dancing flames inspire;
Inspiration, in the embers,
Stirs our spirits now and then;
Something in the soul remembers
How we came to live as men.

From Art Supplement to *Paradise of the Pacific*, Honolulu, Christmas Number, 1917

THOUGHTS ON CURRENT ART: by Leonard Lester

CONCEPTS OF LIFE AND ART. THE HIGHER REALISM

IN spite of the world-war there seems to be no abatement of interest in matters relating to Art, and this quite apart from such phases of it as may be inspired by the war itself. Indeed, there are evidences that Art is taking on a broader and more comprehensive meaning in the minds of men, with an appeal not limited to any particular caste, creed, or culture. Intuitively, mankind is sensing the urge of greater issues. As our conception of Life broadens and deepens so must Art, as an expression of that concept, take on new light and meaning. For at the present crisis in the world's history, the foundations in all fields of human activity are being shaken, and much that has had the homage of its day and generation, unable any longer to satisfy a perception awakening to higher realities, must inevitably slide into oblivion. With the rapid readjustment and scene-shifting in the world-drama that is passing before our eyes, unseen forces are placing in contrast clear-cut pictures, which, to serious observers, must be object lessons, pointing clearly to higher paths of effort.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish;"—and this is also true of Art. To be vitally creative, its vision must be open to the higher planes of Reality. The extreme reaction from so-called *Realism* in the art tendencies of today, is, for the most part, but the substitution of other forms of *externalism*, equally limited in their appeal to sensation.

One feels that frank realistic representation is to be preferred to many of these artificial, morbid, or abnormal forms of interpretation. Evidently Art is weary of her bondage to Materialism.

The true escape from external *realism* lies in a deeper knowledge of Reality.

Our typical art of today is largely dominated by the prevailing material conception of man and nature; it is nourished by an external study and observation of these, unillumined by any noble or comprehensive philosophy of life, and its atmosphere tends to blunt the higher intuition and imagination which should dominate the creative moods of the artist. But in the light of a true philosophy of life the artist would recognise the true source of his creative power in the essential divinity of man's Higher Nature. Viewing all external nature as ensouled, and tracing the divine overshadowing principle in the life of Humanity in the vast cyclic sweep of its evolution, the intuitive vision of the artist would take on new life and inspiration and rise to new and loftier forms of interpretation. And with the larger world of Art that opened before him would be born a greater and fuller language of expression, worthy to interpret adequately the theme of the great epic of the human soul.

THOUGHTS ON CURRENT ART

APROPOS OF THE BARNARD STATUE OF LINCOLN

The need for a deeper understanding of human nature as a basis for true perception of spiritual values in relation to their expression in monumental art, is strikingly illustrated in the case of the Barnard statue of Lincoln recently unveiled in Cincinnati.

The publicity given to this statue and the controversy aroused as to its merits, is very natural considering the extreme phase of realism it represents. A critical analysis, illustrated by photographs of this and other well-known statues of Lincoln, together with a wealth of photographic records of the great President, have been a prominent feature in recent issues of *The Art World*, which characterizes the work as "A Mistake in Bronze." The matter has assumed an international importance through the proposal to select this as one of the two statues (of Washington and Lincoln), replicas of which are to be erected in London under the auspices of the American Centenary Committee, to represent our two great Presidents and as a symbol of good-will and Democracy. Other statues of Lincoln have been proposed for the above purpose as preferable to the Barnard bronze, notably the one by Saint-Gaudens, and the advocates and opponents of the competing statues include artists of national reputation as well as leading men of affairs. This diversity of opinion in regard to a work of so pronounced a nature, proposed to stand so prominently before the world as a heroic type of our national character, is noteworthy as reflecting the confusion of ideas in the art world of today and the lack of any existing criterion or accepted principles as to the essential nature and qualities of monumental art.

The statue, which has been made familiar by photographs in the current magazines represents a gaunt, uncouth figure, of ungainly proportions; the sculptor, according to his own statement, having selected for his model a Kentucky rail-splitter as the typical embodiment of the supposed physical traits and pioneer conditions of Lincoln's early manhood. In treatment it is distinguished by the strong emphasis given these external physical traits, even to the point of caricature. So unrestrained is the sculptor's insistence on the personal aspect of his model, with its air of sullen toil-worn resignation and unkempt abandon, that one feels it to have been conceived in a spirit of challenge or reaction against all classical conventions, as though in an effort to hew an outlet through the wall of artistic tradition and strike the broad note of common earth-born humanity in the toils of its primitive necessity, and thus, were it possible, to speak more eloquently through this ungracious human exterior than could be done by a more classic treatment of the subject. It is as though he would say: "Here was a man whose gran-

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deur and humanity shone through even this uncouth vesture of clay." But the figure does not *create* this impression in the beholder: one has to think of Lincoln, the *real* Lincoln, in the effort to endow this gaunt image with heroic or moral greatness. A more imaginative treatment of the subject, in striking a deeper note of character, would have included all that this cruder mode of utterance seeks vainly to express, — and much more. . . .

Technically the work undoubtedly displays the sculptor's well-known mastery of craftsmanship and power of striking characterization, qualities exemplified in the best work of the modern school of sculpture, but representing the exterior outlook upon man and nature and preoccupied with the problems of interpreting its physical aspect. Considered thus as a piece of human characterization or as the personal impression of the sculptor, the work will have many admirers among artists and connoisseurs in the same way, perhaps, as a skilful but fatal surgical operation might win high admiration from professional surgeons.

Whether Lincoln really did look like this statue (which intimate friends, photographs, and portraits seem to deny, and which the sculptor himself, probably viewing his work as symbolic, would hardly claim for it) is not much to the point. The question is rather: Can the real character and greatness of Lincoln, or of any man, be expressed in such terms? Can this emphasis on peculiarities of physique alone fittingly express the inner character and humane grandeur of that life, to the people to whom he stands as a hero? A sculptor's work may be his personal impression and as such worthy of due respect, but how far does it fulfil his larger impersonal function as interpreter to the people of a character whose life rose above personal limitations and has taken its place as a helper in the larger life of Humanity? Is it not in this broader impersonal life of Universal Brotherhood that he finds his inspiration to create works of universal appeal?

A GREATER LANGUAGE OF EXPRESSION

A materially realistic rendering of Man seems incompatible with a lofty conception of his nature, and an Art which would rise to the dignity of monumental expression in an enduring material should give emphasis to the higher and enduring part of man's nature. Were man studied theosophically, in the light of a true understanding of his dual nature and with a vision clarified by self-knowledge, is it a mere dream to suppose that in the wider field of human nature and life thus opened to him, the science of a profounder psychology — a greater language of expression — would be discovered, and its laws intuitively understood? Man's physical body with the significance of its infinite grada-

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tions of action and gesture comprehended in relation to their corresponding springs of inner motive on the higher and lower registers of his inner being, would become eloquent in its symbolic meaning, in its varied expression of that universal harmony of which it is itself the symbol. The external aspect of things alone would no longer exert its tyranny over us nor dominate our creative art; the world of form, color, and sound, seen as the plastic play of inner forces moved by the Universal Artist, would be no less real to us, no less beautiful, but more so, lit with a deeper meaning and inner radiance, and the awakened genius of the artist would know how to interpret the Heart-life of his Race.

PUBLIC ART WORKS. THEIR INFLUENCE

A finer sense of responsibility as to the influence of our public and monumental works of art on the people will no doubt come with a clearer recognition of the place of Art in life and of the subtle power of its appeal to the imagination — the suggestive quality of the animating motive of which a picture or statue is the expression. Especially will this be considered in relation to its effects upon the rising and future generations who are not usually considered as the ones whose verdict will either crown or condemn what the present approves. In this light it would seem that extreme tendencies in Art should be avoided, especially in monumental works which should express the broad national spirit, for fashions in style and critical standpoint come and go, and only the art that is founded on universal principles of harmony will prove worthy of being enshrined in an enduring material like marble or bronze.

How many works of sculpture and architecture that are today considered the efflorescence of modern civilization may have to suffer the irony of fate which has condemned ideas that are inherently false, trivial, or vain to an artificial longevity by masquerading in a material more enduring than themselves!

The youth of today, at the most impressionable stage of their lives, must run the gauntlet of much that is distracting, ignoble and questionable in contemporary art with its various reactionary cults and tendencies. Cultured communities are unanimous in banishing the advertising bill-board and other unaesthetic eyesores. But the word unsanitary can be applied to much that menaces, not so much our bodily, as our mental and moral health, of which our present civilization is either easily indulgent or does not realize the danger, largely because the infection has originally entered under cover of its artistic pretensions — whether literary, pictorial, or dramatic, or through the sensational appeal of the popular press, with its taste-vitiating 'comic supplement.'

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The following quotation from Plato, reflecting the light of Ancient Wisdom on this very theme, and which is itself "like a breeze, from pleasant places far away, bringing health," may fittingly conclude these notes. It is from the *Republic*, Book III. (*Italics mine.*)

Must it be then only with our poets that we insist they shall either create for us the image of a noble morality, or among us create none? Or shall we not also keep guard over all other workers for the people, and forbid them to make what is ill-customed, and unrestrained, and ungentle, and without order or shape either in likenesses of living things, or in buildings, or in any other thing whatsoever that is made for the people? And shall we not rather seek for workers *who can track the inner nature of all that may be sweetly schemed*; so that the young men, as living in a wholesome place, may be profited by everything that in a work fairly wrought, may touch them through hearing or sight — as if it were a breeze bringing health to them from places strong for life?

TO ALBERT AND VICTORIA VANDER NAILLEN

On their Diamond Wedding Anniversary, October 10, 1857-1917

BY KENNETH MORRIS

DOWN on the shore the lisping wavelets play;
Landward no angry billows roll and roar;
So gentle is the evening of your day,
Down on the shore.

Only the dew's of sunset more and more
Violet and rose and golden flames astray,
Dimple and fleck the glittering sea-face o'er.

—And when from out those farthest Realms of Fay,
Death's gala galleon glides with silent oar,
Be your embarkment laughter-sweet and gay
Down on the shore. . . .

OUT there beyond the night now drawing near,
The Great Enchanter waits; his silver wand
Waved, shall make all life's meanings crystal clear
Out there beyond —

What joys you knew, and all the happy bond
That drew you two heart-closer year by year,
And all life's lessons you together conned.

—Night, and the thronged skies singing, sphere on sphere;
Dawn, with its fair and flame's raiment donned —
And diamond-bright the Happy Isles to appear
Out there beyond.

— *International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California*

RURAL ANTIQUITIES: by R. Machell

(With pen-and-ink drawings by the author)

I



LD Jasper Micklethwaite sat at his cottage door and watched the sky change as the sun went down behind the old church tower of Bisby. He was not unlike the village he had lived in all his life; both he and it were in decay; though what remained of them showed signs of ancient vigor and endurance that might postpone indefinitely their final disintegration. But in the case of Bisby the evidence of decay was not so apparent because there were no deserted houses or ruined buildings to be seen, for the simple reason that the steadily encroaching sea had swallowed half the village already and forced the population back upon what remained. So the cottages were all occupied in spite of the steady decline in number of the parishioners; and what there was of Bisby looked prosperous; just as with Jasper, what there was left of him was good to see. There he sat blinking

at the setting sun, much as an old dog will do while gazing intently into the fire until it is almost blind.

The old church tower that crowned the mound on which the village stood darkened against the glowing sky, and the sails of a distant wind-mill seemed to be streaks of red-hot metal as the burning sun set beyond the long stretch of level land, that seemed in general so dreary and uninteresting, but that assumed a certain significance at the closing of day.

Old Jasper, sun-worshiper as he was, went in and took his place beside the fire just as he had done these many years. He was a living emblem of continuity, a visible testimonial to the tolerance of Time; just as the old church tower was in its ponderous way. Bisby was full of antiquities such as Jasper, but architecturally the church stood alone like the fortress and citadel it once had been when the sea was several miles away and rich land lay in between. Those were days of piracy and sea-rovers. Now the only pirate was the sea itself; but the church tower was still a quarter of a mile inland and might think itself secure. It seemed to have come to an understanding with the great destroyer Time. Why should he interfere when man's indifference and neglect

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would surely accomplish the work alone even if the sea stayed its advance awhile? Bisby itself and a good part of its inhabitants were evidences of the tolerance of Time. At one time there had been a harbor with a thriving fishing town a few miles off; but the sea washed away the jetty, obliterated the little harbor, and reduced the town to a mere fifth-rate tourist resort, with a sixth-rate hotel and a row of shabby lodging-houses, a railway station and telegraph office, and a fine expanse of sand, with an uninterrupted view of an uninteresting ocean mud-colored for three miles out by the constant fall of the clay cliffs.

Framblesea was something less than prosperous in summer and in winter it passed into a comatose condition. The tide of tourist traffic flowed farther north, and it was seldom that a visitor wandered so far into the desolation of that clay country as to discover Bisby. But nothing is too uninteresting for a true archaeologist to investigate, and desolation has a charm for some artistic temperaments.

It was perhaps the blending of archaeology and art in Jim Alexander's temperament that took him to Framblesea and led him on to forgotten Bisby. Perhaps; or was it some old tie that had been fashioned in some former life that drew him now unconsciously to such a place? The old church tower attracted him by its utter loneliness, and he decided to investigate it. He was in search of material for a work on Rural Antiquities to which he was contributing illustrations and notes on ancient buildings and old traditions, as well as a few human antiquities, with which the more serious history might be relieved.

So Jim Alexander took his way to the vicarage for information; but the resident clergyman was not an archaeologist, he had no interest in folk-lore and did not want to be disturbed by strangers. His little round of daily duties filled a small part of his time; his garden gave him occupation for his ample leisure; his poverty provided him with a grievance; and the weekly edition of a London paper kept him sufficiently informed as to the doings of the outside world. No local newspaper is necessary in the country where gossip is universal. He too was ancient and dilapidated like the church. He referred the visitor to the sexton, who was a little less ancient and a good deal more communicative, but who had absolutely no knowledge of the history of the old structure of which he was custodian. He was a great gossip, however, and Jim Alexander thought he might be profitably used as raw material for his 'Antiquities.' He was both sexton and parish-clerk, he held the keys of the church and was supposed to take care of the church-yard. But in his opinion both church and church-yard were able to take care of themselves, being so much older than anyone in the parish; and he was not one to interfere unnecessarily. So the old edifice took care of itself as well as it was

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able, but Jim Alexander thought that its state left much to be desired: in fact it seemed to him scandalous; and he roused the indignation of the sexton by noticing some rather too obvious dilapidations and by hinting at the advisability of some repairs. Such a thing was unheard of in Bisby, it would have been a reflexion on the stability of the church itself.

The sexton, who was also parish-clerk, held that the Church as an institution existed for the maintenance of the clergy and their clerks, and the edifice in like manner was for the shelter of the congregation on Sundays. Repairs were for the consideration of the churchwardens, who left the discretion of sole deputy was or, sexton and everything was pairs were never; for no one find fault with, quisitive stranger his nose among no earthly business ing of pins where



er came poking matters that were of his and "pick-there were none."

The old man's indignation gradually melted, however, under the influence of gratitude for favors received. The young visitor was generous and was rewarded by an introduction to the oldest authority in Bisby: what Jasper Micklethwaite did not know about local history was not worth knowing. So Jim Alexander was conducted down the lane to the old man's cottage and left there with cordial invitations to revisit the church as often as he wished and with assurances of assistance in his archaeological investigations. Gratitude has been described as a lively appreciation of benefits to come. In this case anticipation was justified by experience.

Jasper was in his glory: he had found a listener who could appreciate his eloquence. The artist was delighted with his find. Here was a model such as he had been long looking for in vain, and the house itself was homelike in a way that appealed to his finer senses. Old Jasper was no mere rustic: he looked like a descendant of the old freemen who had held the land against many an invader in the old days and who had formed the backbone of the old yeoman class now almost passed away. And

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he could talk. Ye Gods! how he could talk! His listener started to make notes of the stories that came on him like a flood sweeping away all barriers of probability, obliterating the bounds of historical sequence, and spreading out into a great sea of fancy which lost itself in an infinity of words. Jim closed his notebook in despair, and abandoned himself to the delight of watching the old man's motions and changes of expression as his imagination took fire from the sympathy of this genial visitor. Listening intermittently he wondered how Bisby, the scene of such dramatic incidents, could have escaped fame so long. He determined that Jasper Micklethwaite should have a place of some prominence among the 'Rural Antiquities.' Although avowedly in search of archaeological curiosities his interest was far more easily aroused by historic relics in human form. In the same way he was more drawn to the legends and romances stored in the memory of the people than to the written chronicles. In fact he had a secret contempt for history which seemed to him a kind of dessicated fiction, or emasculated romance, from which the vital element of human emotion had been eliminated: so he endeavored to make his contribution to 'Rural Antiquities' humanly interesting and entertaining. In this he had the support of the publisher who was financing the undertaking and who was anxious to conciliate the archaeologists while catering to the general reader. The preface was to be written by an authority on archaeology who was not invited to inspect the illustrations that were intended to sell the book. The publisher, McNorten, knew his public and was a good friend to Jim Alexander, but he kept the artist away from his more scientific collaborators for reasons of diplomacy until the work should be published.

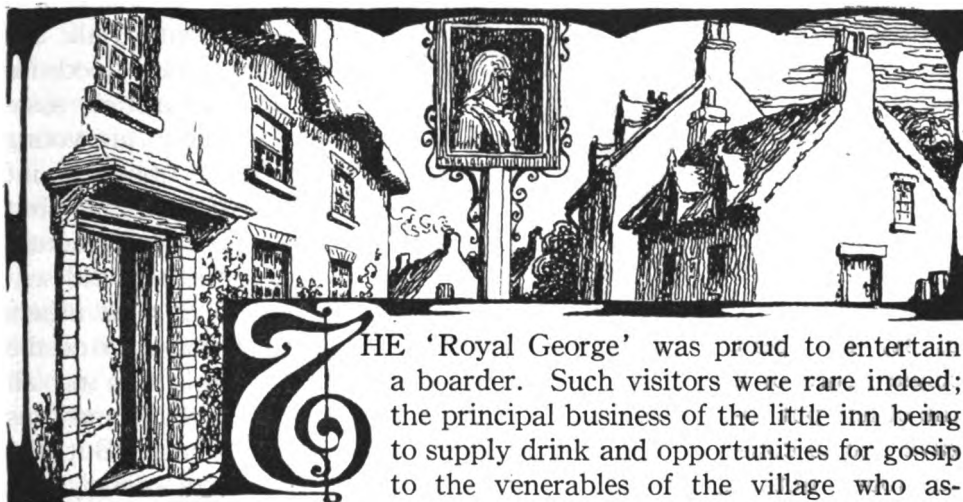
Old Jasper apologized for deficiency in his memory which he said sadly was not what it once had been: a statement that made his listener gasp and thank the gods, for he shuddered to think what that memory must have been capable of when in its prime.

The day was far spent when he left the cosy cottage to return to the village inn where he had left his bicycle and knapsack. As he passed up the lane he met a village girl who was unlike any woman he had ever seen. She was old Jasper's grand-daughter, and the artist recognised in her something of the 'distinction' that marked the old man. It was 'race,' that told its story of heredity. He bowed to her in passing and made way courteously; and she smiled an acknowledgment with such quiet dignity that the artist halted a moment as if in doubt whether he should not introduce himself, and then passed on. But by the time he reached the 'Royal George' he had decided that Bisby was worthy of a more exhaustive study than he had intended to devote to it. He

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meant to make a sketch of the old church, but now he thought he might perhaps paint a picture of Jasper and his cottage and — well — he might introduce a younger figure too by way of contrast. Clearly it would be better to stay at the 'Royal George' than at the mournful hotel at Framblesea.

II



THE 'Royal George' was proud to entertain a boarder. Such visitors were rare indeed; the principal business of the little inn being to supply drink and opportunities for gossip to the venerables of the village who assembled there more or less regularly in the evening. Such company was always delightful to a man of Alexander's taste and temperament, and he met with a cordial welcome at their hands.

Next day he visited the church again and made a more careful study of its monuments and architectural features, while drawing upon the sexton's love of gossip for information as to old Jasper's granddaughter, who, he learned, was the recognised successor to the old man's inheritance, the cottage and a few acres round, all that remained of a vast estate (if Jasper's legend was reliable). She was his nurse and house-keeper, "and a good girl as any in the country, that she was."

The artist thought that it might be as well to refer to old Micklethwaite for fuller information on some points of historical interest which went beyond the sexton's range of imagination. And when he found himself once more in that congenial atmosphere he was tempted to paint several pictures, in all of which it would be necessary to introduce figures to give point to the subject. He explained all this most carefully to Janet Thorpe, old Jasper's granddaughter, and found her most sympathetic and willing to help by sitting for him as often as he needed. The old man was more than pleased with an arrangement that promised

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to provide him with such an appreciative listener as this young artist. It was astonishing how many subjects for pictures Jim Alexander found at Bisby as well as in the neighborhood, which he explored on his bicycle, using the 'Royal George' as his headquarters, where the landlord and his wife did all they could to make him feel at home. She had been a famous cook in her day, and Jim found life wondrously pleasant in the little village at which no ordinary tourist would have stayed an hour.

So he stayed on indefinitely, exhausting the neighborhood, but his favorite painting ground was Jasper's garden and cottage. His industry was evident to all, but before long the neighbors found food for the malicious gossip over the constant association of the artist and his young model. Certainly he would paint old folks as well as young, but when he painted a large picture in the church with the old sexton and some others more time on the girl than on all together, and this gave rise to comment. But the girl found nothing extraordinary in grandfathers. He had just remembered and was eager to tell.



To satisfy his sense of duty the artist made longer excursions into the more distant parts of the country, staying away for a week or so, but returning each time with greater eagerness to be 'at home' again. When the old church upon the little hill would come in sight he felt a thrill of pleasure that could hardly be attributed to his enthusiasm for the rural antiquity of Bisby.

The place was homelike. It was agreeable to be greeted so cordially by the venerables who assembled in the evening at the 'Royal George'; and it was pleasant to sit by the fireside in old Jasper's cottage; and it was something more to stroll down to the sea with Janet after the day's work and to breathe an atmosphere of peace and home such as he had never known even in his studio. He found something new in life here in this forgotten village, something that he had lacked, but

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of whose lack he had not been conscious hitherto. He felt as if he were gradually waking from a long dream.

And Janet was happy, wonderfully happy. There was a strange light in her eyes as she sat gazing at her lover's work. She thought him a genius and worshiped in him her high ideal of man. She saw perhaps more than the artist himself would have dared to take credit for, though he too had ideals that, so far, he had not been disloyal to; but the nobility of heart and soul that Janet saw in him was little more than a potentiality, for Jim had not yet been tried in the fire of experience. He was her lover, though no word of love had passed between them. There are some natures that find silence more eloquent than words, and who instinctively avoid an explanation, that would be in some sort a desecration of the sanctity of feeling.

Explanations are like open windows that let gusts of cold fresh air into a heated room. The freshness of the air may be desirable, but also sudden chills may have fatal consequences.

Janet had nothing to explain. To her there was no mystery about the matter, it was quite natural; nay more, it was inevitable. She knew it the moment that they met: the rest was merely a natural unfolding. It was not so much a new experience as a recovery of a forgotten past. It was the perfecting of a recognition, partial at first but ever becoming more complete. It had no element of surprise in it nor any doubt: it was a realization stamped with the seal of destiny.

With Alexander it was somewhat different, although he too had felt to some degree the strange sense of recognition that is accompanied with a prescience of destiny; and which comes as the sudden perception of a relationship established in some long past age beyond the reach of memory, some tie that has been heretofore unseen and unsuspected, but which is suddenly revealed by a turn in the wheel of destiny.

The meeting with Janet had been such a revelation. In a sense he had recognised her when first they met; and from that moment he knew instinctively that she was his and his alone. Never for a moment had he the shadow of a doubt of the girl who had given herself so unreservedly. Though he had mixed with bohemians and with men of the world, and had associated with all sorts of women, yet he had preserved in his heart a very high ideal of womanhood. It was this secret reverence for love and true women that had kept him free from the terrible cynicism of the age, and which had saved him to a great degree from the contamination of the lower bohemianism into which so many plunge disastrously. He had not lost the power to know a true woman when he met one.

He was not given to self-analysis and his morality was more a matter of feeling than of reason. His code of honor was high but indefinite

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and liable to be modified by emotion as well as by custom and tradition. Having a perfect assurance of the rectitude of his general intentions he had allowed himself considerable lee-way in the navigation of the treacherous waters of experience. Living from day to day, taking life as it came, he never dreamed that he was sowing seeds along the way whose fruitage would perhaps be bitter when he came to harvest it.

Time is so tolerant when one is young; how can a youth see any connexion between immediate causes and remote effects? How many life-times will it take to teach a man by experience that conscious acts are causes, and that all causes have effects; and that the two are one; that cause and effect are ultimately inseparable? How long will it be before he learns that present conditions are the fruits of past causes in which he had a share? When will man realize his own immortality? He knows these things intuitively perhaps already, but he has been carefully taught to ignore his own intuition and to rely upon tradition. So, too, he learns to think of himself as living in the present, a period of time that has no real relation with either past or future. How can he see himself as he is, a maker of destiny reaping today where he has sown in by-gone lives, and sowing the harvest he shall share in reaping when he returns, bound to the wheel of Destiny? Perhaps even now the simple truth would be self-evident if it were possible for a man to grow up entirely without education — a pure child of nature. But that is impossible, for a child learns more by example than by precept, and far more by unintentional thought-transference than by direct instruction; and so assimilates the faults and fallacies, the prejudices and disbeliefs, as well as the vices or virtues of his elders, as naturally as he imitates their habits of life and mode of speech, even if he never goes to school. Therefore since education is inevitable, even if involuntary, surely it should be regarded as the prime art, as well as the chief science, and as the highest duty of the State, having so wide and deep an influence on national life. We hear much from time to time of 'going back to Nature': a cry that sounds well, but that is as futile as would be the aspiration of a butterfly to rebecome a caterpillar.

To follow the law of nature man must know the law. *He must be educated.* The animals in their collective consciousness have instinct, which is knowledge of such laws of nature as they need to know. But when man's intellect awoke he freed himself to some degree from the bondage of instinct, which is a kind of natural revelation to the lower kingdoms, and now he hangs poised between instinct outgrown and intuition undeveloped, deluded by passion on the one hand, beguiled by vague aspirations and untried ideals on the other, fooled by his fancied freedom, deceived by his untrained reason, hampered by inherited traditions,

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and finally crippled in mind by false or defective education. Here he stands blinded by Truth at the parting of the ways, with his feet tangled in a web of destiny woven in former lives of which he has no recollection.

Humanity has chosen the path of hard experience, because it seemed most inviting. The road is hard and the journey tedious, so men begin to cry out, "Let us go back to Nature." But there is no going back to Nature; for Nature is everywhere; man is bound up in Nature. She was his foster-mother in the past, but now she looks to him to lead her evolution by his own progress; and in mute appeal from the depths of Time she calls to him eternally and ceaselessly: "Man know thyself."

III



JANET knew nothing of the village talk. She had always held herself aloof, and had no other companion than her grandfather. So she was happy in her love, and never dreamed that it could be made a subject of gossip. Jim, however, was not blind nor deaf, and knew the way tongues wag in small communities. So he began to feel uneasy at the thought that he was providing the malicious with material for scandal. This trouble forced him to face his position with regard to this girl, who had already become part of his life, and whose fate was now bound up with his in such a way that to her the two seemed one, and that to him the thought of separation was unbearable.

When thus 'cornered' by circumstances, Jim Alexander would go through a kind of mental exercise, that he called 'facing the facts.' It was a process somewhat akin to the action of a man who has hit his shin violently against a chair in a dark room. On such occasions the victim of his own rashness will first rub the injured part, then silently or openly curse the suspected cause of the accident, and lastly he will proceed to turn on the light, more with a view to avoiding further trouble than to reveal the real cause of the misfortune, which of course lay in the darkness of the room.

So now Jim, feeling the smart of the villagers' malicious tongues, first pitied himself, then cursed the neighbors, and finally decided to adopt some course by which he might avoid unpleasantness in future. But he did not turn on the light: so he was able for a little while to avoid facing the real question of what was his position with regard to Janet

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Thorpe. He was not prepared to answer such an inquiry: but it was forced upon him in another form by a few words in a postscript to a letter from his good friend McNorten the publisher, who wrote to acknowledge the receipt of drawings and notes for the book 'Rural Antiquities.' This was the postscript: "Mary has just come home from her cousin's wedding which was a brilliant affair, apparently. I suppose it will be her turn next. Well, I must not complain, if it has to come. We cannot expect to keep her with us always, I suppose."

That was all, but it was enough to turn a new light on a familiar situation, and to establish a disturbing contrast with a situation of more recent development.

Jim felt himself called upon to take stock of his social and moral obligations, and did so most unwillingly.

Mary and he had been good friends for a long time, very good friends, indeed now that he came to think of it he found himself forced to admit that their friendship had been unusually intimate: yet there had been no word of anything between them that would justify a man in looking upon himself as an accepted suitor, although there was good reason to suppose that the McNortens did look on him in that way, even if they had not said as much in his hearing. They had received him at all times so cordially and had seemed to encourage the intimacy that sprang up spontaneously between their only daughter and the young artist. He had enjoyed the companionship, and found the house at Hampstead a delightful change from studio-life and Bohemia—but what of that?

Occasionally the question of marriage had presented itself to him as a distant possibility, and in that connexion he had naturally thought of Mary McNorten. Such a contingency was not unpleasant to contemplate, at any rate as a possibility too remote to trouble him with the prospect of an immediate loss of liberty. He liked Mary very much, and knew that she was fond of him; that was sufficient for the moment. Jim loved his liberty; and in his easy-going way took all the pleasure that life offered, just as it came, regardless of what the consequences might be to himself or others. As to the future, that would take care of itself no doubt; he did not think about it, but had a sort of vague belief that he would always escape unpleasant consequences that were not quite immediate in their action. But consequences may take time to mature, although they come to life along with their causes. They germinate unseen, and like some invisible monster of the deep send out innumerable ethereal tentacles that fasten on their prey so delicately and with such insidious softness that their presence is scarcely perceptible save as a soft protecting shield, that may seem to be part of man's own

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invisible ethereal envelope. This unseen octopus is what men call destiny; it is the consequence of causes they themselves set going; it is their own creation and will cling to them till it is torn away by violence or till it has sucked the life out of its victim. It feeds upon the will and self-reliance of the one who is not strong enough to master it before its folds have quite enveloped him. Such men are few compared to the masses of mankind who make no struggle for freedom, and who go through life like ghosts, whose souls have fled leaving behind them those pale shadows of men, who

blindly and automatically obey the soulless law of custom and fashion, as they tread the weary path of social routine, hopeless and spiritless 'simulacra.' The world is full of earth-bound phantoms devoid of all will, who have forgotten the spirit which made life beautiful when the soul first awoke within its 'chrysalis' and of liberty in sang its song the heart of youth.

When Jim began to take stock of his moral responsibilities he found himself involved in a tangle of social liabilities that were all mixed up with his artistic ideas and emotional tendencies

to say nothing of his financial future. The latter was very much under the immediate control of his friend and publisher McNorten, who was in a position to put plenty of profitable employment in his way, and who would undoubtedly give his daughter a comfortable income on her marriage, provided of course that the match met with his approval: for McNorten was a strong-willed man who all his life had ridden roughshod over other people's feelings when they ran counter to his plans.

Jim Alexander had found him a good friend, and until he read that postscript had not seen the possibility of a difference between them. If he had read that letter before he came to Bisby he would have smiled contentedly enough no doubt; but now, as he sat in his room at the 'Royal George' and looked around at the sketches and studies leaning against the wall and lying on the chairs, he had a most unpleasant shock. For all those sketches had figures in them, and the figure



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that occurred in each and all was not the figure of Mary McNorten.

Suddenly he realized that marriage with Mary was impossible. The next picture in his mind was that of the publisher when this fact came to his knowledge: that picture was not pleasant to contemplate.

There had been some misgiving in his mind when he first contemplated the possibility of marrying the daughter of his publisher. His family already looked on his choice of a profession as somewhat derogatory to the position that had been theirs in former generations. But then McNorten was now a wealthy man and his heiress would be more or less acceptable, no doubt, to them. How would they look upon the woman in the sketches here? Jim laughed uncomfortably, and answered to himself, "They would not look at her at all."

Now he would have to explain his position to McNorten. How could he do it? What was there to explain? There was no formal engagement. Mary was free. No compromising words had been spoken on either side. And yet — well, was he not free too? He tried to think so, and almost grew indignant in the effort. As to her parents, they could not say that he had deceived them. No. But what would they think of him if now he simply decided to ignore the hint contained in that postscript? It would mean a break in their friendship, and probably an end to his business relations with the publishing house: a serious consideration, no doubt, but one that sat lightly on his mind. What troubled him was the thought of what Mary and her father would think of him. How could he hope to save his own self-respect? How could he face his friend McNorten and let him know that he had no intention of marrying his daughter? It would be putting his benefactor in a humiliating position, that would be unbearable to a man of his autocratic temperament. He felt that the situation must be explained, and yet no explanation was possible.

One thing was clear, all thought of marrying Mary McNorten was gone from his mind. And then?

He rose impatiently to shake off the insistence of the question, What then? He hated explanations, and never demanded them from himself.

Another letter fell to the floor; he recognised the bold handwriting of his sister, and picked it up curiously; he had not written to her for some time and felt guilty. She wanted to know if he had quite forgotten her existence, and when he was going to visit them at Oakleythorpe. She said that visitors were coming, one of whom was a buyer of paintings whom Jim ought to meet. She added, that Jim's 'old flame,' Alice Chesterton, would be there too with her husband. Jim smiled sardonically. He had allowed the fascinating Alice to flirt with him, but had declined to be fascinated, though always willing to be amused. Alice,

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he knew, had not forgiven him for his indifference to the magic of her charms. Still, he thought that a few days at Oakleythorpe would be a change that might help him to see his way out of his difficulty. At any rate it was a diversion and would permit him to dismiss for a time at least this most unpleasant 'explanation.' How he hated that word! A pleasant way out of an unpleasant situation naturally attracted him, and he dashed off a hurried note accepting the invitation: then he rode over to the railway station and made inquiries about trains, dispatched a telegram to his sister explaining his letter, already posted, by giving an earlier hour for his arrival; and finally on his way back to Bisby decided to send his luggage on by rail to Oakleythorpe and to take the road himself, so as to be able to stay a day on the road at a place he wanted to visit in connexion with his work.

Having thus satisfactorily mixed things up he felt that his arrangements were complete, and that he could now dismiss all unpleasant thoughts. This was what he called 'facing the facts.' Having shelved the difficulty, he felt that he had solved the problem, and regained his liberty: the rest could wait awhile. He knew that some difficulties do dissolve with time: it has been said that unanswered letters answer themselves if only left long enough: that postscript was given an opportunity of the sort.

The ride to Oakleythorpe lay through a part of the country he had not fully explored, and he spent more time than he had anticipated in collecting material for his publisher, whom he felt bound to treat conscientiously now more than ever before; so his arrival at his sister's house was later than the promised date. But that was what Beatrice was accustomed to from her artistic brother. She scolded him mildly and he took the scolding as part of his welcome to the luxurious hospitality of Oakleythorpe.

He was really fond of his sister Beatrice, who had defended him at home when he decided to become an artist in defiance of family tradition and the wish of his parents. They would have repudiated him entirely at that time, but for her assurances that Jim would soon tire of art and would see the folly of attempting to make a career for himself outside the field appointed for him by Providence. His father considered the career of an artist discreditable to a man of his position, and his mother thought that God had ordained Jim's cousin Julia as his appointed wife. Julia was an heiress. But Jim said bluntly that he would choose a wife for himself, and that he believed Providence had meant him to be an artist. The breach would have been complete but for Beatrice who

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persuaded her parents to 'give him time.' She herself had married 'well' and was quite happy with her rather common-place husband, who had a great admiration for his talented brother-in-law and was always asking when Jim was coming again. Beatrice hoped that the comfort of Oakleythorpe would serve as an antidote to the charms of 'bohemia' and would help to bring Jim back to the fold of 'respectability' and to an appreciation of his cousin Julia's 'sterling worth.' But Jim was hard to hold. He enjoyed luxury as well as any man and had no delusions as to the probable future in store for him if he continued to defy his family; but his love of art was deep and his hopes were high. He saw a future that was good to dream of and a present that was worth living in. He was happy enough at Oakleythorpe for a little while and enjoyed the easy luxury of the life there, but his heart was not in such things and freedom charmed his fancy more than luxury.

Beatrice had lately felt some doubt as to her ability to steer her brother's life in the way she felt it ought to go and had talked the matter over with her dear friend Alice Chesterton, who had shown some interest in her friend's plans for the social redemption of the too independent young artist. Alice agreed that the best thing was to get him married 'suitably' as soon as possible, lest worse might happen. Alice had hinted at possibilities that Jim's sister had not contemplated; Beatrice was not suspicious and was not such an accomplished 'woman of the world' as Alice Chesterton. She had no fear of her brother disgracing himself by any really 'impossible' marriage, but she recognised the possibility of an undesirable entanglement, though she believed that she would have heard of it if anything of the sort were in the wind; Jim made no secret of his love affairs, so Beatrice said. But Alice was skeptical. She knew men and the ways of men, and her experience had been gained in a way that had made her cynical. She never showed that side of her character to Beatrice, who was remarkably straightforward and sincere, and whose friendship she valued; so she accepted her friend's assurances on that point, but there remained the question of a possible attachment to Miss McNorten of whom Jim had often spoken. Beatrice had nothing to say against the girl, but thought she was unfortunate in her choice of parents; for McNorten was a publisher, which she regarded as being little better than a tradesman; a most undesirable connexion.

The match-makers were agreed that Jim must marry a lady, and why not Julia? Having chosen the victim and made their plans they decided that Julia must be sent for on some excuse for such short notice though Beatrice thought no excuse was needed, knowing that Julia, would never refuse, if Jim was to be there. But the plan miscarried,

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for Jim suddenly announced that he was wanted in London by his publisher.

He seemed to be worried about it, and Beatrice suspected that McNorten was putting pressure on her brother to come to a decision on a more delicate matter than the publication of a book. Jim thought so too: for the book was all right, and the publisher said that he must see Jim on several important matters, without any indication of the nature of these 'important' points, which must have arisen unexpectedly since he left London. He had been away longer than usual; time had slipped by unnoticed and the autumn was gone: it was spring-time when he went to Bisby; and now that he came to think of it he remembered that he had not once written to Mary, though he always sent friendly messages to her when he wrote to her father. He felt that some sort of explanation was imminent; it was in the air, and it made him uncomfortable. He felt that the octopus of destiny had woven its invisible tentacles around him and was already sucking out his moral vitality: his peace of mind was gone; his self-satisfaction was vanishing; and if he could not tear off this thing that had fastened upon him his liberty would go too along with his beautiful idyll. That was unthinkable. That one point was sure. He would not part with Janet at any cost. His family might turn their backs upon him; they surely would do so. The McNortens might drop him, and his connexion with the publishing house might cease; that also was more than probable. He was not alarmed by such things, because they were not immediate. What troubled him was the prospect of an explanation; a humiliation, from which he saw no escape: indeed it had begun already. He tried to put the matter on a plain common-sense footing, and saw himself justifying his desertion of Mary on the ground that there was no engagement between them. He saw McNorten's indignation and contempt, which was of course no more than a reflexion of his own judgment on himself. For the first time he realized that a man is responsible to himself for all his acts, and for their consequences. He cannot accept the pleasures of life and go free from the results of his acceptance. He saw that his easy-going plan of drifting with the tide entailed responsibilities as real as those that follow a deliberately planned course of action. The web of destiny was nothing more than a tissue of consequences woven by his own unpremeditated acts. This simple truth appeared to Jim as an appalling revelation of the seriousness of life, a thing that he had practically disbelieved in hitherto. His theory had been that life should be what Etty the painter on his death-bed described his own life to have been: "a long sun-shiny holyday." Perhaps he was right, but evidently Jim had not gone to work the right way to make it so. The

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sunshine of a happy life must be a consequence; it cannot be claimed as a right, except by the one who has in the past established appropriate causes, and who can distinguish the true joy of life from the false.

McNorten received the artist as cordially as ever, and went into the matter of the book as thoroughly as if there were no other question to be discussed between them, indeed he seemed almost nervously anxious to avoid any other matter; and when their business talk was over he rose decidedly and held out his hand, saying: "Well, I think you may rest easy as to this volume at any rate. I know it will be a success. Now you must excuse me; I want to push this thing through. Come round tonight and dine with us at seven, won't you?"

Of course Jim could not refuse, though his heart sank at the prospect, but his self-examination had not been wasted. He knew where he stood, and knew that his choice was final. As to what came of it that was for fate to decide. So he arrived at seven at the house in Hampstead where he had spent so many pleasant evenings. Poor Mary!

He had not expected to meet strangers, and was almost startled when he was presented to the guests of the evening, an elderly and imposing couple and their extremely ordinary and uninteresting son who was about his own age. Jim read the somewhat too obvious indications of wealth in all of them: they were stamped with the 'hall mark' of the City, and exhaled an atmosphere of prosperity that was offensive to the sensibilities of the artist.

Mary seemed ill at ease, received him diffidently, and for a moment looked at him almost beseechingly. Her parents were even more cordial than usual, and the dinner passed off without incident. Jim was puzzled, and excused himself early on the ground of letters that must be written before he went to bed. His host escorted him to the door, and said, abruptly: "I wanted you to meet the Dunlops: they are old friends of mine: George and Mary knew one another as children — her father did me a good turn once when I was in serious difficulties: I owe him much. He has been very successful, and George is a good son. You must know them better. Well, I suppose you will be off again tomorrow. You must hurry up and get those drawings for the second volume and we will have it out in good time. Then I have another book I want to talk about, but not now. Good night; my boy, good night!"

McNorten's cordiality was almost overdone, he seemed afraid that Jim might broach some subject that his host was anxious to avoid. He hardly waited for his guest to turn his back before he closed the door.

Then Jim stood still and laughed. This was the explanation! His laugh was sardonic: he was laughing at himself. This was a humiliation he had not anticipated, but which he felt was most appropriate.

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Then he saw Mary's pathetic glance as she greeted him, and her dejected look when he said good-night. Poor Mary!

She was too good for such a nonentity as young George Dunlop. Was she to be sacrificed to pay her father's debt of gratitude to this too prosperous City man? Jim's indignation rose as his fear of a personal explanation vanished. He became heroic in his anxiety for Mary's happiness. His pity for her was quite sincere, but his indignation had an uncertain note in it; and there was a mocking little devil somewhere in the back of his brain that kept on laughing at him till he felt ridiculous. His sense of humor was not tuned to this key.

He was not disposed to waste his time in London. McNorten's advice was good, he would be off tomorrow. Poor Mary! He sauntered home trying to rearrange his thoughts which seemed to have lost their sequence. Reviewing the events of the evening he was struck with the air of resignation noticeable on the simple kindly face of Mary's mother. She had been just as kind as ever, just as colorless; but there was an unusual nervousness in her manner, that Jim had attributed to the presence of the imposing Mrs. Dunlop, who was rather an alarming person. On second thoughts however he inclined to think that Mrs. McNorten had been dreading an explanation also, and he felt more sympathy with her than ever before.

Perhaps she had already passed through some such ordeal with her daughter and her manner might be interpreted as a mute appeal to him for mercy. He was prepared to be more than merciful, he would be magnanimous. He would forgive them all: and he would give Mary a wedding present that should be more than generous. Poor Mary!

(To be concluded)



THE SCREEN OF TIME

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

Mme Tingley at Our Leader, Katherine Tingley, was one of the principal speakers at the Convention of the California Humane Society, of which she is a member, which was held at Riverside, California, November 14 to 16, 1917. Delegates came from all parts of the state, to convene for the consideration of important issues in reference to the coming year's work of the Humane Society.

Madame Tingley on the night of November 15th addressed a large and enthusiastic audience in the beautiful 'Cloister Hall' at Glenwood Mission Inn. In her endeavor to support the principles of the Humane Society, which are for the betterment of humanity and especially for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals, she accentuated the teachings of brotherly love, and declared that nowhere could she find, in any other system, a philosophy and teaching which so admirably supported these principles as does the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, of which she is the Official Head.

The whole speech was of a kind that increased the interest in the work of the Humane Society, and to all appearances brought about a closer co-operation among the members for its advancement. Throughout Madame Tingley's address there was intense silence, which denoted absorbed attention, showing that her listeners were prepared to consider any subject that will unite the great human family on a more humane basis.

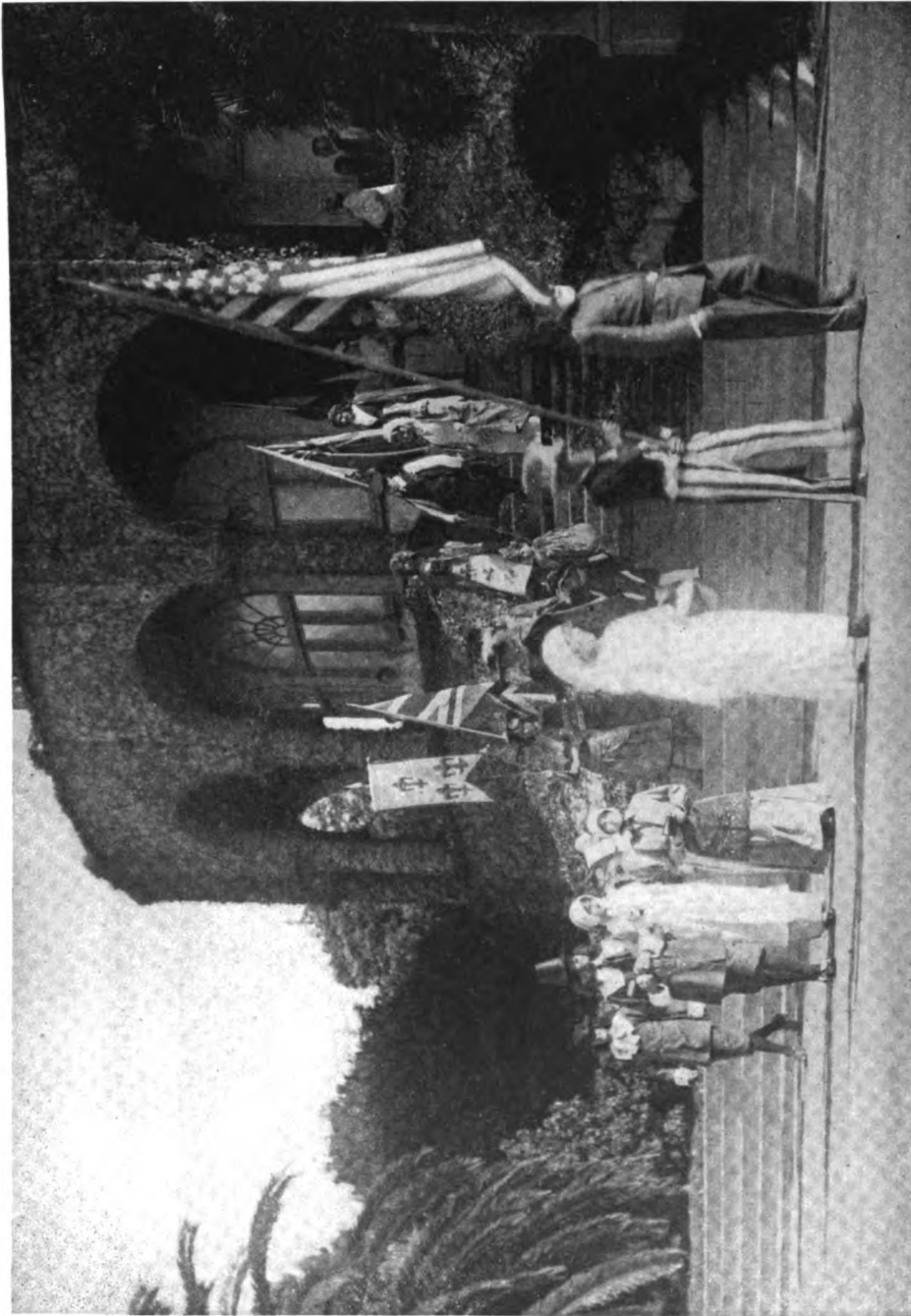
Mrs. W. A. Dunn, who accompanied Madame Tingley, was called upon to make a brief speech on the same occasion. She appealed to the mothers and fathers and teachers of children to have a better understanding of their natures and to bring about that spirit of brotherly love which they need to help them to cope with the difficulties in the battle of life. She spoke enthusiastically of how Theosophy had sustained her in her efforts as a Teacher in the Râja-Yoga School, saying that no one could afford to be without that help which was at hand.

THANKSGIVING DAY CELEBRATED AT LOMALAND WITH GRAND INTERNATIONAL PAGEANT; MANY U. S. SERVICE MEN GUESTS

International Brotherhood League Work Thanksgiving at Lomaland with Mme Tingley as hostess and a large body of military and naval men from Camp Kearny, Fort Rosecrans, and the 21st infantry and naval training camp at Balboa Park as guests, was celebrated in the customary unique fashion. The enlisted men found an unexpected treat awaiting them, being ushered upon their arrival into the



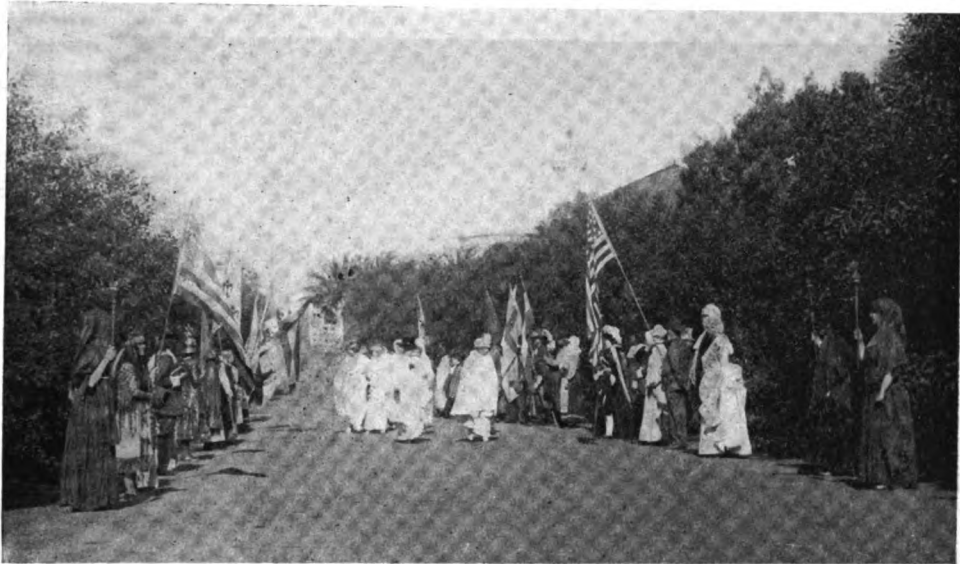
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'PUCK AND THE FAIRIES' LEADING THE INTERNATIONAL PAGEANT FROM THE ARYAN MEMORIAL
TEMPLE ON THANKSGIVING DAY



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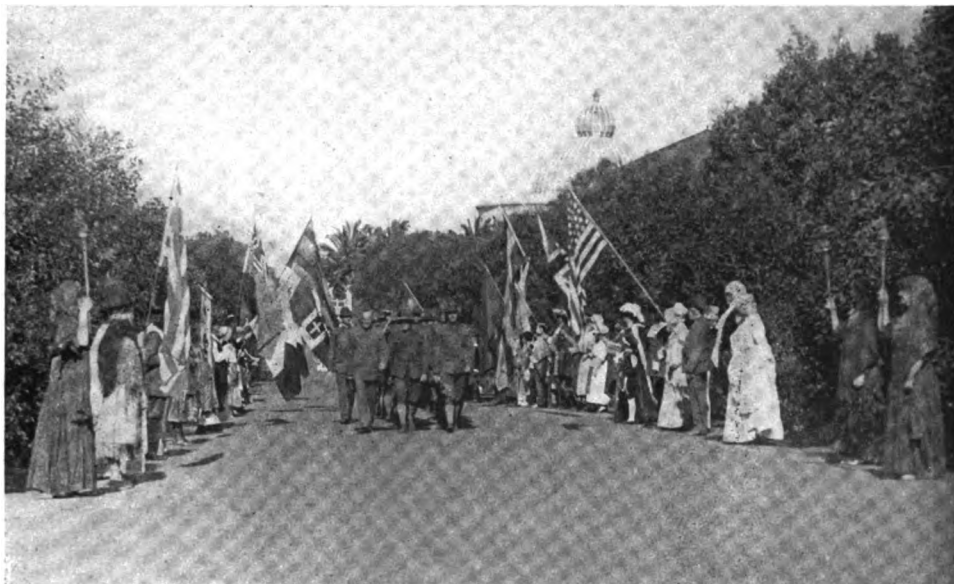
THANKSGIVING DAY PAGEANT ISSUING FROM THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE

The Pageant was headed by President Washington and his wife Martha, followed by Uncle Sam, General Joseph Wheeler and an International Brotherhood League Nurse, as well as a large retinue comprising such characters as Roger Williams, John Alden and Priscilla, Anne Hutchinson, and other early New Englanders. The International Section was lead by Queen Elizabeth escorted by Shakespeare, followed by representatives of many nations of the world and various epochs of history.



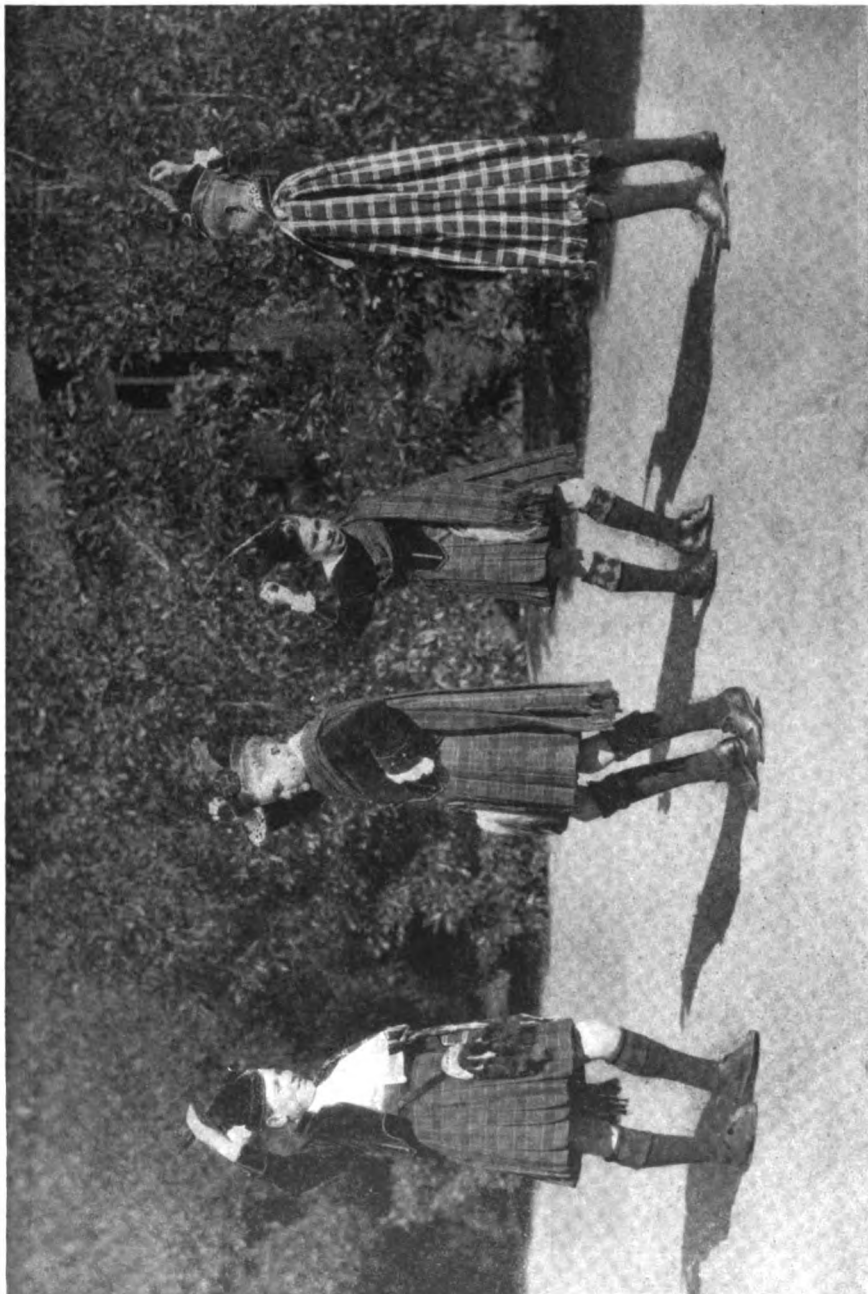
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**MADAME TINGLEY AND SOME OF THE GUESTS REVIEWING THE
INTERNATIONAL PAGEANT**



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

**THE PAGEANT SALUTING THE SOLDIER GUESTS AS THEY PASSED ON
THEIR WAY TO THE DINING HALL ON THANKSGIVING DAY**



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS IN SCOTCH 'REEL' — A FEATURE OF THE INTERNATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT
ON THANKSGIVING DAY AT THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

Aryan Temple, where the participants in a grand international pageant, planned by Mme Tingley in honor of the men of the army and navy, were waiting to greet them with music. The colors of brilliant costumes, and the dozens of sprites and fairies tripping and fluttering in their midst, produced an effect of kaleidoscopic magnificence and movement.

The march from the Temple to the cozy and flower-adorned Refectory was led by the pageant, with the fairy court of Oberon and Titania caroling and dancing in the van. Uncle Sam followed with the stately 'Father of His Country,' gracious Lady Washington, and General Joseph Wheeler, Madame Tingley's staunch friend during her work for the stricken soldiers at Montauk Point, where he was in command; and among the many distinguished lovers of freedom in different ages were Joan of Arc, who carried her white standard with the *fleur de lis* of France; Queen Elizabeth of England; Gustavus Adolphus, Sweden's great soldier-king, who walked with Earl Per Brahe, the great Swedish educator and philanthropist. Aspasia, with her attendants, was there from ancient Athens, representing 'the good, the beautiful and the true'; the envoy Pharnabazus from Persia, and many others. Egypt, China, Japan, India, Ceylon, Latin America and the North American Indian tribes all sent representatives, as well as many nations of Europe, and the great historic epochs of the world were likewise impersonated, each group wearing its own bright national dress and carrying its national flag.

Just before reaching the refectory the double column divided, and the soldier guests passed between the brilliant lines with international flags waving gaily on either side, to the destined goal where the house-wife art of old New England placed its best at their disposal.

Toasts to the brave defenders of freedom, the men of the army and navy, were proposed by General Joseph Wheeler and given by Madame Tingley and members of her staff in the International Brotherhood League, and responses were made by representatives of the Aviation Corps, Camp Kearny, the 21st Infantry and the naval training camp at Balboa Park.

After a visit to 'Casa Rosa,' one of the delightful bungalow homes of Lomaland where the guests were entertained for a short time, baseball and other games, in which the soldiers and sailors took part, filled the afternoon. A cozy home supper in Lomaland style preceded the trip by special car to the Isis Theater, where Duke Frederick and his merry men, Orlando and "the melancholy Jacques," Touchstone the very wise fool, lovely Rosalind and the rest, were waiting to welcome the military men into the witching Forest of Arden.

As You Like It, even in Elizabethan days, surely never called out more spontaneous merriment nor heartier applause, framed as it was by the brightly gowned characters of the international pageant, in the boxes on either side. The house was crowded, officers from the different army and navy headquarters in and near the city being present with their families.

After the play, as many soldiers as could be accommodated were entertained at Isis Lecture Hall at a social hour with refreshments, and the men

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of khaki, olive drab, and navy blue had the rather unusual experience of dancing a Virginia reel with George and Lady Washington, Queen Elizabeth, Aspasia and other historical characters.

Thus came to an end one of the most memorable days — and there have been many — in the history of Lomaland activities. The day, as almost invariably happens here on such occasions, was one of blue skies and unclouded sunshine, reflecting the high happiness and peace always at hand whenever we suddenly realize the nobility and beauty ever knocking for admission into our hearts. Surely on such days a door opens and realization comes swiftly that children, brought up in an atmosphere of purity and beauty, can dwell among us veritable fairies, with a message surpassing the most exalted conceptions of a Raphael or a Shakespeare.

EDUCATION

The French Spirit in Education Right methods of education — such as are founded on the eternal laws governing life — hold in themselves the key to progress. Much seeming progress is only apparent, and often carries one back to the starting point, encumbered with embarrassing luggage.

We always feel a sympathy toward those working seriously and unselfishly in this field, and note with pleasure Mr. John Finley's tribute to the French, in an article entitled, 'The French Spirit in Education' in *The World's Work* for October, 1917.

In describing their municipal system, he says the feeling is that "whatever makes for the fuller, freer higher activity of the spirit of man is the efficient thing. . . . The chief end is not material possession but spiritual expression."

That a nation can hold and increase its grip on this feature of its national life, under the stress of gloom and horror, is a proof of its inherent vitality. One feels, however, in reading further, that spirit and intellect are used almost synonymously by the writer. He says "In the higher ranges, intellectual exercise seems the supreme joy of accomplishment, and in all the ranges perfect expression seems the constant aim. . . . The emphasis upon the intellectual has not been shifted despite the menace of the physical."

There seems to be a note missing in this view of education, which one might call the keynote, and for the lack of which, the perfect chord can never be struck. Spiritual life is the substratum, the underlying reality, upon which rests intellectual and finally physical growth. Unless this deeper thing is stirred into activity in early life, the personality will not withstand the storms and trials of life, nor find nourishment during the calms.

SOCIAL DILAPIDATION

Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness It is reported that at the recent Convention of the American Association of Progressive Medicine, in Chicago, one physician advocated providing the means of an easy death for the aged, the helplessly infirm and the hopelessly incurable. He received the support of the majority of the delegates in session!

To the normal lay mind, this step looks like a decided move in progressing backward, toward the good old times when feudal might made right, when burning at the stake was the remedy for a difference of opinion; it is a 'civilized' way of copying the Indian economic 'efficiency' which deftly dispatches the aged who fail to keep up on the march. Everyone knows — none better than physicians — that, usually, the infirm, the aged, the suffering and the incurables, though longing for strength and ease and health, are not anxious to die. This instinctive clinging to life belongs to the inner Self, which knowingly incarnated for the knowledge to be gained only by experience. The Soul is too serenely sure of its continued existence to be daunted by disability, disease or suffering.

This professional opinion is colored by the psychology of Death which is frankly devastating Europe, which is upholding capital punishment in so-called 'civilized' lands, increasing suicide, murder and bomb-throwing, and cutting short pre-natal life, everywhere. *Life is sacred*; and these mechanistic teachings of its origin and purpose, only add to its weak, unworthy and defective expression. Senile reversions of type, unlovely old age, increased malignancy and degeneracy in civilizees, are abnormal symptoms of vital wrongs to be faced and corrected — not evaded and covered up by the undertaker. Already there is an alarming decrease in longevity among men and women of affairs, which the profession fails to understand or control. Modern science quite overlooks the regenerative and beneficent reaction of the body to the active, harmonious union of physical forces with the higher mental and moral energy expended in self-directed evolution. Moreover, aside from ethical conservation of forces the profession have by no means exhausted wholesome drug therapy, as yet.

MUSIC

The New York Symphony Orchestra Music-loving America is the richer for the recent interpretation of a new Rabaud Symphony under the conductorship of Walter Damrosch of New York. M. Rabaud is a Parisian, but not, so says his music, of any 'School,' and the recently produced Symphony lent itself well to the virile honesty of treatment, the rich variety of tone, the rhythmic living pulse, and the subtle and scholarly molding of phrase that has rendered

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the New York Symphony Orchestra for many years an orchestra apart.

That the composer achieved an original and unique result without any 'invented instruments,' arbitrary juxtapositions or ultra-modern progressions is a refreshing sign in these erratic times, when oddities in the world of art are almost the order of the day. But the virtues of this work are by no means mainly negative, and we believe that it is destined to outlive much contemporaneous composition. Mr. Damrosch, in presenting it, placed music-lovers under a distinct debt.

Students of Lomaland carry pleasant memories of the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Damrosch during 1916, when the noted conductor wielded the baton for the Râja-Yoga Orchestra in the *Valse Triste* of Sibelius, and with equal graciousness conducted one of the Choruses in a composition by his brother entitled *Violets*.

"I have never heard before," he said, "of an orchestra that sang as well as it played, and that played as well as it sang. It is quite unique. Mrs. Damrosch and I feel deeply grateful to you for the great artistic treat you have given us this morning. We are particularly grateful to the Foundress of the Râja-Yoga system of education."

ART

Professor Sirén A most interesting and instructive talk on the works forming the exhibition of Italian Primitives, now on
Talks on Italian at the Kleinberger Galleries, 725 Fifth Ave., New York,
Primitives to November 30th, 1917, for the benefit of the American War Relief Fund, was given in the galleries Wednesday evening last, before a goodly sized and appreciative audience, by Prof. Oswald Sirén, who wrote the critical discussion of the works in the display for the valuable and handsome catalog. . . .

Professor Sirén, who illustrated his talk with many admirable stereoscopic reproductions of the more important Primitives in the current display, and of other well-known works in European galleries — the latter to further illustrate and emphasize his arguments — briefly and ably reviewed the growth of pictorial art in Italy, and its development from the earliest Trecento, through the Quattrocento, to the Cinquecento painters. . . .

After the talk, the audience inspected the pictures, which seemed to have gained interest and appeal from his description. The opinion was generally expressed that the talk was so interesting and valuable from the educational viewpoint that it should be repeated. (*Amer. Art News*, Nov. 24.)

Prof. O. Sirén, whose children are in the Râja-Yoga School, Lomaland, and who is Professor of the History of Art in Stockholm University, Sweden,

THE SCREEN OF TIME

has for many years been a staunch supporter of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

BOOK REVIEW

BEN BIFAN Y DIWYGIWR, neu Y Gwir yn erbyn y Byd (Ben Bevan the Revivalist, or The Truth against the World): Index; Utica, N. Y.

This is a little play in verse by a very thoughtful author, and deserves a wider public than that to which it is addressed — the Welsh-speaking Welsh of America. The evil against which it is directed, and for which it suggests a remedy, is not confined to any church or section; and though necessarily the play projects itself among churchly scenes and uses the machinery proper thereto, the message is universal.

The plot is simple in the extreme. Ben Bifan is a young Welshman fresh from the religious revival that stirred the valleys and hills of Wales some few years ago, who finds his lot cast among a congregation of his countrymen in one of the towns in the Eastern States where the Welsh are numerous. This may be taken as symbolic: since to Welsh church people a disciple of Evan Roberts would naturally stand for the nearest thing to an angel from heaven one could meet with on this earth: he may be taken, therefore, as representing anyone coming from regions of absolute spiritual sincerity, into surroundings of the usual worldly-religious type: anyone whose life constituted him a messenger of the Real or Spiritual: any man making the great fight to uplift the world, and to be, not to seem, true. He takes part in the gatherings, social and other, of his co-religionists; to find everywhere insincerity, backbiting, and hypocrisy recognised as a virtue, or at least as a prop to public decency. He does not fall into the error of public exhortation and denunciation, nor protrude officious protests. He is merely observed at these gatherings to take out a notebook, and jot down all such portions of the conversation as smack of evil-speaking, lying and slandering, pride, vainglory and hypocrisy. This, with the silent protest of his life, makes him a general terror; political bosses and society leaders are smitten with fear; and presently the church is frightened into seeing itself as it is, and an attempt to amend.

There is no saying but such a method might be effectual, if carried out (as in the play) by one free from taint of selfrighteousness. The common plan is to denounce; and an eloquent denouncer of our failings we generally reward with adulation — so he will do it in a nice impersonal manner; a denouncer can always get a following. But adulation and a following are the worst kind of hindrance to one bent on accomplishing good; and the hero of this play knows it, and has a quick way of dealing with efforts of that kind.

It suggests to those interested in religion, that true religion is not concerned with creeds, but with conduct; is not to ensure a pleasant after-death state for individuals, but to make this earth a place for a wholesome humanity to live in. The idea is as old as the hills, as old as Theosophy; but it is the revelation that alone can save the world. Let every religionist of whatever kind be a missionary to himself, and set out to convert the heathen in his own lower nature; and there would be no longer a place in the world for rival sects and narrow creeds; we should have the road clear for Universal Brotherhood and Theosophy — Divine Wisdom — the first step to which is self-knowledge.

The author, Mr. D. R. Williams of Utica, N. Y., editor of *Y Drych*, the leading Welsh newspaper in this country, is certainly one who deserves well of his countrymen, not only for his untiring efforts on behalf of their native language, but also for his endeavors to stir them to a non-creedal sense of the realities of life.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

February, 1918

THE following articles call for special mention:

STUDIES OF CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING: by Osvald

Sirén, Ph. D. Professor of the History of Art, University of Stockholm.

A most noteworthy series of articles that will run through many of the issues of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for 1918. Professor Sirén is well known not only in his own country Sweden, but in all the art capitals of Europe. In this country also he is well known as an art critic and lecturer, having lectured at many of the American Universities, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Chicago and others. As author, he has enriched the bibliography of his subject with a number of works regarded as authorities worthy of consultation. In the February issue in which this series begins will appear INTRODUCTION — OUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS ART, and CHAPTER I: THE RELATION OF ART TO NATURE. The whole series will be beautifully illustrated with notable examples of European and Chinese painting, among the latter being reproductions of some of the rarest works extant.

THREE ESSAYS: by Drych Ail Cibddar.

- (1) "Of Moral Evil and of Good"
- (2) "Pride and Scorn"
- (3) "Criticism"

These short essays by one of the most noted of living Welsh writers are another distinguishing feature of the current issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH. Although prosaic enough in their titles, their treatment is far from commonplace, in fact of such a nature as to provoke serious thoughts in the mind of the reader along perhaps unaccustomed lines. One cannot do justice to them by quoting. They should be read.

SCIENCE AND THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD: IS VIVISECTION SCIENTIFIC? by Joseph H. Fussell. — PART II — Science Defined.

The writer analyses the meaning of the word *science*, showing that from its root it must include not only the acquirement "through observation, discernment, experiment" of knowledge of facts and their relationships, "but right interpretation, right valuation of these. This then is science, or at least the beginning of science." But, he says, we must go further,

we must inquire into the relationships existing between the different 'sciences' or branches of science . . . we must finally and inevitably relate our knowledge to life; we must inevitably come to this as our final aim, *viz.* to understand life, ourselves, the universe; and such understanding implies, necessitates, and demands the expression of such understanding in action, that is, in living."

STUDIES IN VERGIL: by J. O. Kinnaman, A. M., Ph. D. CHAPTER II: AENEAS; CHAPTER IV: ROME. The writer discusses the variants in the story of Aeneas, one of the most fascinating of the classics, as given by Homer and Vergil, as well as by other less known writers, such as Dionysius and Hellanicus.

EVOLUTION AND INVOLUTION: A STUDY IN BIOLOGY: by Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S. A PAPER OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY. A plain, common-sense and therefore thoroughly scientific discussion, the keynote of which is given in the following:

A conscious presence in nature, let us say, wants to work out its own possibilities, to make its own creative possibilities manifest to itself, to reach self-conscious working knowledge of its own highest latent containments —

this, according to the writer, is the underlying motive in the gradual ascent from simple to complex forms of life — due to the guiding of conscious intelligence behind all nature, of "a soul in nature."

THE COMMON SENSE OF THEOSOPHY: by Frank Knoche. A Paper read at a public meeting of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society at Isis Theater in San Diego.

The great value of Theosophy to the world today . . . is the fact that it gives the inquirer a rational, common-sense answer to his questions.

SOME NOTES ON THEOSOPHICAL MANUAL NO. 16 — 'FROM CRYPT TO PRONAOS: AN ESSAY ON THE RISE AND FALL OF DOGMA': by Herbert Crooke, H. A. Hentsch, W. S. and F. K.

RURAL ANTIQUITIES: by R. Machell, illustrated by the author, will be concluded in this issue,

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Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

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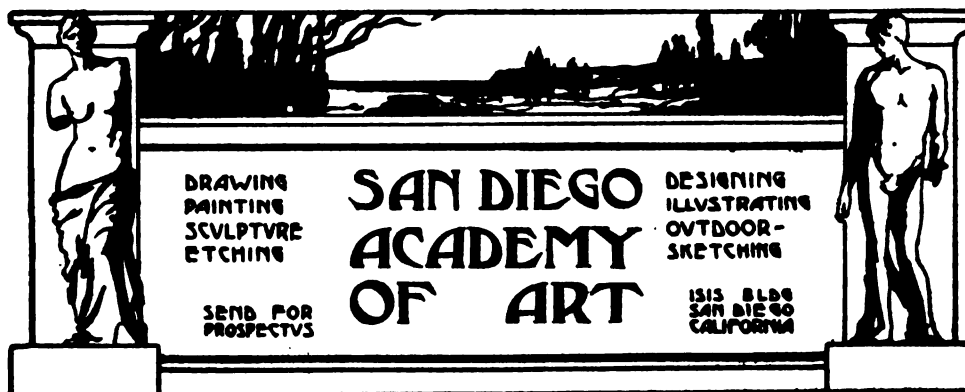
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Mean highest	64.60	Number hours, actual sunshine	243.30
Mean Lowest	53.27	Number hours possible	314.00
Mean	58.93	Percentage of possible	77.00
Highest	78.00	Average number hours per day	8.11
Lowest	48.00	WIND	
Greatest daily range	19.00	Movement in miles	3214.00
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The Theosophical Path

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VOL. XIV NO. 2

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A. FEBRUARY 1918

SINGLE COPY (Domestic) 30c. (Foreign) 35c. or 1s. 6d. SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00; Canadian postage \$0.35; Foreign \$0.50

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine
Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

THEOSOPHY

THIS is not a new religion, but the sentinels of the ages who have so long guarded the sacred stream, give it out afresh. The old channels long ago ran dry, and the cry of humanity as with one voice has reached the loving watchers, like the wail of a sick child in the night borne to the mother's heart, and there has come the ready response, *Here am I*. Their motto is Truth and nothing but the Truth, and Truth against the world . . . obeying the Law, they are no longer bound but free.

Wouldst thou approach their sacred abode? Lo! they have made plain the way, and promised an escort when by earnest zeal a certain station is passed.—William Quan Judge

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

Published by the New Century Corporation, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter, July 25, 1911, at the Postoffice at Point Loma, California

Under the act of March 3, 1879

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COMMUNICATIONS

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to 'KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Editor THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, Point Loma, California.'

To the BUSINESS MANAGEMENT, including subscriptions, should be addressed to the 'NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, California.'

MANUSCRIPTS

The Editor cannot undertake to return manuscripts; none will be considered unless accompanied by the author's name and marked with the number of words. The Editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

SUBSCRIPTION

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, THREE DOLLARS payable in advance, single copy, THIRTY CENTS. Foreign Postage, FIFTY CENTS, Canadian, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

REMITTANCES

All remittances to the New Century Corporation must be made payable to

CLARK THURSTON, *Manager*
Point Loma, California

VOL. XIV NO. 2

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**HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY, FOUNDESS OF
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY**

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR


VOL. XIV NO. 2

FEBRUARY 1918

UNIVERSAL Unity and Causation; human Solidarity; the Law of Karma; Reincarnation. These are the four links of the golden chain which should bind humanity into one family, one Universal Brotherhood.

— HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

RECONSTRUCTION: WHAT A THEOSOPHIST THINKS ON THE SUBJECT: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

 HE main title of this article is chosen because it is one to conjure with in these days; everybody is talking about reconstruction. The social order has been dislocated; and, as it will have to be readjusted, now is the time to make a virtue of the necessity and to rebuild it in a better way.

Reconstruction — yes — agreed; but upon what basis?

Here indeed is the pivotal question, which being unanswered, our prospective edifice continues to hang in air. A wise builder looks first to his foundations; and it would seem that it is these, rather than the materials of the superstructure, that are being subjected to the damnable scrutiny of the inspector. Upon what *principles* shall we reconstruct? Right here we find, instead of unanimity, the greatest diversity of opinion. Many would fain see in Christianity the foundation for the future rebuilding, and, if told that it is under the auspices of Christianity that the present crumbling of foundations has occurred, they suggest a reconstruction of Christianity itself, saying that Christianity has not yet really had a chance. If this be conceded, then must we not conclude that the problem goes back even of Christianity, and that the latter appears in the light of a buttress that needs to be buttressed? Others point out that the modern world is too wide and international for any one formal creed, as such, to serve for a foundation whereon to rear a temple of mankind of all creeds and countries. Is not this a convincing argument for the choice of Religion itself — not any one religion — as the foundation? But then, what is Religion itself? Here we have another crucial question upon which there is diversity rather than unanimity. Let us ask what is Theosophy's answer to the question.

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Another phrase to conjure with is "Rock of Ages." The Rock is frequently met with in Biblical writings as a symbol of permanence and foundation; and we read of the rock of strength, the rock of salvation, the rock of refuge, etc. "Where are their gods, their rock in whom they trusted?" may well be asked of the present generation.

But what is the Rock of Ages?

It is generally taken to refer to Christianity; but Christianity, as a creed, is quite recent and local compared with the outlook which we now take on time and space. The word 'ages' seems nowadays out of place as applied thereto. It would seem rather that we should go back to those eternal principles that underlie all religion, in whatever clime or time, honoring Christianity in so far as it represents those principles, but extending an equal tolerance to other religions which do the same. And in truth we find everywhere among current writers on reconstruction the disposition to accept *conscience* and the innate sense of right and wrong as final authorities by which religious sanctions themselves must be judged. Religion is no longer quoted as final authority, but is itself weighed in the balances before the tribunal of intuition and conscience. Even high dignitaries of the church can dare to come out openly and advocate such views, leaving us in some doubt as to whether they are leading or following the opinion of their flocks. Yet here again we find multiplicity of speculation, due to a hazy notion of what human nature is and what are the eternal foundations thereof. Everywhere is debate and questioning and talk, talk, talk, without end, till we are dazed; but nowhere is certainty or the voice of one speaking with authority. Theosophy alone is able to take an attitude of certainty; Theosophy alone has a definite program and holds its aim clear before its eyes; and it is well at this point to attempt a concise view of what Theosophy is.

And here the word 'reconstruction' comes again to our aid; for is not Theosophy a reconstruction of the sundered fragments of knowledge, a rebuilding of the crumbling temple of wisdom? As is shown in the prospectuses and handbooks, Theosophy is no new gospel, but the most recent revival of an old and eternal one; hence the word 'ages' is peculiarly appropriate to it, as is also that other word 'Rock.' Theosophy is in a very real sense the Rock of Ages. It is the body of eternal principles and laws that underlies every religion and every effort of mankind to represent to himself a workable model of the truth. It is grounded on a surer knowledge of human nature than that offered us by current speculations. It regards not man as a helpless puppet in the hands of a silent and irresponsible power, or as a biological phenomenon functioning as a cog in the wheels of some huge purposeless machine. It regards him as an intelligent Being, endowed with the potentiality of Knowledge

RECONSTRUCTION

and with the power to progress indefinitely towards any ideals he can entertain. Its teaching as to the dual nature of man is clear-cut and unambiguous, and this alone affords a basis for reconstruction such as we seek for in vain elsewhere. By such doctrines as Reincarnation and Karma — teachings as ancient and as universal as humanity itself — it presents every problem in an entirely new light and removes insuperable difficulties from the path of those striving to reconcile fact with faith.

So far from being a new doctrine, Theosophy is a key to the interpretation of the materials already at the disposal of modern scholarship. And, as such, it needs no better credentials than its own actual ability to serve as such an interpretation. In other words, it has achieved results which vindicate its claims. For, just as the scientific world may have in its hands a mass of knowledge which remains chaotic and undigested until some master-mind points out the general principles that relate the several parts to each other; so modern scholarship and research have amassed miscellaneous materials to which Theosophy supplies the interpretation. It is the declared purpose of the author of *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine* to deal with the facts already known to modern scholarship, and to demonstrate the true conclusion to which, when justly related to one another, they point. And that conclusion is the actual existence of what we have just called the 'Rock of Ages,' but which is also known as the 'Secret Doctrine.'

The facts known to geology and archaeology, when adequately interpreted, reveal the existence in past ages of a uniform culture diffused over the globe and embracing every department of knowledge. Just as we have the ruins of the actual buildings, so we have the ruins of the culture that built them; and the bygone culture of humanity can be inferred from its relics just as a palaeontologist can reconstruct an extinct animal from its fossil bones. This is what H. P. Blavatsky did, and Theosophy is the name she chose for the Secret Doctrine of the ages in its modern presentation. This ancient Wisdom constitutes a key to human life in all ages and it alone can form the foundation for our anticipated reconstruction.

Theosophy, however, is more than merely a body of teachings — important though that is; for it has an organization, and an essential part of the Founder's program was to establish this organization. If there is to be a new order of life, it must not remain theoretical but must be embodied in some nucleus that, like a seed, can grow in accordance with the laws of its birth.

Humanity seems to have lost its Gods; and during the cycles of preceding history, all energies and aspirations have gradually been transferred to the material world. Material power and dominance and material

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resources have become the all-potent deities to be worshiped; and this is all in accordance with the laws of cyclic evolution and the due succession of ages. But those same laws impel a rebirth of the spirit and a progress along the returning upward arc of the evolutionary curve. Man has to rediscover his God within the recesses of his own higher nature. In this way alone can the ancient life, dreamed of by our poets, yearned after by the soul-starved denizen of our materialistic world, be restored.

The Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity is thus an essential feature of the program of Theosophy, and no one who reads current literature can doubt that such a program responds to a universally felt need, to a universally uttered cry. The only question is, Can Theosophy do this? Can it answer the cry? — and the answer rests on demonstration. For the teachings and the organization are attracting the attention of thoughtful people of every class and country, as bearing the sure promise of something sound and stable whereon the future can be built — a Rock amid the uncertain waters of speculation, the shifting sands of theories.

While Theosophy can serve a man at any age, even when near the time for the Soul's departure from its present earthly environment, yet childhood and youth are the most crucial points of contact; and Theosophy, by its Râja-Yoga school system, is enabled to apply, even from birth, those principles which it indicates as being the true foundation of human life. The chaotic state of current ideas and faiths has left education in an uncertain, happy-go-lucky, and vacillating condition, whose results are of course reflected in society. While there is such uncertainty about fundamental principles, it seems hardly worth while to dispute over minor details like the curriculum; for such discussions revolve endlessly about a circumference whose center is never touched. The real problem is to produce men and women; and this means attention to character from the very beginning. But, as such attention to the child's character cannot be carried out by people who themselves are struggling in doubt and uncertainty, it devolves upon such as have faith and knowledge to sustain them. Hence one sees the necessity that, behind the Theosophical teachings, there should stand the organization, with its Leader.

All such enterprises must of necessity, in their initial stages, be inchoate; for the builder has to work with imperfect tools and to blaze a path through unprepared ground. But no wise judgment will find fault with a procedure which but follows the method of Nature. For, whatever man may do, Nature does not attempt to dump down a completed building upon its site, but works gradually upwards from the seed to the full-grown tree. Thus the Râja-Yoga education had to

RECONSTRUCTION

begin from small beginnings, but has grown and developed as its pupils have grown and multiplied and its teachers become trained; until now it shows itself a worthy pattern for future reconstruction in education.

When credit is widely shaken, people must needs fly to whatever is not involved in the general bankruptcy; so Theosophy need not fear that its message will go unheeded. But upon those who have already heard and heeded that message there devolves a duty and an urge of the heart — to make known to others, whom the message may not yet have reached, that it does exist.

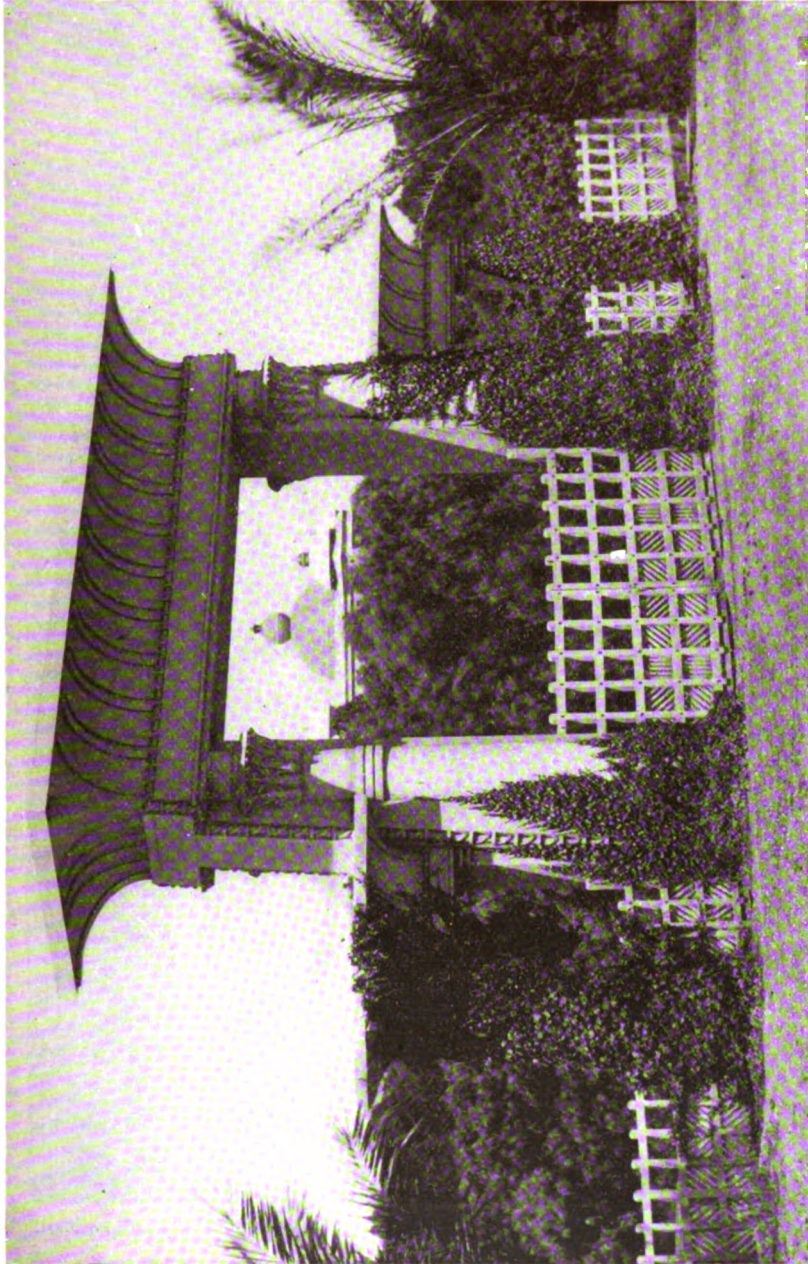
Law and order are fundamental principles, which we feel intuitively to lie at the base of things. But we cannot sum up the truth in a single word, and the attempt to achieve law and order in violation or neglect of other fundamental principles, will lead to disaster. Love and mercy are equally fundamental principles, revealed to us as such by our innate teachers — intuition and conscience. And so through the whole gamut of virtues by which we strive in our imperfect utterance to express the many-sided truth. The biological investigator, restricting his observations mainly to the external organism of man, defines those biological laws common to creatures possessing organized bodies; and not infrequently, in his love of generalizations, he goes to an extreme and strives to make the difference between man and animal one of degree only and not of kind. He thus sets up for mankind a false standard, for which, in defiance of facts, he claims the sanction of science; and setting up graven images of what he supposes our progenitors to have resembled, he says: "Behold thy maker, in whose image thou art created!" But mankind is bipartite in nature; for man is *essentially* a compound of the terrestrial and the divine. All attempts of the human intellect to reason away its own independent existence stultify themselves. A philosophy of life which is to explain facts and show us how to live must accept facts and deal with actual problems. The existence in man of laws higher than those of his animal nature, and often running contrary thereto, is such a fact. If the ordinary doctrines of evolution will not explain this fact, our conception of evolution must be enlarged. Theosophy shows that the intelligence which makes man what he is is not a mere crowning product of evolution from below, but is from an independent source. This duality of human nature — the god and the animal — is the principle accepted by Theosophy as a basis for its practical work. To the individual, Theosophy gives new hope by convincing him that he has latent possibilities which he can unfold, and that no effort can be wasted in the eternal existence of the Soul. And by upholding the path of duty towards fellowmen, Theosophy contacts also society. To take a single instance — that of the home — if the motive for mar-

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riage is that of self-advantage, the function assumes the aspect of a bargain, wherein one party or the other is likely to get the worst. Discord between the parents, even though dissembled, is inevitably reflected in the circle of the younger members of the family; and thus is sown a source of social discord that spreads. Such a view of marriage is fostered by those who bid us believe that wedlock is no more than the elaboration of a physical instinct, or the civilized counterpart of a savage custom. But, if marriage be regarded in the light of an *opportunity* — an opportunity to sacrifice self in the larger interests of union, a stepping-stone to that still higher and wider unity that must subsist between man and his fellow-men, then marriage is once more a sacrament, as it has been and should always be. It would then be regarded as a potent means towards greater and nobler accomplishment in the service of the great cause of human welfare; and, thus elevated at the start, the sequel of its initiatory rites would be a lifelong union of ever-growing strength and harmony. For the expectations with which it was entered upon would not be such as fail of realization through the passing of things mortal, but would be those which, grounded on immortality, can never wane nor die with advancing years. This is but a single instance of the application of Theosophical principles to actual life, and many others might be given. In general, a new purpose is given to every undertaking and prospect that life holds out.

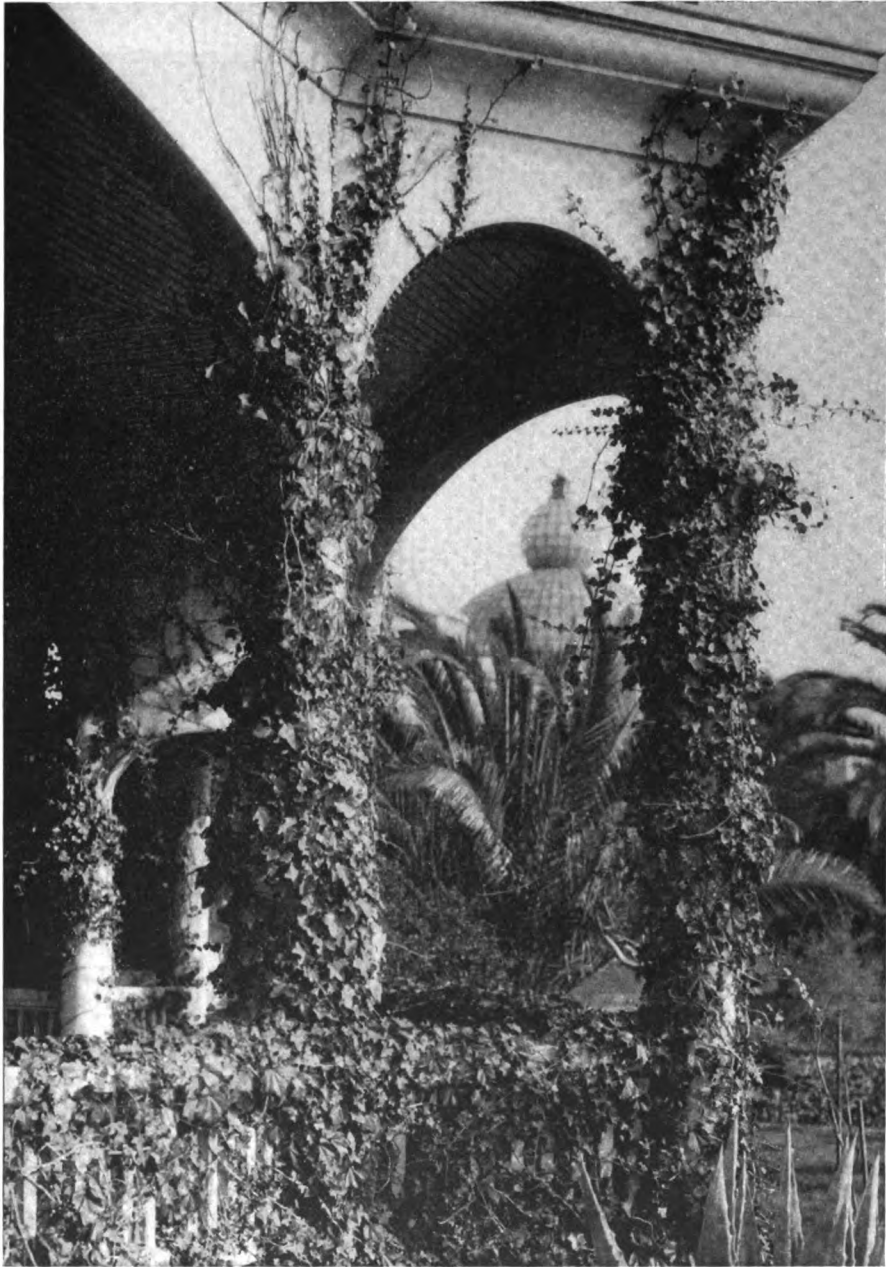
The true basis of human solidarity and internationalism is — not the biological unity of mankind or his community of material wants and desires — but his spiritual unity, his common divine origin, the universal sameness of his *higher* nature. To emphasize the higher nature of man is therefore to further the dawning of this unity. The rivalry of creeds can be reconciled under Theosophy, for it points back to that primeval and ever-living Religion which is the common root of religions. That one Religion is based on facts in the spiritual domains of man and nature — that is, on the Truth — and its sanctions are the voice of conscience in the heart, the light of intuition in the mind freed from the darkness of passion, and the words of the wise that come down to us throughout the ages.

In Theosophy, therefore, we find the basis for reconstruction; for Theosophy holds the keys. The existing fact of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, with its International Headquarters at Point Loma, California, its Rāja-Yoga College and Academy and all the numerous activities carried on there, is conclusive evidence of the efficacy of Theosophical teachings when practically applied. We cannot doubt that, as difficulties increase, people will turn more and more towards Theosophy for the light they fail to find elsewhere.



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EGYPTIAN GATEWAY TO THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY GROUNDS, INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



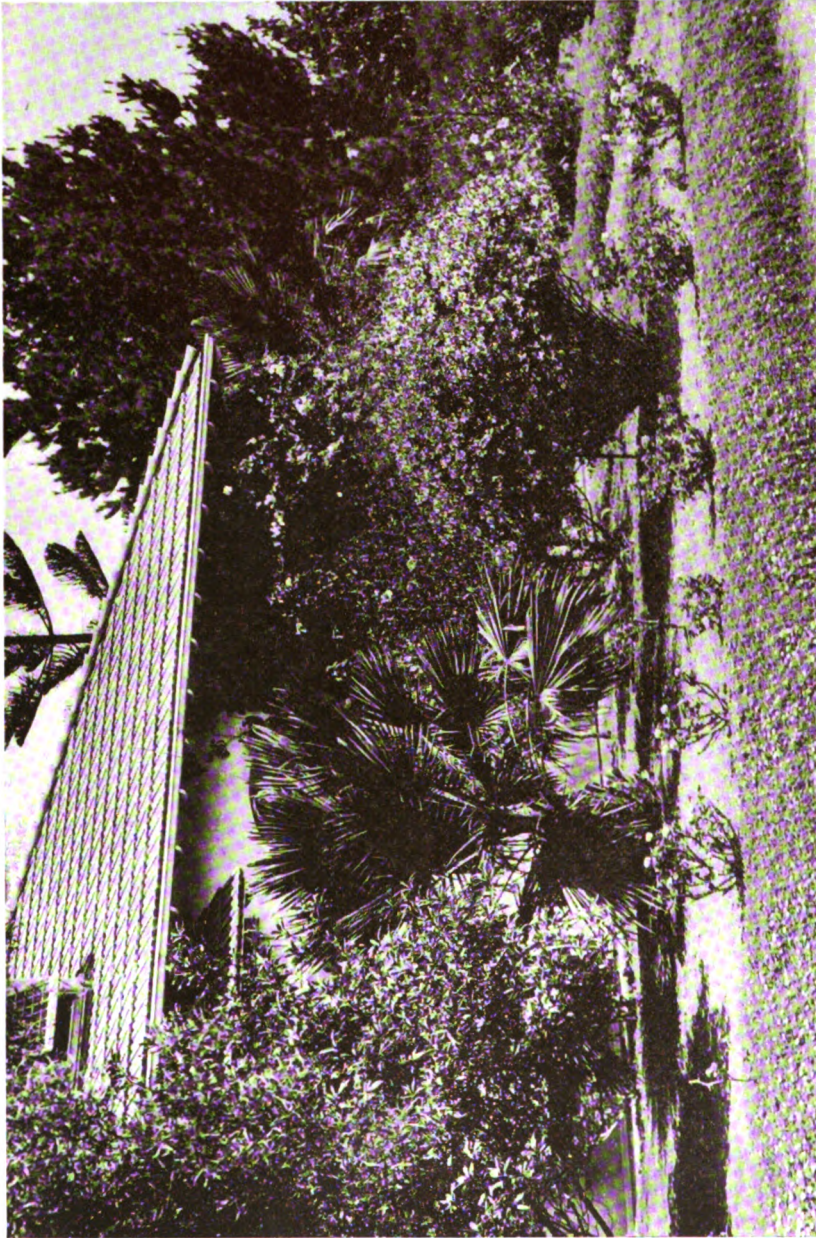
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AT POINT LOMA, NATURE IS EVER READY AND ANXIOUS TO
EMBELLISH MAN'S HANDIWORK WITH HER ART



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THE GARDENS AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS ARE
CHARMINGLY UNCONVENTIONAL IN THEIR STUDIED NATURALNESS



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SCIENCE AND THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD — IS VIVISECTION SCIENTIFIC? by Joseph H. Fussell

II — SCIENCE DEFINED

IN our introductory paper, published in the September issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, without defining the word *science*, we took for granted the general idea of its meaning. We saw that the word is often used loosely and with different significations even in presumably scientific articles. We called attention to the necessity of distinguishing between *science* and *pseudo-science*, and hence between *scientific* and *pseudo-scientific* methods. Our next step is to define the word *science*, to determine as far as we can its exact meaning and what is involved or implicated in its right usage. Our inquiry must necessarily, at first, be basic and general, but it will be with the end in view of enabling us to answer the question: Is Vivisection Scientific?

Science (from *scient-*, stem of the present participle of the Latin verb *scire*, to know; originally, to discern) is more than knowledge in the sense of information. According to W. W. Skeat (*Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*) the word is derived from a base SKI, to discern, whence also the word *skill*. And the same authority gives the following:

SKILL, discernment, discrimination, tact (Scandinavian). Middle English *skil*, generally in the sense of 'reason' . . . derived from Icelandic *skil*, a distinction, discernment; cf. *skilja*, to part, separate, divide, distinguish . . . cognate with Swedish *skäl*, reason.

These meanings, first, 'discernment,' then 'discrimination,' 'reason,' 'distinction,' 'separation,' 'division,' (conveying the idea of analysis), are very significant; and from them we get the idea of *science* as knowledge resulting from (a) observation, (b) analysis, (c) reason.

A very fair general definition of *science* is given in Webster's *International Dictionary* as follows:

2. Accumulated and established knowledge which has been systematized and formulated with reference to the discovery of general truths or the operation of general laws — knowledge classified or made available in work, life, or the search for truth.

3. Especially, such knowledge when it relates to the physical world and its phenomena, the nature, constitution, and forces of matter, the qualities and functions of living tissues, etc.

The basis of science, the fundamental idea underlying all science, is the existence of law, order, sequence; that the operations of nature take place according to and are governed by law; hence the possibility of tracing the relation of cause to effect and of effect to cause; and of determining accurately the interrelations between the phenomena, facts, and operations of nature.

We may, then, regard these as among the principles of science; but

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it is too often tacitly assumed both by and in respect to scientists, that their knowledge of facts and of the operations of nature, in the realm which is the sphere of their research, and of the laws governing those facts and operations, is accurate and complete. This also implies a correct formulation of those laws.

Seeing, however, that in no department of nature can it be said that we have *complete* knowledge, or that we know *all* the facts and their interrelations and the laws governing the same, *we must acknowledge that* our science is at best incomplete, and consequently constantly subject to revision and addition as new facts, relations, and laws are discovered. But, on the other hand, *in so far* as our knowledge is accurate and takes into account *all the known facts*, and all their known interrelations; *in so far* as our conclusions are legitimate and accurate; and *in so far* as the laws discovered or deduced are proved to be laws: to *that extent* we are justified in regarding our science as *true and exact*. And the same may be said even if some of the known facts do not yet fall into place, and their relationship with other known facts is not yet discovered, *so long as they do not negative or violate any known law or any supposed law or theory* which has been deduced.

If, however, it is found that a fact or any relation between facts violates, negatives, or disproves any known or supposed law or theory or tentative formulation of law, our science is manifestly not only incomplete, but in that respect falls short of being science; whether the error be in our knowledge as to facts or relations between facts through incomplete or inaccurate observation or faulty experiment, or be due to incomplete knowledge of law or inaccurate formulation of law.

And yet we may still be traveling along the pathway of science if the situation be fairly recognised; and, if we are honest in our search for truth and do not claim more for our facts or theories or supposed laws than is warranted, we can still claim to be actuated by the scientific spirit. For the end of science is truth, knowledge of truth; and, as Dr. Branner declares (as quoted in our introductory paper): "Science bows down to truth and to truth alone."

But it is far otherwise if there is a juggling of facts or a misinterpretation of relations between facts, or if there is an ignoring of known facts which either in themselves, or in their relations to other known facts violate or nullify any known or supposed law or theory which may be tentatively held. *In such case, instead of science there is pseudo-science, the scientific method is violated and the true scientific spirit is absent.*

For, as the end and aim of science is truth, so above all the true scientific spirit is marked by unswerving devotion to truth. It implies, therefore, an open mind, freedom from bias, prejudice, and dogmatism;

SCIENCE AND THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD

willingness to accept truth from whatever source; willingness to abandon error, to test everything, so far as is possible, from the standpoint of first principles, to examine and reconsider old theories, however well established apparently, in the light of newly discovered facts or relations between facts; and hence the refusal to condemn any method, system, or theory, *a priori*, without due examination, or because it conflicts with preconceived ideas or apparently well established theories.

As has already been said, the terms *science* and *scientist* are often used loosely; and that the true scientific spirit has not always prevailed among 'scientists,' the record only too plainly shows. In his presidential address before the Michigan Academy of Science at Ann Arbor, March 28, 1917, on 'The Making of Scientific Theories,' Professor William H. Hobbs said, as quoted in *Science*, (May 11, 1917):

It has often been said that the theories so tenaciously held by one generation are abandoned by the next. To a large extent this has been true of the past, and the explanation is in part that scientists are not less fallible than others, but are subject to like limitations in prejudice, in undue reverence for authority, in regard for the science vogue of their time, and in many other conditions. To an even greater degree the overturning of scientific doctrines has been due to the failure of both the scientists and their critics to distinguish clearly between legitimate theory within those fields where views may be rigidly tested, and audacious conjectures which have been offered under the verisimilitude of facts and to explain problems whose complete solution belongs to the remote future, if they may not be regarded as insoluble by any methods which have yet been discovered.

The partial explanation offered by Professor Hobbs, that "scientists are not less fallible than others, but are subject to like limitations in prejudice," etc., is a serious admission that such 'scientists' have either lacked knowledge of the first principles of science, or have failed to profit by such knowledge, and have entered upon their investigations imperfectly equipped. If "scientists are not less fallible than others"; if they "are subject to like limitations in prejudice"; of what value is 'scientific training,' and what reliance can be placed upon modern so-called science? No one would be so foolish as to claim for scientists infallibility or absolute freedom from prejudice, yet among the distinguishing marks of a true scientist, and of a true student or devotee of science, are accuracy and open-mindedness and freedom from prejudice. Hence we must deny the title of scientists to those just referred to, for they lack the first element of the scientific spirit, which is devotion to truth and all that this implies, as already stated. And as in the case of others referred to, so in the case of Professor Hobbs, it is evident that he is using the terms 'science' and 'scientist' loosely, even though, possibly, those to whom he refers as 'scientists' may have rendered *some service* to science. But that of itself is surely not enough to warrant giving to them the designation of 'scientist' or characterizing their activities as 'science.'

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We often hear of 'knowledge for knowledge' sake,' just as we hear of 'art for art's sake'; and Webster quotes Karslake as saying:

In *science*, *scimus ut sciamus*; in art, *scimus ut producamus*. And therefore, *science* and *art* may be said to be investigations of truth; but one, *science*, inquires for the sake of knowledge; the other, *art*, for the sake of production; and hence *science* never is engaged, as *art* is, in productive application. And the most perfect state in *science*, therefore, will be the most high and accurate inquiry; the perfection of *art* will be the most efficient system of rules; *art* always throwing itself into the form of rules.

It is not our present purpose to discuss the above statement with respect to art; but in respect to science, we are here again confronted with the need of definition. In what sense is the word knowledge used in the statement, "*science* inquires for the sake of knowledge"? If, here, by knowledge is meant information, discovery of facts, or relations, we take distinct issue with the writer. Such a definition of science is manifestly incomplete. But the Latin will perhaps help us, for while the first meaning of the word *scire* is *to know* (Smith's Latin-English Dictionary), the second meaning is *to understand*, in connexion with which note also the meaning given above of the Middle English word, *skil*, viz., *reason*. Hence to give a free rendering of *scimus ut sciamus*, we may express it thus: "we seek *knowledge* — through observation, discernment, experiment, in order that we may *understand* — through reason; that is, we seek information, knowledge of facts, of their relationships, through observation, discernment, experiment, in order that, through reason, we may gain an understanding of such facts and relationships. Hence there must be not only knowledge of facts, relationships, etc., but right interpretation, right valuation, of these. This then is science, or at least the beginning of science. But such a definition is not yet complete, though it may be held as implying what is needed for its completion. The implication is that *full* understanding can be had only with reference to *all* related facts, *all* interrelationships, in fact, with reference to the *whole* 'science' or branch of science with which we are dealing.

And we must go even a step further. There is a deeper implication still in the statement, *scimus ut sciamus*, which I have rendered, "we seek to know in order that we may understand"; for any endeavor to reach complete understanding will carry us further than *any one branch* of science; and "the most high and accurate inquiry" (and we must say also, the most complete) which Karslake declares to be "the most perfect state in science," we shall find necessitates and must include an inquiry into science as a whole; and into the relationships existing between the different 'sciences' or branches of science. We shall find that in seeking to know in order that we may understand, we must finally and inevitably relate our knowledge to life; that we must inevitably come to this as our final aim, namely, to understand life, ourselves, the uni-

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verse; and that such understanding implies, necessitates, and demands the expression of such understanding in action, that is, in living.

In doing this, in seeking this complete understanding, we come to the borderland, the limits, of what is usually considered as science (and yet there are no limits, they are but pushed further and further away; the limits exist in us, in our present understanding, not in science); and we find ourselves face to face with philosophy, religion, art; *culminating in the supreme art, the art of life*. It is this, the supreme art, the art of life, to which all true science, all true philosophy, all true religion, must finally have reference, to which they are finally related, and by which they must be finally tested.

Are we justified in taking this position, in taking this wider view of science and of the sphere of scientific inquiry?

"Science bows down to truth and to truth alone." Must not the same be said of philosophy and religion, if they be true philosophy and true religion, that they also bow down to truth and to truth alone?

Professor Samuel W. Williston, of Chicago University, in an address, 'The Future of the Sigma XI,' delivered to the Yale Chapter of the Sigma XI, April 2, 1917 (published in *Science*, August 17, 1917), said:

One of our noted chemists, not long ago, I have been told, after the publication of an important paper, when asked by the president of his college of what use his discoveries were to the world, replied that he hoped they had none. We would not wholly agree with him, because the ultimate end of all our research is the benefit of mankind, and there surely must be some practical use of every fact in science. He did emphasize, however, the first essential of every true scientist, the desire to learn new truths for the sake of truth.

"The ultimate end of all our research is the benefit of mankind." Here we have a far higher ideal expressed than in the saying: "To seek knowledge for knowledge' sake," or as Karlake says: "Science inquires for the sake of knowledge." Indeed this "ultimate end" — "the benefit of mankind" — I would say, is the true ideal of science, as it is also of philosophy and of religion; for there is a *compelling* power in truth that will not let its devotees rest until they "honor every truth by use," that is, apply it to daily life and in the art of life for "the benefit of mankind." And if we analyse the highest conception of truth, we find inherent in it the idea of law, the basic idea and principle of science.

The following also corroborates what I have endeavored to outline as the true meaning of science. Professor Williston goes on to say (*italics are mine*):

Research ability I would define as the ability to observe, to discriminate, *and to judge*, coupled with an intelligence that is always asking the reason why. Given this ability to observe *and to understand*, and its possessor has the foundation for success, whether in science, in arts or in the everyday affairs of life. . . . As teachers our pupils look to us for inspiration and he only can give inspiration who knows the joy of research himself.

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And the true joy of research is in the search after truth, the ultimate end of which is, as Professor Williston says, "the benefit of mankind."

Is, then, the gross material or physical world alone to be regarded as the proper sphere of science and of scientific inquiry? Is, for instance, the term, 'moral science,' a misnomer? Are we to rule out economics, ethics, psychology, from the realm of scientific research, and to deny the possibility of their becoming some day, if, as some think they are not now, sciences? Is philosophy only assumption, opinion; and religion only belief? Even granting these to be partly assumption and partly belief, respectively, do they not as such, that is, as assumption and belief, rest upon facts and the knowledge and understanding of facts, upon established, co-ordinated facts, which knowledge in every way accords with Webster's definition (2) quoted above?

To illustrate the need for an answer to the questions which we have just asked, it will be helpful to cite a few examples of the contradictory views held by some of the most eminent scholars regarding the position occupied by psychology, which is, as it were, on the borderland between science and philosophy, if we use these terms in a restricted sense.

Professor William James, late Professor of Psychology in Harvard University, in his *Psychology: Briefer Course*, says:

Conclusion, — When, then, we talk of 'psychology as a natural science,' we must not assume that that means a sort of psychology that stands at last on solid ground. It means just the reverse; it means a psychology particularly fragile, and into which the waters of metaphysical criticism leak at every joint, a psychology all of whose elementary assumptions and data must be reconsidered in wider connexions and translated into other terms. . . . This is no science, it is only the hope of a science. The matter of a science is with us. Something definite happens when to a certain brain state a certain 'sciousness' corresponds. A genuine glimpse into what it is would be *the* scientific achievement, before which all past achievements would pale. But at present psychology is in the condition of physics before Galileo and the laws of motion, of chemistry before Lavoisier and the notion that mass is preserved in all reactions. The Galileo and the Lavoisier of psychology will be famous men indeed when they come, as come they someday surely will, or past successes are no index to the future. When they do come, however, the necessities of the case will make them 'metaphysical.' Meanwhile the best way in which we can facilitate their advent is to understand how great is the darkness in which we grope, and never to forget that the natural-science assumptions with which we started are provisional and revisable things. (pages 467, 468)

A very different view is taken by Professor George T. Ladd, Emeritus Professor of Philosophy in Yale University, who severely criticizes Professor James' position in the following, quoted from *Psychology: Descriptive and Explanatory*:

We cannot approve of that use of the word 'science' which, if consistently carried out, would exclude from this category not only human psychology, but all the results of research into the principles of politics, economics, philology, into history, ethics, ethnology, and religion. . . .

Most unseemly of all positions is the refusal of the term 'science' to psychology, because it has as yet discovered no law corresponding to the Newtonian principle of gravitation or to

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the principle of chemical equivalents. For who knows, or can rightly assume, that there is [not]* in reality any *such* law to be discovered; that the infinitely varied and concretely individualized facts of human mental life are [not]* ever really to be explained after the analogy of plants and atoms? (page 2)

Just as Professor James refuses to class psychology as a science, albeit he says it is "the hope of a science, the matter of a science is with us;" so Professor Josiah Royce, Professor of the History of Philosophy in Harvard University, refuses to class it as philosophy. According to these two distinguished Harvard professors psychology is as it were "between the devil and the deep sea," rejected by one as 'science,' and by the other as 'philosophy.' In the preface to his *Outlines of Psychology*, Professor Royce declares emphatically:

I make a sharp difference between the business of the student of philosophy and that of the psychologist. (page vi)

He appears, however, to take an entirely different position in the preface to his valuable work, *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*, in which he speaks of empirical psychology as a branch of philosophy. The following are Professor Royce's own words:

Two philosophical branches are especially prospering today in our Universities. the study of Empirical Psychology, and the study of the History of Philosophy. I believe for my own part that these two pursuits ought to flourish and will flourish together, and that they will lead to very important constructive work. I see no just opposition of spirit between them. (p.viii)

Professor Ladd's position, which he holds so consistently throughout his numerous works, is clearly stated in his *Psychology: Descriptive and Explanatory*. He says:

The relations of Psychology to Philosophy are so close and peculiar that it is impossible to separate the two, whether in theory or in actual execution, while treating with scientific system the phenomena of consciousness. As Wundt has well said: the partition of sovereignty between the two is an abstract scheme, which, in the presence of actuality, always appears unsatisfactory. (page 12)

The double manner of dealing with the subjects of ethics and logic, which has always prevailed, is another proof of the necessarily intimate relations between the empirical science of psychology and all philosophical discipline. (page 13)

He might have gone further and declared that *all* the sciences are related (perhaps not all so obviously or intimately) to philosophy and

*I have interpolated 'not', for I believe that, in reality, such a law does exist, and that there is an analogy between the facts and operations of life on the different planes of being; that indeed, as H. P. Blavatsky says in her great work, *The Secret Doctrine*: "Everything in the Universe follows analogy. 'As above, so below'; Man is the microcosm of the Universe. . . . Concretion follows the lines of abstraction; corresponding to the highest must be the lowest; the material to the spiritual." (I, 177) And again: "*Analogy* is the guiding law in Nature, the only true Ariadne's thread that can lead us, through the inextricable paths of her domain, toward her primal and final mysteries. Nature, as a creative potency, is infinite, and no generation of physical scientists can ever boast of having exhausted the list of her ways and methods, however uniform the laws upon which she proceeds." (II, 153)

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philosophical discipline. Indeed, he does say, as quoted below, that "in one sense of the words, there are no 'independent' sciences."

He points out that psychology differs from physical sciences by dealing with quite a different order of facts, and that it is "the threshold or gate of entrance to the study of another main group of sciences, *viz.*, the so-called psychological sciences." Continuing, he says:

Both physics and physiology expound to us certain connexions of psychic facts with other facts, certain conditions on which phenomena of consciousness arise and change. Both are, therefore, to be employed in explaining the genesis and growth of mental life. But biological facts, as such, and physiological facts, as such, are no more like the phenomena of consciousness, as such, than are other physical facts.* Nor can biology and physiology put forth any more defensible claim to absorb psychology than can optics and acoustics. The 'explanation' of psychic facts by reference to the relations which they sustain to known biological or physiological facts is indeed a most promising and fruitful branch of psychological method; but this does not in the least diminish the claim of psychology to an independent position among the particular sciences. In one sense of the words, there are no 'independent' sciences, because there are no independent realities. And if all the sciences were to be absorbed in any one, psychology is best fitted to be that universal science. For what are the other sciences but orderly or half-disordered systems of conceptions? And are not all conceptions facts of human consciousness?

On the other hand, psychology is undoubtedly the necessary preliminary discipline, or 'propaedeutic,' to all the sciences of man. The sciences of economics, politics, sociology, and even of history, hermeneutics, and aesthetics (so far as we can speak of such sciences), involve the immediate facts and laws of human mental life. The subjects with which these sciences deal cannot be in the highest degree scientifically understood, without a thorough knowledge of psychology. (*Op. cit.* p. 11)

From a strictly scientific (using this term in its deeper and true sense, as indicated in this paper) as well as from a strictly philosophical standpoint, Professor Ladd's position is well taken, and well stated. To the sciences named by him in the last quoted paragraph, may be added, *human* biology, *human* physiology, and medicine, both as a science and an art. And particularly does vivisection, as a practice and in regard to its results involve a problem in psychology. And it is in order to lead up to this that the above illustrations and quotations are given.

The question as to the rights and wrongs of vivisection is very largely a psychological question; it is a philosophical as well as a scientific problem, for it involves a consideration of the relation of man to the animal world, and hence a consideration of *animal* 'rights' as well as of *human* 'rights,' duties and responsibilities.

'Science,' in its restricted sense, in the sense of the pursuit of 'know-

*It is of the utmost importance to note the words, 'as such.' The understanding of this statement depends largely upon them; and yet seeing that physiological and biological facts, in themselves, and any investigation and experimentation in regard to them, involve and are accompanied by, or related to, facts of consciousness, they must therefore be considered in respect to consciousness and the facts of consciousness, if we are to have complete and true sciences of physiology and biology.

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ledge for knowledge' sake,' knows no rights or wrongs; regards neither human nor animal 'rights'; has no reference to morality; it seeks knowledge only, irrespective of the means by which such knowledge is obtained, it cares only for results.

My endeavor is to show that true science, true scientific research, necessitates our taking a wider view, and that this wider view reveals not only that whatever means are employed have reference to the direct results in the line of research or the acquirement of knowledge, but that means and results alike react upon and affect human nature and human life. Thus science, from this wider viewpoint, involves philosophy; it involves morality, spirituality, religion. Let me again quote from the editorial article of *The Scientific American* for February 12, 1916, which I referred to in my Introductory paper, and which I now italicize:

Science has a spiritual side, . . .

Every scientific discovery from whatever source which shows us more clearly what this world is in which we live, *reacts upon man himself* and causes a further adjustment of his relations to that world. . . .

It is incorrect to say that science has no moral aspect. The mind of man is not divisible into water-tight compartments, although writers of philosophical textbooks sometimes find it convenient to assume this unnatural division, and science, philosophy, and art, all have, and must necessarily have, a moral aspect. By showing us more clearly our own nature and the nature of the world about us, they implicitly condemn certain activities and foster others.

. . . There is an old familiar saying, "The truth shall make you free," *free from the baser elements within yourselves.* And it is because *the spirit of science tends in this direction* that science is most emphatically worth while.

If, then, our position be rightly taken, neither science nor philosophy can be completely studied nor fully understood, the one apart from the other. We may, for the time being, pursue the one or the other as a separate line of investigation, but whichever be our line of research, the other must finally be appealed to as indispensable to its complete investigation and understanding, and as a constant check against erroneous and false conclusions. And so also with religion, in its true and fundamental meaning (not in the sense of creed, belief, or dogma) — it also is indispensable; each of the three, science, philosophy, and religion, is indispensable to a complete understanding of the other two; all must harmonize if there is to be a true and complete understanding of life.

The separating of science, philosophy, and religion; the idea that the realm of each is a distinct and separate realm; the attempt to put each into a water-tight, air-tight, and reason-tight compartment; the failure to recognise their interrelationship and interdependence, has been and is one of the greatest obstacles to the scientific, philosophical, and religious progress of the world, in fact, to the true progress of the human race.

Space forbids the entering upon a full discussion of the subject as

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regards philosophy and religion — this would require a separate series of articles. Our main viewpoint, in this series, is that of science, and it is primarily science we are discussing; but there is one question that should be answered before we go any further. It is a question of psychology, of the nature of mind and the laws of thought, and may be thus stated: Whether it is possible to pursue any line of scientific research, or discuss deeply any scientific subject absolutely independently of one's philosophy, that is of the philosophy of life which one may hold; whether in any conclusion we may reach or theory we may seek to establish, often in the mere presentation of facts, our philosophy of life as a whole does not inevitably color such conclusion, theory and presentation.

This may not appear immediately evident in regard to the purely physical sciences, so long as we are concerned only with the rudiments of those sciences; but if we pursue our inquiry into the higher realms we find ourselves willy nilly involved in metaphysics, and our philosophy, whatever it may be, inevitably leads the way to truth or error. And much more is this the case in respect to those sciences which are directly related to life and have to do with the nature of man, such as biology, physiology, psychology, medicine. All of these, as lines of research and the conclusions resulting therefrom, not only affect our philosophy of life, and continually modify and change it; but our philosophy of life, whether we are conscious of the fact or not, guides our researches and checks and colors our conclusions. It is, in fact, our viewpoint from which we cannot get away.

Is it because of the failure to test their 'science' by first principles, to weigh it in the balance of philosophy, that some 'scientists' come to regard knowledge as the one thing to be sought at all costs, even at the cost of all the finer sensibilities of human nature, compassion, tenderness, sympathy, intuition, — in one word, humanity, and all that that word implies?

It may be said by some, and has been said, that science has naught to do with these. But if so, then science has naught to do with life, for these are the things that make life worth while. There is a kind of 'knowledge,' a kind of experience, that comes from indulgence in vice; if therefore we seek 'knowledge for knowledge' sake, shall we advocate experiments in vice? The question is a legitimate one. But human honor, human dignity, true humanity, if we are true men, forbid our seeking knowledge in ways which offend against these attributes, whatever be the hoped-for results.

In seeking to answer the question, which is the object of these papers, Is Vivisection Scientific? while it is my intention to discuss the subject as rigidly as possible from a scientific standpoint in accordance with

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the meaning of true science which I have endeavored to outline; although it will be necessary to quote authorities and give names, and although I shall unqualifiedly condemn the practice of vivisection, it is not my intention to condemn the men who follow the practice. Rather, I shall endeavor to show that they are following the wrong method, traveling along the wrong road; that the method is not truly *scientific*, and that the road is not the road of *science*. That the wrong method is so widely followed, I shall endeavor to show, is due not so much to the individual student (though I hold that he is in part responsible), as it is due to our modern educational system. Of this I shall speak later.

Before concluding the present paper, I wish to present to my readers an illustration of the lack of knowledge, or at least of the application, of a true philosophy of life, which lack, generally and often very markedly, characterizes the utterances of pro-vivisectionists. I quote from *The Vivisection Question* (2d. Ed. 1907) by Albert Leffingwell, M. D. Dr. Leffingwell is not an anti-vivisectionist, but advocates the regulation.

Are there any boundaries within which a purely scientific curiosity should be restricted? There is a widespread sentiment which distinctly disapproves the search for physiological facts which have no conceivable relation to the treatment of human ailments, whenever such investigation implies the torment of animals. . . . Granting that the highest aim of pure science is the pursuit of truth for truth's sake, and that the agony of inferior organizations [which I do not grant — J.H.F.] may ever subserve this end, why should we hesitate to make use of human beings in these researches? "Is a life for a life too dear a price to pay for additions to our knowledge?" "The aim of Science," says Professor Slosson, "is the advancement of human knowledge *at any sacrifice of human life*." "If cats and guinea-pigs can be put to any higher use than to advance science, we do not know what it is. We do not know of any higher use we can put a man to." "A human life is nothing compared with a new fact." . . .

. . . Dr. Bargigli . . . experimenting on . . . children, inoculated them with a leprous tumour, that he might see whether he could thus infect them with an incurable disease. Such is the doctrine held by certain pathologists of France and Germany, who in hospitals have been experimenting upon patients to see whether cancers could be grafted upon them.* Nor are these the worst instances of the practical application of that theory which Professor Slosson enunciates, that the aim of science is not "the cure of disease or the saving of human life," but "the advancement of human knowledge at any sacrifice of human life." Not very long ago there appeared in one of the leading medical periodicals of the United States an article by an American physician, — a graduate, by the way, from a college rather renowned for its extreme vivisection, — giving a long and detailed account of certain 'experiments' he had made while in charge of a 'Free Dispensary.' A number of little children, twenty in all, were deliberately inoculated with the most horrible disease that afflicts the human race today, and *solely as an experiment*. They were already suffering from one incurable disorder, and the object of the investigation was to see whether, with another and even worse disease, they might not be infected and poisoned. . . .

Did he prove his theory to be correct? Not at all. "While the twenty cases . . . are not absolutely conclusive, still it is a point worth consideration." The result, then, of these twenty 'experiments' upon little outcast girls is merely a point worth consideration! I agree heartily with that conclusion; it *is* worth our most serious consideration.

*For an account in these experiments in cancer grafting, see *British Medical Journal*, August 29, 1891, and the *Medical Press*, of December 5, 1888, page 583.

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For myself, there are no words in the English language sufficiently strong to phrase my abhorrence of such human vivisections, and the doctrine on which they rest; and I believe this abhorrence is shared by the vast majority of the men and women in the medical profession today. Before a man can begin experiments like these upon innocent and unsuspecting children, there must be a kind of atrophy of the moral sense.

And, we may add, a lack of knowledge of the meaning of life and the true philosophy of life, which includes morality. As a contrast, the greatest I can think of, take the words of Jesus: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."


But who is responsible for such atrocities? The physician only? No! The college also, the college trustees, and the whole educational system; and that means every intelligent man and woman, who, knowing of these things, does not protest and continue to protest until they are no longer possible. And until each of us can say with Socrates:

Thou sayest not well, if thou thinkest that a man who is good for anything at all ought to compute the hazard of life or death, and should not rather look to this only in all that he does, *whether he is doing what is just or unjust, and the works of a good or a bad man.*— From the *Apology*, as rendered in Long's translation of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

In a future article I shall discuss further this question of human vivisection and human experimentation as the *inevitable sequel* to animal vivisection and animal experimentation. For, as has again and again been declared by vivisectors themselves: "the final experiments must always be made upon human beings." For how long will intelligent men and women consent to this?

THE COMMON SENSE OF THEOSOPHY:

by Frank Knoche

F this were a sermon, the following would be my text. It is taken from the writings of Katherine Tingley, whose great effort is to the end that men and women shall take a common-sense position with regard to themselves, their duties, and their relations with their fellow men:

Universal Brotherhood has no creeds or dogmas; it is built on the basis of common sense. . . . Let us cast aside creeds and dogmas, then, and unite as brothers, each working to improve the condition of the other, and all working for the common good of humanity. . . . (for) the old order of things passes away and we are brought face to face with the great and grand possibilities of the new.

The great value of Theosophy to the world today, with all humanity rushing helter-skelter, pell-mell, none can tell you whither: few with time to be quiet, few who care to be calm, and half the world strangling in a sea of agony and blood, is the fact that it gives the inquirer a rational,



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CROSSING THE MER-DE-GLACE



Not far from the starting point. The constant pressure from above crowds the ice into waves.



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This view gives an excellent idea of the moraine: rocks, gravel, and soil, which are torn from the mountain sides by the moving masses of ice and snow on their way to the valley.

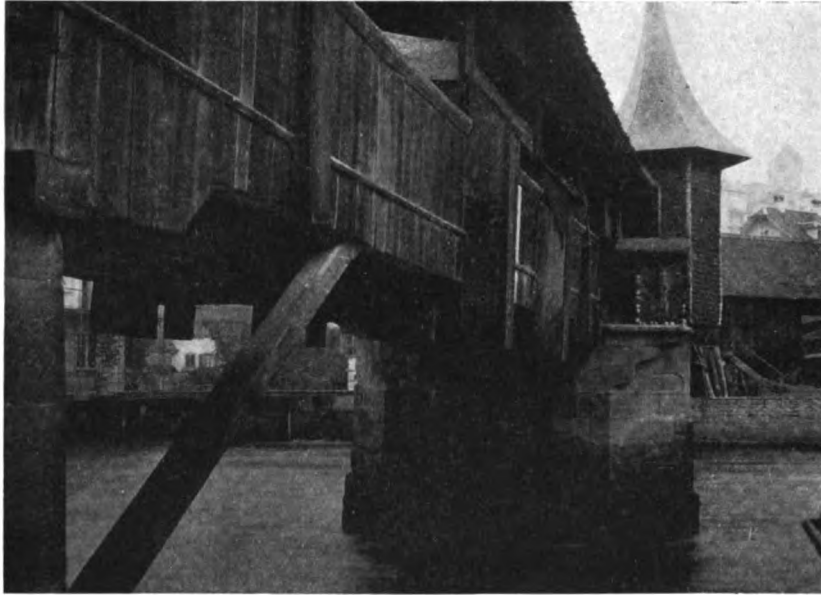
THE FAMOUS 'MER-DE-GLACE' (SEA OF ICE) IN THE CHAMONIX VALLEY, SWITZERLAND



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**MOUNTAIN RANGE TO THE LEFT OF THE MATTERHORN,
SWITZERLAND, AS SEEN FROM THE GORNER GRAT**

Monte Rosa, of this range, is 15,217 feet high. The two peaks on the extreme left in the lower picture are the Twins, Castor and Pollux.



OLD BRIDGE AT LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND

At the end inside are queer old paintings called 'The Dance of Death,'
which Longfellow refers to in one of his poems.



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A LITTLE WATER-MILL AT ZERMATT, SWITZERLAND

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common-sense answer to his questions. For who is not an inquirer today? Everyone who meets you has a question, either in his heart or on his lips, perhaps only one, but that one, for all his search, still unanswered. As William Quan Judge so well expresses it in one of his little-known articles:

Within the mind and heart of every thoughtful individual there exists some vital question unanswered. Some subject is uppermost, and asserts itself obtrusively with greater persistency because he is obliged to deal with it without a visible prospect of a solution of the problem. As the center in a circle, so is every individual with regard to his environment. At times it seems impossible for him to pass beyond the circle owing to one unanswered question.

But with most of us more than one question recurs to the mind, and with such persistency that we look here and there for the answer. "Who am I? What am I? Whence did I come, and whither do I go? What is the purpose of life, or has it no purpose at all? Is there any solution to the riddle of existence?" Modern science can give us everything, seemingly, except an answer that satisfies the heart; the five-hundred and odd religious sects have so far failed to give us an answer that satisfies the mind. So the materialist says: "Why trouble about the matter at all? Life is merely the result of certain chemical combinations and interactions; *ergo*, when these are dissolved, life ends: and why worry about a future that we shan't be there to see?" The religionist says: "These questions are not to be solved. The thing is to have faith, and let the answers go."

But the live man of today, facing as he does live issues, is not so willing to let the answers go. He could not run his business on such a plan and succeed, and he is not willing to run his life so. Man is a Thinker, first of all: so say the Ancient Books, and so say reason and experience both, and he has more than the animal brain. The man who cultivates only the material side of his nature, however, shutting off the channels of spiritual inquiry, is no more than a high type of animal. Such are indeed rare, though many do pass through periods of spiritual obscurity when the heart-life is shut away for a time. But far below the surface waters are the deep tides of Soul, and in the inner chambers of every heart there dwells a memory that makes man more than he seems. This is why, so fortunately, most men have not lost all sense of their spiritual heritage, even though they may not be able to analyse the intuitions that urge them on to solve the great mysteries of duty and of life. Most men want to know what life means and what it holds at its very core; most men want to find a basis for that brotherly relationship with their fellows that is so satisfying and so rational and brings such splendid results; most men want more knowledge of themselves, too, and it is this inner urge that causes them to inquire with such earnestness into

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questions of a future state: that bourne beyond which we are ushered, without will or sanction of our own too often, by the mysterious hand of death.

As corollaries to these main questions are others: Why is one person born in the lap of fortune, while another, equally intelligent, equally good, is born with everything acting to hold him down? Why is one hampered with a frail or diseased body and a weakened mind, while another is vigorous physically and alert mentally? Why is one a moral weakling from his birth and another a tower of moral strength and spiritual illumination? Then, too, why are there such undependable qualities in men, so that it is often a throw of the dice whether the man whom we elect to a position of trust will meet our expectations or disgrace his high office? How came it that Nero, for instance, after a promising, seemingly blameless youth, suddenly developed hideous and cruel traits of character? How came it that Joan of Arc, a simple shepherdess, unlearned in the ways of the world, unable to read even the simplest book or to write a letter, stepped suddenly from the pastures of Domremy into a career of unparalleled military success? She could teach, and she did teach in their special science, the greatest generals of her time. Surely there is a mystery here! But is there not mystery in every life? Indeed, who can think for even a moment of the supreme mystery of human nature and not find question after question lining up before him with the demand that some common-sense answer be found?

Now, leaving for the time being the consideration of questions relating to individuals, let us turn to those that touch whole nations. How can we account in a common-sense way — for common sense is not to be satisfied with anything short of real justice — for the great catastrophes that engulf large parts of the world, in nature, in government, in man's relations with his fellow man? These things cannot be accidents — one's common sense revolts at the idea. It is no accident that my field produces wheat and my neighbor's corn: I planted wheat, and he corn — that is all. It is surely not rational to hold that only the little portion of this globe that is under my immediate gaze is ruled by law, and that things for which I cannot see the cause are therefore causeless, accidental, due to the caprice of some Deity who says that he has spells of being jealous. No, this will not do; and so the questions line up. There is, for instance, this uncomfortable Antiquity, about which we are hearing so much today. As our archaeologists are cataloguing discovery after discovery, we see a complete upsetting of our old ideas, the claim of materialistic science, as to man having evolved in a *straight line* from animalism up. We find that there were epochs in the remote past, and many of them, when humanity was far more cultured and

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stood far higher spiritually than anywhere on earth today, and that the Dark Ages, when man's spirituality was at its lowest ebb, came *after* great periods of Light. That looks as though we had been going backwards, and naturally the thinking man feels that if there is any way of reconciling the undeniable facts of history with theories of evolution and the peace of one's own heart, it would be a satisfaction to find it. For we must have some part in all this, some very close relation to the world as a whole and not merely to some one little corner of it, or these things would not concern us so. And indeed we have.

Let us consider, for a moment, the whole world as though suddenly depopulated, left without a living human being on its surface: every village a deserted village, every State a waste. What would logically result? Have you ever observed what happens to a house that is left untenanted for any length of time? It begins to deteriorate at once, and continues to do so much more rapidly than when occupied, even though it was subjected to the hardest use. Can we not imagine from this what a deserted world — one that Nature had intended as a 'man-bearing planet' — would be like after about a hundred years? It would be like a body with the breath of life withdrawn, or like a living person with the mind clouded or gone. One who follows up this line of thought will soon come to the conclusion that the moving spirit, the guiding power in Evolution, is Man himself — not material man, nor merely intellectual man, but Spiritual Man. Indeed, as the old Sages taught, it is for the Soul's experience and emancipation that the universe exists. And that Soul — what is it? Whence came it? What is its mission, its destiny, its home? So that here we are again, back to the first question of all, the great question that includes all lesser questions within it. And Theosophy contains the answer.

In her first great work, *Isis Unveiled*, H. P. Blavatsky gives us a glimpse of the questionings of her great mind and compassionate heart, and of the source from which she brought back to humanity the Ancient Light:

When, years ago, we first travelled over the East, exploring the penetralia of its deserted sanctuaries, two saddening and ever-recurring questions oppressed our thoughts: *Where, WHO, WHAT, is GOD? Who ever saw the IMMORTAL SPIRIT of man, so as to be able to assure himself of man's immortality?*

It was while most anxious to solve these perplexing problems that we came in contact with certain men, endowed with such mysterious powers and such profound knowledge that we may truly designate them as the Sages of the Orient. To their instructions we lent a ready ear. They showed us that by combining science with religion, the existence of God and the immortality of man's spirit may be demonstrated like a problem of Euclid. For the first time we received the assurance that the Oriental philosophy has room for no other faith than an absolute and immovable faith in the omnipotence of man's own immortal self. We were taught that this omnipotence comes from the kinship of man's spirit with the Universal Soul

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— God! The latter, they said, can never be demonstrated but by the former. Man-spirit proves God-spirit, as the one drop of water proves the source from which it must have come. Tell one who had never seen water, that there is an ocean of water, and he must accept it on faith or reject it altogether. But let one drop fall upon his hand, and he then has the fact from which all the rest may be inferred. After that he could by degrees understand that a boundless and fathomless ocean of water existed. Blind faith would no longer be necessary; he would have supplanted it with KNOWLEDGE. When one sees mortal man displaying tremendous capabilities, controlling the forces of nature and opening up to view the world of spirit, the reflective mind is overwhelmed with the conviction that if one man's spiritual *Ego* can do this much, the capabilities of the FATHER SPIRIT must be relatively as much vaster as the whole ocean surpasses the single drop in volume and potency. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*; prove the soul of man by its wondrous powers — you have proved God!

It was from these Sages that H. P. Blavatsky received the teachings of the Archaic Wisdom-Religion, fragments of which she gave to the world as Theosophy, that synthesis of religion, science and philosophy which Katherine Tingley, her Successor, is now, through the School of Antiquity, proving to be absolutely practical as applied to daily life, and which contains the answers for man's perplexing inner questions. But so many have the idea that Theosophy is abstruse and incomprehensible that before going on we can do no better than quote this brief definition of it from the writings of William Quan Judge, the Second Leader of the Theosophical Movement, whose heroic defense of the principles for which Madame Blavatsky gave her life, made it possible for the School of Antiquity on Point Loma to be established. It cannot be quoted too often:

Theosophy is that ocean of knowledge which spreads from shore to shore of the evolution of sentient beings; unfathomable in its deepest parts, it gives the greatest minds their fullest scope, yet, shallow enough at its shores, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child. . . . And just as the Ancients taught, so does Theosophy; *that the course of evolution is the drama of the soul and that nature exists for no other purpose than the soul's experience.*

There is a story somewhere of a man who found himself a prisoner in a black and dreary room. Year after year he pined and fretted there, when one day a brilliant thought occurred to him: he opened the door and walked out! He was evidently a stupid man, with a good part of his brain set aside and preserved from use, but that very fact is what gives the story its point for us here, and it is certainly material to the theme: common sense. Moreover, the application is plain, for no thinking mind can deny that humanity at the present time is behaving with the acme of stupidity with regard to many of its major affairs. The result is that we are traveling in a vicious circle, the very remedies we are pottering with, in the hope of getting ourselves out, acting only to keep us in. The common-sense man would say, "Why not stop pottering and tinkering, and smash an opening in that circle? Then walk out!" That is exactly what Theosophy gives one the power to do, and that is why it is the pre-eminent court of appeal for the common-sense

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man. When Alexander cut the knot of Gordius, he gave us an example of common-sense treatment of a seemingly hopeless affair. When a bird wishes to be free of swamp odors or noisome vapors, it does not organize a committee, or write an essay on the evil ways of the world, or settle down on the swamp surface to stay there — it simply flies up and away! And we can always do as wisely if we will use our common sense, remembering that man is a Soul, and that the Soul has wings! The question may be simply one of opening the door so that the Soul can use its wings, or, it may be, of taking off the chains of conceit, prejudice, bigotry, false pride, cynicism, ignorance, and all purely brain-mind ideas, so that the Soul is free to rise.

So here we are at last, with man definitely placed before us as a Dual Being: both soul and body, both animal and divine, the God and the lower human harnessed together by the Higher Law and destined to struggle on in harness until the God shall triumph over the other or — depart, to leave the obstinate lower mind to follow its course alone. The common-sense man at this point will say: "Obviously, the thing for me to do first is to make the acquaintance of myself — in short, to study myself. If it is true that man is dual in nature — and it must be so, for here and there I do see men calmly walking out of prisons while I stay in — and if it is true that man possesses a wonderful equipment of spiritual power in his make-up, along with another sort of equipment of which he is not so very proud, it behooves me to get out these reserves of mine, look them over and take stock of what I have on hand." He is right. The rational plan, when one has determined to discard old business methods and start in with new and better ones, is to make an inventory and see what there is in stock to go upon. That is exactly what Theosophy not only encourages one to do, but gives one the power to do. And, in this matter of an inventory of oneself, it turns on a flood of light.

Now light is just what old lumber-rooms need — and no one can deny that the average, undisciplined human mind is not inaptly described as a lumber-room: wishes, desires, ideas, opinions, facts and fancies, all bundled in together, good and bad alike, with the cobwebs of ignorance and obscurity binding long artistic lines over the whole. The moment one begins to think, he realizes this fact, and then it is up to him, whether to allow the old accumulation to remain, with its waste and dirt or to clean it up. If he brings in a light and decides that the cleaning process must go forward, the first thing that he discovers is that this collection of resources, equipment, treasure and trash, this lumber-room, that is 'myself,' is Dual in its nature and make-up. This part is animal, that part, Divine; and then man begins to find his true dig-

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nity, and realizes that while he does have a physical heredity from the kingdoms of Nature, he has also a spiritual heredity from Deity. He sees himself, as the old Stoics used to say, as a "portion of Deity." He sees that part of his equipment is of a permanent nature, infinitely valuable and only needing to be brought out and rid of dust and débris to make him richer than any Aladdin; and that another part is trumpery and mostly deserves the trash-can. Or perhaps it is misused material that at last, now that the light is turned on, he can find a way to make over, and render of service to the part that is permanent and not trash.

How plainly then he sees that all his life long, quite unconsciously most of the time, he has been adding to the accumulations in this lumber-room which he calls 'myself,' — sometimes by things of priceless and permanent value, but mostly by trumpery-stuff. A conquest over some weakness — *that* has piled up the permanent gold for him: how clear it all is now! Weak compliance with something he knew was wrong, a yielding to impulse or desire, selfishness, criticism, cynicism, bitterness — there these are, like ghosts rising up to frighten and shame him. Without the Theosophic teaching of the Duality of Man, how would a person who seriously set out to understand himself ever be able to find his way? In despair he would exclaim with Pascal:

What a chimera is man! What a confused chaos, what a subject of contradiction! a professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth! the great depository and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty! *the glory and the scandal of the Universe!*

But Theosophy leaves one in no such dilemma as this. How rationally the subject is stated in the following words, from some writings by Katherine Tingley which, when originally issued, were for private instruction only but parts of which have been occasionally quoted publicly in recent years:

Have you thought who or what is this 'I'? . . . What is 'myself,' and what 'my life'? Have you meditated on that Higher Self to which . . . you aspire? This thought and meditation is the first step to an understanding of the real nature of the inner and outer man. It clarifies your whole being, unloading and separating from you much that you have hitherto thought to be yourself, helping you to an understanding of the valuelessness of much that you have hitherto desired and perhaps thought necessary to your welfare or peace of mind, separating the chaff from the wheat in consciousness, conferring added power of insight into human nature and discrimination in your dealings with men.

We all know that the inner man is true, eternal, strong, pure, compassionate, just. The outer is too often weak, wavering, selfish: its energy arises out of desire and ambition. Yet it is the instrument which the soul, the inner, seeks to perfect in compassion. It is in this outer nature, usually physically dominated, that arises the common feeling of 'I', and it is to the blending of this with the real 'I' within that evolution tends. . . .

From the time the Resolve is taken, the disciple has ever with him two forces. Two invisible companions formed of his own essence, one evil, one Divine, the secretion or objectivation of the opposite poles of his own self-consciousness, they represent his good and evil angels, the Augoeides and its counterpart, each seeking to absorb his being. One of these in the end

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must prevail over the other and one or the other is strengthened by every act and thought of his life. They are his higher and lower potentialities passing slowly into potency as the energies (both good and evil, note) of the soul are awakened by the effect of the Resolve and the vibrations thereby called down or called out. *And if the Resolve be kept, if effort be continual, if no failures or falls discourage the aspirant and are always followed "by as many undaunted struggles upward," he has always the help and counsel of the divine 'Daimon,' the 'Warrior'; and victory, however far away, is certain.* For this is an unconquerable power, "eternal and sure," an actual presence and inspiration if you will but recognise it, having faith and faith and faith. Why then it will be natural to ask, if this Warrior, fighting for us, is invincible, do we ever fail? It is lack of faith, unwontedness of resort to this place of energy, the habit of yielding to temptation without pause or thought, the non-recognition (by meditation) of the DUALITY OF OUR NATURE. . . .

Do you understand what 'Theosophy' means, or have you sought out the definition of it given by H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge?

To make it a 'living power,' think of it not so much as a body of philosophic or other teaching, but as the highest law of conduct, which is the enacted expression of divine love or compassion. It is this which is to be made the guide of life as a whole and in each of its acts. . . . Do every act as an intent and loving service to the Divine Self of the World, putting your best into it in that way.

Is it common sense, then, to possess resources that are infinite and yet go through life fearful and whining, or wicked and bold, as though one had no spiritual resources at all? We need not worry as much as we do. There is help for every emergency if we will look for it in the right place. We have only to make out a draft in the proper way: it will be honored. Never fear that.

And here we meet the next great problem, one that all men meet but of which the business man sometimes feels that he has rather more than his share — the problem of dealing with others. Now there should not be the confusion and uncertainty that there is about this question of our relationship with our fellows. There should not be the endless suspicions and difficulties that only stultify our own power to give and to serve, and keep men separate and apart. And we know it. In truth, most of us, upon reflexion, are ashamed of the blindness we show in our relations with others, of our misjudgments, our ignorance of their nature, and the rest. To quote homely Epictetus:

Diogenes well said to one who asked from him letters of recommendation: That you are a man he will know as soon as he sees you; and he will know whether you are good or bad if he has, through experience, the knowledge to distinguish the good and the bad; but if he has not, he would not know though I were to write him a thousand times. For it is just the same as if a drachma asked to be recommended to a person. If he is skilful in testing silver, he will know you (the drachma) for what you are. We ought then in life to be able to have some such skill as in the case of the silver coin, that we may be able to say, like the judge of silver, "Bring me any drachma and I will test it."

Only — we are not, and the terrible war in Europe is but part of the shameful result. Here again Theosophy turns on its saving light

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— and, by the way, was any method ever invented more thoroughly common-sense than just *the turning on of a light*, when you want to find your way in the dark? By the light of this ancient torch, Theosophy, we see that others are dual as we are ourselves. Familiar with the key-notes of Duality in our own nature, we recognise them at once in the nature of another. Worry, suspicion, hatred, fear, discontent, restlessness, ambition, laziness, and the all too common railing at fate — these we know at once as keynotes of the lower, animal nature in man; while joy, peace, brotherliness, discrimination, clear vision, love of work, desire to serve, willingness to sacrifice for a principle, delight in rendering service to others — these show that the God in man is in the ascendancy. How the air clears! We find the next questions almost answered in advance, for these relate to the point of contact with our brothers, and how we shall keep that sweet and unsoiled. Here again Theosophy shows us the common-sense way, so that others will be better for having met us, so that our home, our community, our city shall be better and the awful blots that now exist on our so-called civilization become a little less black. It is simply the white solvent of Sincerity, a quality so whole and so pure that we lose the taste for anything else. I can do no better here than quote again from Madame Tingley, whose teachings on life and duty are so pre-eminently practical and sound:

Just as far as we give up trying *to seem*, and give our time to an honest attempt *to be*, will our eyes open to a true discernment in relation to those with whom we have to deal. The attempt *to seem*, the aping of virtues we know ourselves not to possess, is not only an act of self-poisoning, not only an utter stultification of the soul and intuition, but a poisoning of all those with whom we have to deal. Moreover, it makes us utterly negative, utterly the prey of others, utterly unable to judge them aright or to repel the touch of their lower natures. The first requirement, then, is PERSONAL SINCERITY, an unreserved owning-up to one's own soul of one's faults; and then, a steady fight to conquer them. Thus in time men become invulnerable, spiritually strong; and best of all, while we are making that honest fight, we cannot poison anybody else.

So much for the so-called smaller issues that affect the personal life. What about those greater ones that affect whole nations? It is the same. If I can live on amicable terms with my neighbor who has a different social status, a different religion, different ideas of duty and of life and who belongs to a different race, why cannot a nation do the same? Nations can, and they have done so, again and again. On Point Loma today, as Students under Madame Katherine Tingley in the School of Antiquity of which she is Foundress-President, and as men and women playing their parts as active working factors in life, are representatives of many different nations; and there is an entire absence of the difficulties which beset the ordinary city of the world, and of which the newspapers keep us so thoroughly aware. We who live here may be pardoned for

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believing that the right way is the common-sense way, and that selfishness and greed in the conduct of civic or national or international affairs is not only a travesty on common sense, but is absolutely unnecessary and absurd.

So that, inevitably, when one looks at life and history from the viewpoint of Theosophy, one's ideas undergo an immense broadening, and the laws whose guidance we invoke in the smaller issues stand out in a clear light as the great guiding laws of the world, to break which means discord, suffering, and confusion, and to keep which, builds for harmony, justice, and peace. There is *Karma*, the law of cause and effect, the law which Paul stated in the well-known words, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." There is the *Law of Cycles*, by which one can study understandingly the rise and decline of nations, and can see how it is that a period of retrogression is only an arc or a smaller cycle in the Great Cycle of Universal Life, which moves on with a forward general trend all the time. There is *Reincarnation*, which explains so many of the seemingly hopeless puzzles of life, and which is in reality a mighty key, unlocking vast treasures of knowledge before the mind and opening the pages of history in a new way. *Brotherhood as a fact in Nature*, which is admittedly the only common-sense basis for relations of a personal kind, becomes equally fundamental with regard to the wider and deeper relations that exist between state and state.

And so one might continue, for the great universal Laws which Theosophy enunciates, and which have guided whole nations in the far past through periods of unexampled glory, are by no means figments of the imagination. They are *rules of action*, not only for you and for me, but for the nations to which we belong. They are rules of guidance for the world.

We live in a world of material uses and demands, and we have to meet material issues; but because a man must put his feet on the dusty road to get to his journey's end, it does not follow that he must put his head there, too. The common-sense way is to keep one's head up in the sunshine and pure air and out of the dirt and dust; otherwise, how shall one see to guide his feet? Theosophy, with its call to humanity to awaken to something finer and higher than material things, shows man how to stand erect and keep his head where it belongs; and however soiled or thorny may be the road under one's feet, there is always the clear sky of hope above and the pure air of Spiritual Knowledge. For Theosophy *is* Spiritual Knowledge, glowing in the alembic of a perennial confidence and trust and transmuting the baser metals to gold.

EVOLUTION AND INVOLUTION: A STUDY IN BIOLOGY: by Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.

(A SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY PAPER)



GREAT poet promised for his poem that it should "justify the ways of God to man."

It was a large promise, now generally regarded as unfulfilled and even unfulfillable. Science has taken many great steps since that time, but on the whole has decided to disregard the question of such ways altogether. She studies the whole field of nature, but does not claim to find any indications of a presence there consciously working out a plan. She tries all sorts of hypotheses to explain and map her facts, but with *this* hypothesis will usually have nothing to do.

But whilst dropping all the theological connotations of the word God, she might find immense service in her attempts to explain things from the hypothesis that there *is* a conscious and intelligent working presence behind nature, a presence inserting or involving itself into nature and then as it were extricating or evolving itself *from* nature with its intelligence and self-knowledge infinitely enriched.

It is a thoroughly intelligible hypothesis, capable of the greatest service and with nothing against it; but she won't have it. Consequently there is much darkness where there might be much light; and all because she is still in a state of reaction from church dogma, feeling that if she accepts the conscious working presence she will find it to be the theological God again.

Let us inquire into this idea of a working presence and see what help it will give us as students of Biology.

Consider the case of a man with much music in his soul but no instrument to render it to himself on. He takes materials and makes some sort of a violin, a very bad one. It gives sounds but not at all those he wants. It is, however, good enough for his children to begin upon, whilst he makes another. That, and the next, and the next, are also unsatisfactory; but at last he reaches what he wanted. Now he can play; now he can render to himself the music that is in him.

Why should he render it? With his inner ear he can hear it in all its perfection. But yet he gains something by rendering it to his outer ear. He clears it up to himself; his creative power grows by playing it; as a musician he evolves to a greater height, a height he could never have reached by simply following the music interiorly. He has expressed himself to himself, become more self-conscious, more conscious of his own containments. Out of his earlier and imperfect violins he got something; out of this last one he gets all. If you had listened to the squawks

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of the first instrument you might have had no idea of what the man was after or what was in him. Hearing the last instrument, you know now what he was then after.

Now, as students of Biology, with this as an image, let us turn to nature.

A conscious presence in nature, let us say, wants to work out its own possibilities, to make its own creative possibilities manifest to itself, to reach self-conscious working knowledge of its own highest latent containments. It begins to make instruments, the lower kingdoms of nature, the lower animals and plants. It passes to higher forms of life, presses on in every direction, tries every possible experiment, fails often, drops its failures, and at last reaches man. Here it has come to itself; now it has an instrument through which it will express itself with more and more perfection. Each of us is it. Each of us, whilst conscious of imperfections in every department of his form and mind, is also conscious of an attainable ideal within him towards which he can advance and is slowly advancing. Each of us is his present self and also much more than his present self. Each knows that he has not yet rendered himself to himself.

From this point there are of course inviting roads into ethics, philosophy, and religion. But we are going to stay now mostly on the field of Biology. What will this hypothesis do for us as biologists?

Since the time of Darwin, at any rate, the question of questions in Biology has been the origin of species. If we could understand how one species of frog came to differ from another, we could imagine how, by extension of the same process, the frogs as a whole came to differ from the fish, and the snakes from the frogs, and the birds from the snakes. A multitude of small differences would sum up into a great difference, many little ascents into a big step of ascent. The working method of evolution, resulting in the scale from the bacteria to man, would be clear.

Everything depends on the small differences, the small variations. How do they come about?

Here is a creature that has varied a little from its parent and its fellows in general. If the variation is a useful one, say a shade of fur a trifle closer to the color of the ground, it will have a shade more chance than its fellows to escape the notice of an enemy, a shade more chance to grow up safely and have offspring, a shade more likelihood to live longer and have more broods of offspring than its fellows. Its offspring will tend to resemble it in that favorable shade. Some of them will go one better in resembling the ground, with still better chances of surviving and multiplying. The process continuing, there will presently arise a species whose color is exactly that of the ground and whose chances are best.

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In the meantime some of the original species, remaining of the original color, have achieved increased safety against their enemies by slight additions to the length of leg and therefore speed of running. At last has arisen a species with a leg markedly longer than that of the original.

The old species, with unfavorable color and short legs, now fails to hold its own and disappears. There are two new ones, one quite ground-colored with short legs, the other with long legs but of the original color. The question is the origin of the small variations of which the large variations were said to be the sum. How did they happen?

The Darwinian answer is that they happened by chance; but having happened they were preserved because they gave increased power to get food and escape enemies. The unfortunate creatures whom chance had not favored were killed out or starved out in favor of the ones better furnished.

This is all charmingly simple, you see, and makes Chance the presiding deity of evolution.

But pretty soon marked difficulties to the theory began to manifest. Whilst it is true that the small variations do constantly occur, they are at their first appearance useless, not functioning, and too small to afford any advantage in the struggle for life. They have to be multiplied through a series of generations. And they would not get the multiplying. For the few individuals who happened to have them would mate among the great crowd that had not and the variations would be diluted into nothing at once, whilst it might be a thousand years before they happened to appear again — that is, *if* it is by a *happening* that the process comes about.

There are other formidable objections to the theory. One of these is that so far not a single indubitable case of species-making by this process has ever yet been observed to occur in nature. At least somewhere in nature we should be able to point to some single pair of co-existing distinct species along with the links between. But we cannot.

It does not explain the gradual perfecting of organs such as the eye, in which many changes have to go on *together* in order to make something useful. Try to imagine the formation of eyes according to this method of minute chance changes. By pure chance the brain begins to push forward two minute stalks towards the skin, two, just side by side. Generation after generation, always by chance, these chance two stalks happen to get nearer the skin. At the two spots where they are by chance equally approaching the skin, the skin by chance begins to dimple in — exactly at those two spots. At the same time the stalk of brain happens to be becoming more sensitive to light and the bottom of the dimple more transparent. Finally the dimple happens to fit down exactly upon the

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stalk and an eye results. The brain stalk becomes the retina and the bottom of the dimple the cornea and lens. Remember that at any point in all this process, up to the generation when seeing began, the development would be just as likely by chance to stop and undo itself as to go forward. For till the moment of seeing, the new-forming organ would confer no advantage of any kind.

These and other difficulties have caused the theory of minute, fluctuating, by-chance-appearing variations to be pretty well given up.

Some of the same difficulties apply to another theory — *the* other theory, one might say: that the bridge between one species and another is made by relatively large, quite definite, come-to-stay steps, called mutations. The first difficulty here is to account for their appearing. Another is this troublesome eye again, and the like. You could imagine the sudden appearance somewhere on the skin of a spot extra transparent to light. You could imagine the brain suddenly sending forward a protrusion or stalk towards the skin. But two spots symmetrical with each other; two protrusions symmetrical with each other; and the concurrence of the two spots with the two protrusions — a series of accidents most fortunately resulting in an organ of sight — surely this is too much to accept! Surely the *chance* hypothesis must go. The variations, whether minute and fluctuating or larger and definite, must be under guidance or time would be lost in eternity before the ladder of evolution, staged from the bacterium to man, could have formed itself by a set of unplanned, anyhow-occurring accidents.

And I think that the guidance, manifest even in the occasional mistakes it makes, would have been generally accepted as a luminously explanatory hypothesis were it not that the biologists instinctively feared it would mean the return of theological dogma.

For they have plan, plan, plan, visible everywhere. It would be the first idea, the first explanation to himself of what he saw, if you could suddenly show to a man of intellect, who had never thought of it before, the whole scale of life, germs, plants, molluscs, fish, reptiles, birds, vertebrates, man. An obvious plan working out, he would say.

H. H. Lane, of the University of Oklahoma, has made a series of investigations of the embryonic development of the sense organs in the rat and some other mammals. He found that the association centers, the afferent and efferent nerve trunks, and the effective motor apparatus, are all in working order *before* the special sense organ concerned is capable of functioning, *i. e.*, the organ of special sense is in each case the last link to be perfected, and the function — sight — is only established when this point is reached.

This embryonic development must be an epitome of the evolutionary development of the sense organs, in accordance with well-known rule. And it follows that the long consecutive series of variations or mutations finally leading to a functioning eye were not serviceable till they were complete and had resulted in an eye, and therefore that they were not conserved by natural selection, did not come at all under its notice. Which means, of course, that all

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the time there was a *vis a tergo* pushing in a determined direction to a predetermined result.
— From a recent review of Prof. Lane's work.

Suppose you saw a man building a house. It is not finished, but it is so far along as to enable you to see that it is of a very definite pattern. The man has no idea, you might say; the pattern is just chance. When he is away you knock it all down, brick by brick. You pass again in a few days and find that the man has built it up again and in exactly the same shape. Surely he *has* an idea. But to test the matter you not only knock it down again but take away all the bricks except one and all the mortar but a tablespoonful. Well, next time you are that way you find that he has sawn that one brick into an immense multitude of minute bricks and with them and his tablespoonful of mortar has built a minute toy house of exactly the same pattern as the original full-sized one.

Now you know for certain that he had a plan. He wanted a house of a determined shape.

You sow a begonia seed and a begonia plant results: not any other plant; never a geranium; always a begonia from a begonia seed. Is there a plan? Cut off a leaf and plant and water that. It puts out roots and shoots and in due time a begonia plant results from that. Is there a plan, an idea, of the whole plant diffused all through it? Cut off a minute bit of a leaf, as small as you can see, and plant that. If you know how to look after it, it too will become the whole plant, just like one grown from the seed.

At a certain stage in the development of the starfish it has as yet no rays; it is bilaterally symmetrical and has a fore and a hind end. Cut it in two longwise and each half will complete itself into a whole animal. Cut it in two crosswise and the front end will develop a hind end and the hind end will complete itself with a front end. Was there not a plan of the whole persistently realizing itself again and again in the face of your mutilations? What other explanation can there be?

You probably know that at an early stage in the development of any organism it consists of one cell or speck of living matter, usually microscopic in size. This one divides into two, the two into four, the four into eight, and so on until there are a thousand or more, all alike. Finally they begin to become *unlike*, some acquiring the characteristics of muscle cells, some of nerve, some of liver and so on, till at last the whole complex body is formed.

Suppose you throw the cells into confusion. Take such an organism as the little sea-urchin at the stage when it is a little globular cluster of many cells still all alike. Throw them into confusion. Press them between two slips of glass till their original relationship to each other is destroyed. Then leave them to themselves and you will find that a

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perfect sea-urchin will still be formed. Does it not look as if they knew exactly what they wanted?

Suppose you take them at the stage when there is a little cluster of sixteen and put it into sea water from which the lime has been removed. They fall apart into sixteen separate units. Surely no perfect organism is now possible. But put back the lime and now each of the sixteen will start to form a perfect organism *on its own account* so that sixteen little creatures result. Each of them had the plan of the whole in its private possession, just as each cell of the begonia leaf. They were willing to co-operate in its realization, or to do it each separately.

If the flatworm *Planaria* is cut into small pieces and the pieces placed so that they can absorb nourishment, each of them will grow into a whole worm. But if no nourishment is given they behave differently. They cannot grow; so each of the pieces rearranges its material and becomes a perfect but very minute worm. If one of the pieces happens to contain the pharynx and this piece, when fed, grows into a worm that is smaller than the original, the pharynx will be too large for it. It will then dissolve that pharynx and make a new one that fits its new size.

But in most animals the idea of the whole is not finally present in every part as it is in the begonia or in the flat-worm. Some worms, when cut in two in the middle, will grow a new head end on to the tail and a new tail end on to the head. About the middle, it would seem, the idea of the whole worm exists. But towards each end there comes to be the idea of that end only. Cut the worm in two near the head, and the predominant strength of the head plan, the head idea, will cause another head to be grown, and you have a two-headed worm with no tail for that half. The other half will, of course, grow a head also and will consequently be all right. A cut near the other end will give you a worm with two tails and no head.

Tubularia is a sort of sea anemone growing on a stalk with two rows of tentacles surrounding the head and mouth. If the head is cut off with the tentacles, the first sign of regeneration consists in two rings of lines, one above another, running down the sides of the stem from the cut. These gradually strip themselves off so as to become the new tentacles, keeping one end attached. Then the head forms in their midst. But if, before this, you cut off a new bit of the stem, so as to leave only one of the two rows of lines, the creature, as if in disgust, sometimes erases the other row too and starts afresh; sometimes it lengthens each line of the one row left and divides it in the middle so as to get two again; sometimes it divides it at once into two very small lines, detaches one end of each so as to get two very small tentacles, and then grows these to the proper length. Whichever way it selects it finally gets the proper result.

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Now does it not seem obvious that in all these cases there is a plan at work? And should we be going too far if we suggest that the plan involves consciousness and intention? Is it not a reasonable hypothesis, the only hypothesis that can and does explain what we see? May we not reasonably advance the same hypothesis to explain the otherwise unexplained appearance of variations? May we not reasonably suggest that there too there is a plan, conscious, purposeful, at work? There is nothing against it and it brings at once a flood of light upon some immense difficulties. It has difficulties of its own, of course; but nothing like those it removes. It means that just as there is an obvious plan at work in the development of the individual creature, so that from one cell it becomes a thousand and finally the perfect organism, so there is a plan actively at work all up the scale of evolution producing the variations which are necessary for advance. Some of the variations are tried and found not to work, just as our violin-making man might try a new pattern and find it a mistake. But he has learned something from the experiment. And in the same way, may we not suppose that this all-diffused, intelligent, planning nature-presence, learns from its mistakes, tries again, and then succeeds? There is nothing against this hypothesis, and it does explain what we see.

Let us try and see some more. One of the characteristics of human mind is its power to plan and foresee, to create some desired condition of things in imagination and then to work forward voluntarily towards its realization.

It looks as if the whole of the animal and vegetable kingdoms had the same power. All living beings do things which *do* bring about a desirable and necessary result. Why should we assume that it is only we humans that are capable of having that result in mind when we do the things? It is sometimes argued that birds build their nests without any idea of the why of their work or what will at last come of it. Could that be argued of those ants which in constructing *their* nests use their own grubs as needles to sew the leaves together with? Just as these grubs are about to enter the pupa stage they secrete silk to make the chrysalis with from a silk gland near the head. It is at this stage that the worker ants take them carefully in their mouths and treat them as needles threaded with silk. If there is quite obvious planned result there, why should we deny equally conscious plan so much higher up as the birds?

Now go down still lower to those sixteen cells which will presently multiply and multiply and differentiate among themselves to make the complete organism we call the sea-urchin. As we noted, the plan is so definite that if we disappoint them, break up their connexion with each

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other, separate them, each one will thereupon take up on its own account the whole line of development which they would otherwise have taken up collectively.

It may be argued that the two cases are not parallel. One is a doing; the other a becoming. We can understand that any creature may *do* things according to its intention and knowledge of results: but that it should *alter its interior structure* according to intention — ? We can plan our action and so far understand the same thing wherever we see it. But we cannot plan our own structure and carry out the plan. If we may read ourselves into nature we must read our inabilities as well as our powers.

But in certain abnormal states of consciousness the body *does* alter its structure in accordance with a picture in the imagination. What are called 'mother's marks' are cases in point. Ecstasized saints, dwelling in imagination upon the wounds of Christ, have often been found to develop inflamed and bleeding lesions in the same situations. Suggestions administered in the hypnotic state have caused the appearance of burns and hemorrhages, hemorrhages sometimes so exactly willed and controlled that the oozing points of blood traced the outlines of the patient's name upon the agreed place on the arm. All the cures wrought by faith-healing, mind-healing and the like, are other examples of this power of imagination upon the body. How the body follows the imagination we do not know. We do not know how we stretch forth our arm. We will and imagine it and it is done. The intimate microscopic muscular processes are outside our ken. The point is that there is a connexion, a chain of links along which guidance runs, between imagination and the cells of the body; though some of the links are not present in our mental consciousness.

Now carry the idea down the animal scale to those sixteen cells that will become the sea-urchin, either collectively or singly according as we interfere or not. We argue that it is the best explanation of what we see that there is a consciously made fore-plan of the future animal present and at work among those cells, and that it is strong enough to refuse to be thwarted by our experimental manipulations. But we do not argue that that consciousness is the same as or one with the lowly consciousness of the animal. In there, is perhaps some vague urge which is satisfied by the growth that goes on. The *fully conscious intent* is in the nature-consciousness at work there.

In other words the consciousness is there dual: the lowly consciousness of the animal, just sufficient for its life-purposes, food-getting and so on; and the clear nature-consciousness which holds the animal in guidance and through it works out a bit of its grand plan.

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These two consciousnesses, then, according to our view, are together all the way up, the lesser and the greater, the derived and the source, one behind and guiding the other and passing more and more of itself into the other. An imagining and willing of what shall be, is the work of the one; the other just lives out its little life, not knowing and not needing to know the why of its life. Deeds, doings, the organisms one above another learn more and more perfectly and complexly to imagine, will, and carry out. But of the becoming, the advance, all the way up, they know nothing; that is out of their grasp, beyond their imaginations, not willed by them. It is imagined and willed *for* them by the nature mind which has them in its hand and of which they are but small and partial expressions.

But at the top of the scale, so far the top, in man, we should expect something more. There the will and power to *do* should to some extent be supplemented by the will and power to *become*, to imagine a step in advance and take it.

And in some measure we do see this, do see that this power of the nature mind or soul is becoming his, that in him the nature soul has begun to take this great step in self-expression. Man can form ideals of himself of every kind, on every plane of his being, which are in advance of his actuality. Ideals of perfected health, of keener sense-faculty, of keener mind, of nobler character, held and dwelt on, will of their own power, and in addition to the effects of action taken to secure these ends, tend to realize themselves. All the schools of thought- and faith-healing use this principle of imagination, the imagining of health and of bettered faculty. And no one doubts that an ideal of ennobled character is the first and greatest step to the attainment of ennobled character.

But in that consideration we have gained much insight into the quality of this nature soul. If it had a plan all the way up, and if at the top of the way, as the crown of its work, we find the development of lofty human characters, of creative genius of every sort, of universal philanthropy, we must reckon those as its aims and as modes of its self-expression. The creative arts, religion, and science, are rooted in it. For they have grown out of its travail, its experiments, its failures, its successes.

And now it is time to recognise how much more of its work has been done by combination than by conflict. The great keynote has been combination. The individual monads of life, small beyond imagination, arising we do not yet know how, combined in their myriads to make the bacterium, the amoeba, the single cells of which the microscope will show you so many in a drop of dirty water. These in their turn combined to make the lowliest organisms, still microscopic, in which they took up diverse functions and so made possible the richer life of the whole. Or-

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ganisms themselves combined into more and more complex organisms with richer and complexer systems or organs and parts. At last we have the bodies of the higher plants, insects and animals. The cells of man's brain are but the same cells, elaborated and combined, that we find swimming singly or crawling as amoebas in our drop of dirty water from the pond.

And the next order of combination, that of elaborated individuals, exemplified in the bees and ants and in some degree in humanity, is now in progress.

This principle of combination, of co-operation, of self-surrender in the interests of the whole, of self-sacrifice, appears in the minds of the highest men as an instinct and an ideal. We call it one of the virtues. All the virtues are really rooted in it. It is the continuation into human life of nature's work from the very earliest. She is evidently trying to make an organism of all humanity with the same enormous gain to each individual from the combination as comes to the individual cell from its position as part of a complex animal body. It shares the richer life thus rendered possible. So we have a right, as students of Biology, to say that brotherhood is rooted in nature.

Conflict too? Conflict was a temporary means. It is no longer — for humanity — the way of progress. Co-operation, always, as we have seen, in the nature-mind, is now consciously present in man's mind, man, the highest of nature's creatures.

We have nearly finished. It remains to develop a little a point we touched on at the beginning.

Biology is a science hitherto almost wholly confined to the *ways* of nature. Biologists would not speak of the *ends*, the plan, of nature, because that makes nature a conscious presence. And they have shied at that, because, I think, they feared (perhaps unconsciously) that the conscious presence might lead in a direction they most wish to avoid.

We have decided to go ahead regardless of that fear.

Here, in November, is a bird sitting on a tree pouring all his energy into song. It is a lot of energy; might have been put into food-getting. There is nothing to show as result. It is not mating season and no courting is going on. How are you going to account, on utilitarian principles, on biological principles, for the evolution of such a habit of waste (of energy) as that. Surely birds that devoted themselves strictly to business should have survived all the time as against birds that wasted energy in superfluous song, and these spendthrifts should have disappeared. What's up? What's the game?

Here is paleolithic man, 100,000 years or more ago, little but a savage, spending his time drawing bisons and other animals on the walls of his

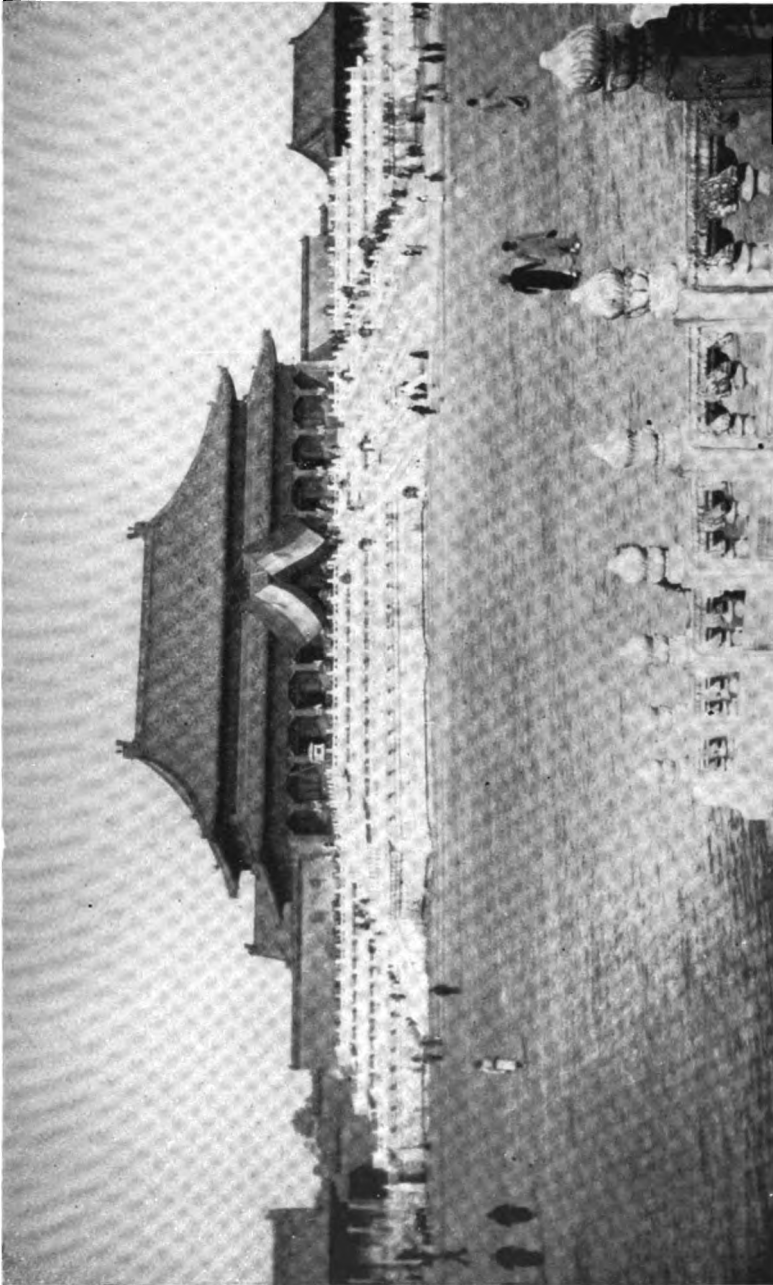
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cave, and doing it extremely well. But there seems to have been nothing whatever to gain by it. How, on biological principles: how, on the principle that useless variations of habit or structure do not persist and will disappear: how, on the principle that injurious variations, such as wasting time when there is scarce food to be got: — how came paleolithic man to have acquired the habit of doing something so useless? He probably beat out music of a kind with clubs on hollow trees and the like. Gorillas also do that and meet together in groups in the forests for that special purpose. How came into being these supremely useless habits? And how, having come into being, have they persisted and increased to this minute, culminating in the art and music which we so much enjoy? There are men whose whole time and consciousness is given over to these inexplicable practises. We call them artists and musicians. We regard this work as about the highest in which man can engage, the very flower of conscious life.

I cannot understand any but one explanation: the conscious nature-soul, attempting fuller and fuller self-realization and to that end evolving the whole series of living beings, plant and animal, the living beings living their lives in unconsciousness of the aim behind them, has at last into *man* transferred so much of her consciousness that he *knowingly and intentionally* takes up the plan for himself and finds his highest pleasure in this highest sort of self-realization, this making of his deepest depths and highest heights visible and audible to himself, so that that part of his consciousness which in the lower animals is only concerned with common life, in him begins to know the hitherto unmanifest splendors of the part that lies *behind* common life.

And then the religious instinct, the instinct to seek communion with the power behind nature: how came that about? Materially useless, a waste of time, a variation that natural selection could never have conserved and could not survive if that were the only conserving power: how did it arise and grow to this day? Is it not a conscious attempt in man of the power behind man to realize its own highest and fullest?

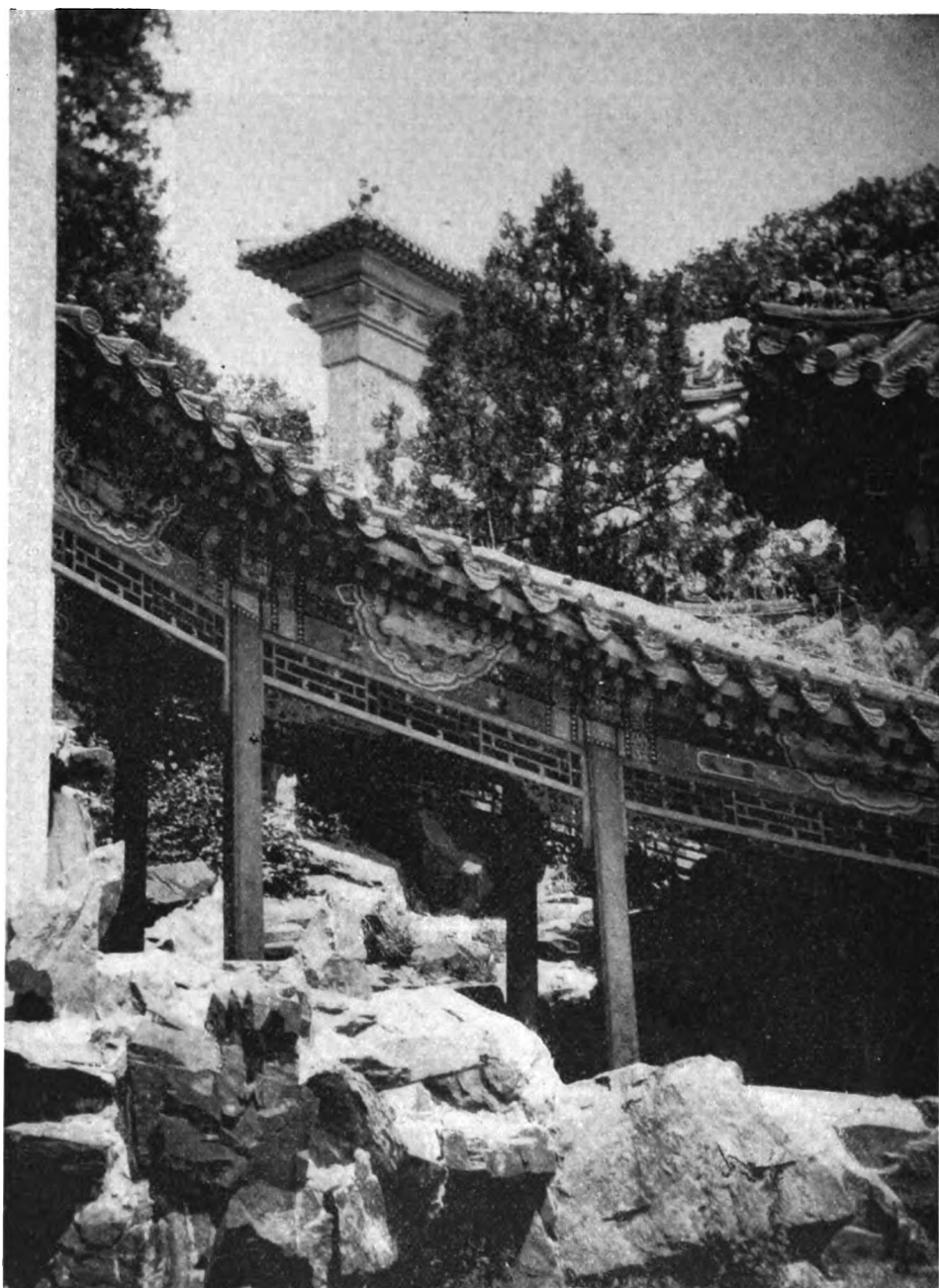
Very much more might be said and we could wander very far afield. We have pressed far enough on to the ground that is common to biology and philosophy. It is enough now if we have found reason to suspect that this hypothesis of a soul in nature, striving to self-realization, to make its own inwardness a working manifest outwardness, throws light on some of the obscurest and most difficult places in Biology and is in tune with every existing known fact and principle. We have found a God, if you will allow the word, that is doing something that is fully intelligible to us, whose motives we share in our highest forms of creative work, and whose consciousness is more and more fully our consciousness.



Lowland Photo & Engraving Dept.

PEKIN: THE HARMONY GATE WITHIN THE 'FORBIDDEN CITY'

"On our way through the courts, we passed up marble steps with most wonderfully carved marble slabs in the center, and carved white marble balustrades, and on through gorgeous passageways." — Sarah Pike Conger



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

BEAUTIFUL PASSAGEWAY IN THE PALACE GROUNDS

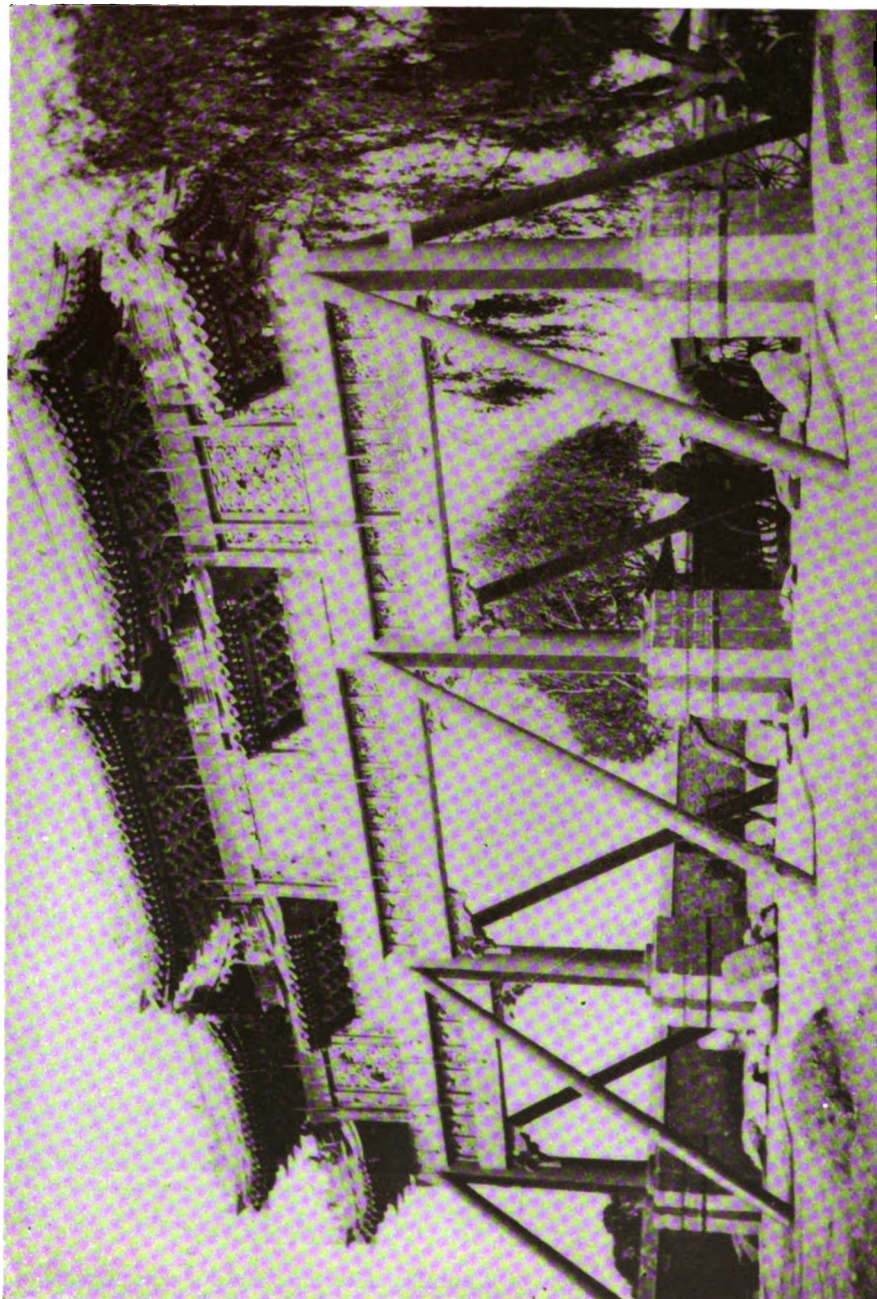
"These passages are massive in structure and brilliant in decorations. They have heavy, yellow, extended tile roofs." — Sarah Pike Conger



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

ORNATE PAVILION IN THE 'FORBIDDEN CITY'

"The pavilion is a prominent feature of Chinese architecture, and its ornamentation calls out the best talent of the builder in making his edifice acceptable." — S. W. Williams



Lemeland Photo & Engineering Dept.

PAILOU OR MEMORIAL ARCH IN PEKIN

STUDIES OF CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING: by
Oswald Sirén, Ph. D. Professor of the History of Art, University
of Stockholm

INTRODUCTION

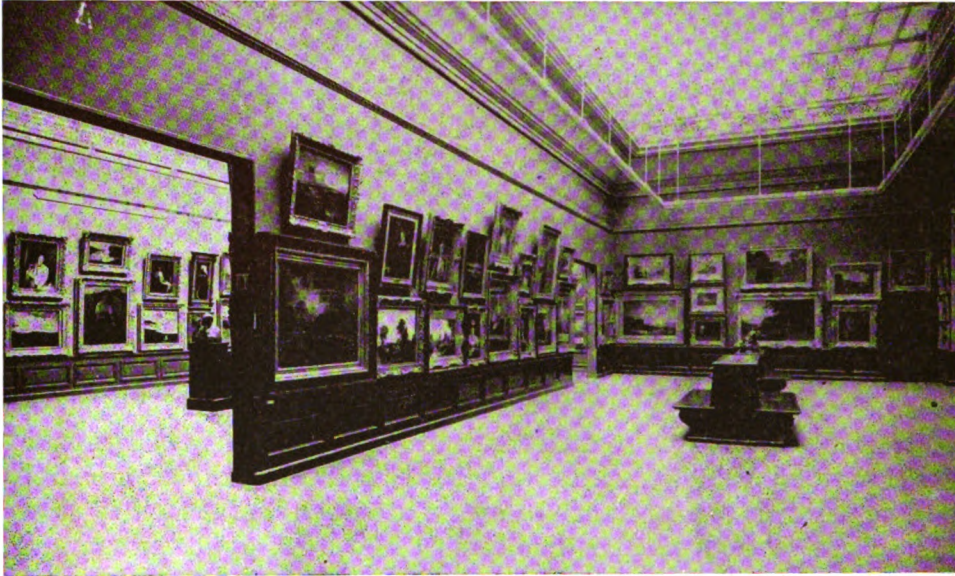
OUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS ART

IN our day anyone who wishes to see pictures will naturally visit a museum, an exhibition, or possibly a private collection. He will enter rooms whose walls are closely hung with pictures in gilded frames. His inquiring eye will be dazzled by the sudden display of a quantity of pictures in every variety of color and style, more bewildering than that offered by the swiftest cinematograph: landscapes and seascapes, sunrises and sunsets, forests and mountains, domestic interiors and roadside inns, portraits of a duchess in green and a gentleman in blue, nudities in every variety of pose, pasturing horses, drowsy cows and calves in the afterglow, and so on. All these crowd in upon his attention almost simultaneously, and if not accustomed to this kind of entertainment, he will probably be somewhat dazed by the wealth of varied color schemes and subjects; he will hardly be able to fix his eyes upon one before his attention is drawn off by something more attractive. It is like coming into a room where many different instruments — pianos, violins, flutes, bassoons — are playing at the same time many different pieces; and even if the pieces are alike we shall find difficulty in assimilating so many different kinds of music at the same time. A well-trained musician might possibly be able to follow the various themes played by the different instruments, but even he would lose much of their deeper meaning which is not heard by the ear alone but demands calmness and concentration for its full comprehension.

Our museum-visitor will probably be caught by the most strikingly realistic effects, and if he has good introductions to the authorities, he may possibly hear from the director of the gallery how such and such pictures should be judged. His attention will be called to the beautiful foreground in a certain landscape, the wonderful perspective in another, the delicious shimmer of silk in the duchess's portrait, the striking likeness of that of some public man, the warm flesh tone in some of the nudes, the natural movements of the horses, the illusive gloss of the coat of some fat cow, and so on. Picture after picture will be pulled to pieces in this manner to be examined piecemeal, as if they were merely assorted samples of drawing, color, brush-work imitation of nature, technique, and other ingredients capable of intellectual definition. Our museum-visitor may thus gradually become quite a critic; he may learn to translate paintings into forms of speech, he may learn how every part of the

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picture was done and how to talk scientifically about technique and style. The further he continues on this path the more able he becomes to classify and catalog pictures. It may well be that in the beginning he had expected to find in this visit to the museum less labor for his



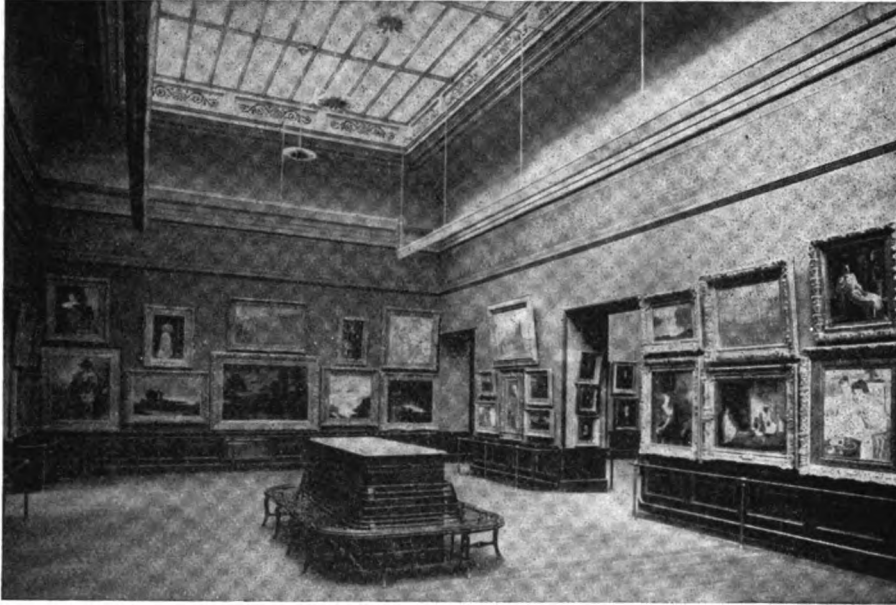
INTERIOR VIEW FROM AN AMERICAN PICTURE GALLERY

intellect and more food for his soul and imagination, but he soon comes to regard this expectation as childish when once he has begun to read handbooks on the history of art and has learnt to understand art scientifically. He may also be told that the object of the museum is to afford opportunity for scientific study; he will find that the pictures hang there in long rows to illustrate the evolution of art during different periods and in various schools as flint axes and bronze tools and snuff-boxes are displayed in long series to give the visitor an opportunity of following the evolution of types, styles, and artistic methods in various fields of craftsmanship. There they hang year in and year out according to the order of the catalog until a new director comes and re-catalogs them and rearranges them into new groups.

Although it may well happen that in the rearrangement of the pictures some of them gain new life while others may be worse off than before, and though in a few years the new arrangement may become crystallized into a scheme in the mind of the regular frequenter of the museum, yet the casual visitor will find the same difficulty as before in establishing that intimate relation with any particular picture that

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is necessary for the understanding of its inner meaning. How many of these pictures have not been torn from their natural surroundings! Some were perhaps painted as altar-pieces or for rooms of a certain architectural style. The places for which they were designed were per-



ILLUSTRATING THE PREVALENT WESTERN PRACTICE IN ART-EXHIBITION

haps illuminated or decorated in some special manner; now they hang side by side, and if they do not call for attention more loudly than their neighbors, their message will be unheard. The most delicate, those that suggest more than they proclaim or describe, are the chief sufferers; they become mute like some freedom-loving song-birds when caged.

It is indeed no easy thing to get into intimate personal relationship with works of art which were executed under conditions entirely different from those in which we live, or which express ideas and feelings which we have never experienced; but it is hardest of all in a museum where the pictures are crowded for lack of space and have no chance to speak to us in the silence. In galleries space is precious and it must be economized; there the most heterogeneous voices must be gathered into choirs; there series of historical or archaeological specimens must be displayed; works of art must be dealt with as objects of scientific demonstration; a hundred and one different points of view must be considered which have but a very superficial relation to the real nature and purpose of art. Our museums are like asylums for the aged and infirm, homes for superannuated beauties, scientific dissecting rooms,

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banquet halls, school-rooms, and many other things; but there is very little to be found in them approaching the character of a shrine or temple of art, if with that term one associates the idea of a peaceful and harmonious atmosphere which might lead us to seek in art expressions of spiritual forces such as religion might reveal.

This highly prized development of museums is a characteristic expression of the scientific culture of the West which has a general tendency to confuse ends and means. We have lately been forced to recognise that this culture suffers from serious inner defects; but it cannot be made over again by outer means. Its regeneration must be accomplished naturally as a result of inner growth. Much that may be of use in this direction may be learned from the culture of the ancient nations of the East, not least in the domain of art, because development of art attained to relative perfection in China, the land of the oldest culture in the far East, far earlier than in Europe.

Naturally this art is entirely unlike ours and was created under different conditions and as an expression for an entirely different view from ours of life's central problem; nevertheless this pictorial art had a high decorative value which for ages maintained itself by force of its own inherent vitality. The ancient art of China and Japan offers the best evidences of the fact that great artistic results can be achieved by following different paths from those pursued by European painters, and if we try to understand without prejudice these products of the old masters of the Far East, we are forced to widen very considerably our conceptions of the aims as well as of the methods that may be deemed appropriate to pictorial art. This study may perhaps bring us to a deeper understanding of some essential principles in art.

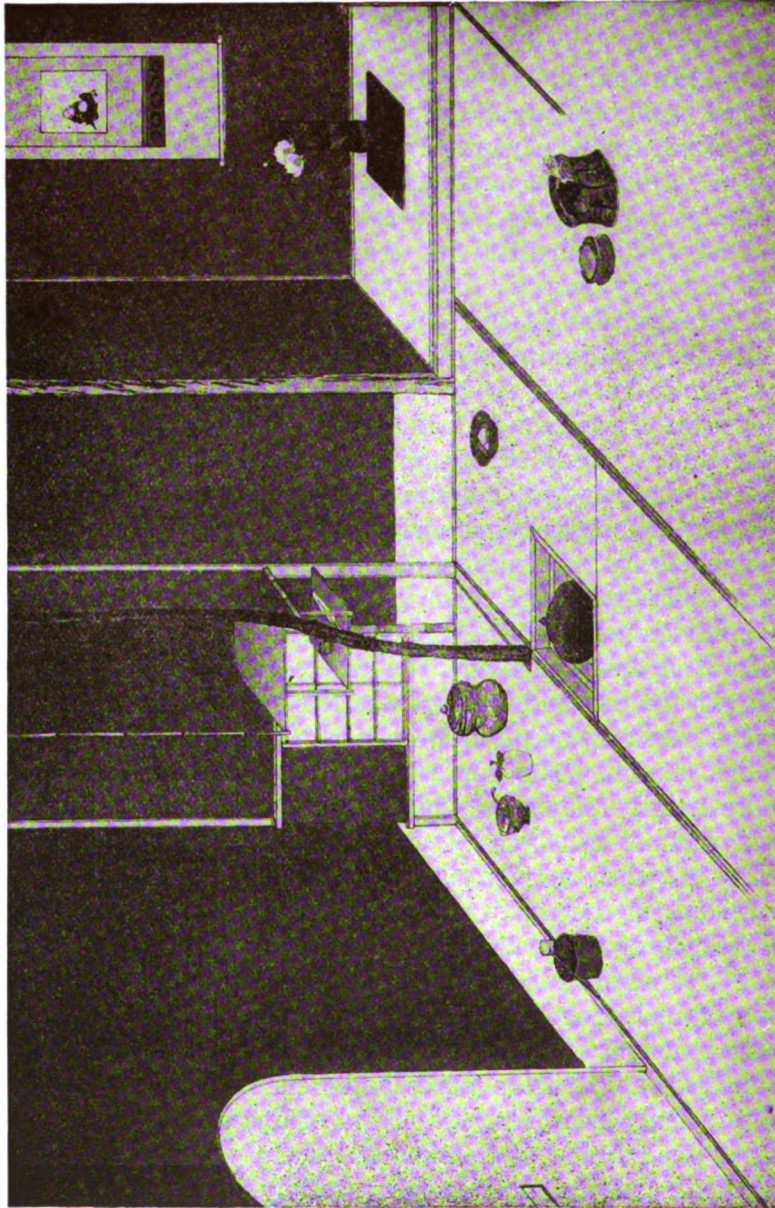
To begin with, Chinese and Japanese paintings are not so easily accessible as the paintings in European galleries. This is not so much due to the fact that the greater part of them are still in distant lands, but rather to the care with which they are concealed from the world's sight. Certainly today public museums are to be found in Japan (Tokio and Kyoto) as well as in America where Chinese paintings are displayed from a historic and pedagogic point of view; but those paintings which are thus exhibited represent only a small part of the available material. The displays are changed from time to time, which is a comparatively easy matter, as neither the size nor the weight of the paintings calls for any special transport-accommodations. They are almost exclusively composed of *kakemonos* painted on thin silk or paper and rolled like window blinds. The other forms of pictures, *makimonos*, which consist of long horizontal compositions, can hardly be exhibited all at once, but must be unrolled gradually for our inspection. A *makimono* is not

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composed as a single picture, but as a series, the successive parts of which are united through flow of line; it is not like a view seen through a window, but rather the expanse of nature as it appears to the traveler upon his journey. Such paintings can only be enjoyed in a leisurely fashion, bit by bit; they reveal new beauties at every step, fresh perspectives of ideas and moods as the picture is gradually unrolled.

The rolled up *kakemonos* and *makimonos* are preserved in small boxes of aromatic wood, and if they are particularly precious, they are protected by two or more boxes one inside the other. In order to see them one must naturally have satisfactory introductions, because whether they are owned by public institutions, temples, or private collectors, the owners are not very anxious to display their treasures to the general public. The reason for this perhaps is less the possible damage caused by frequent rolling and unrolling than the feeling that they are degraded by vulgar admiration just as good tea is spoiled by clumsy handling and good youths are ruined by bad education, to quote an old Chinese poet of the Sung period. Particularly in the temples, where still the lion's share of the principal art-treasures is preserved, it is not easy at all times to see the most precious specimens. These treasures are guarded as sacred objects; for their owners they are something more than decorative pictures. Every one of them has a symbolic spiritual significance that can be understood only in connexion with religious ceremonies and special decorative arrangements. They are exhibited in accordance with the meaning of the day and are regarded less as illustrations than as mediums for the transmission of an inner spirit or mood, just like the music in a Catholic church. The appreciation of art in China and Japan is indeed more nearly related to the attitude we assume towards music than to the manner in which we study paintings and statues. In the East, beauty revealed in pictorial form has a religious value because there it awakens in the mind some reflexion of infinity.

The dwellings of the well-to-do in China do not consist of a single house, but of a series of pavilions adapted to different purposes and grouped around one or more courts which are often adorned with gardens. In one of these pavilions is to be found the household-altar, corresponding to the altar dedicated to the Lares and Penates in Pompeiian houses, and there is usually a large room, a kind of ancestral hall, dedicated to the spirits of past heads of the family. Here on special holidays are hung treasured ancestral portraits or possibly other paintings, whose symbolic meaning corresponds to the significance of the day. But they are only exhibited for a single day or for a short time; it is considered bad taste or profanation to let them hang there longer. Such treatment is only accorded to such paintings as are considered of no value.



INTERIOR OF A JAPANESE TEA CEREMONY ROOM

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In Japan, where the aesthetic sense gradually reached if possible an even higher degree of refinement, the same moderation was observed in the display of works of art. Here, especially during the Ashikaga period (1400-1600), was a perfection of simplicity, an inward and outward self-control which in the field of art and decoration manifested itself as a refined restraint in the use of ornamental objects. It is the same spirit with which the strongest and best of Japanese life and art is stamped down to the present time. A Japanese author writes thus of the Zen ideal:

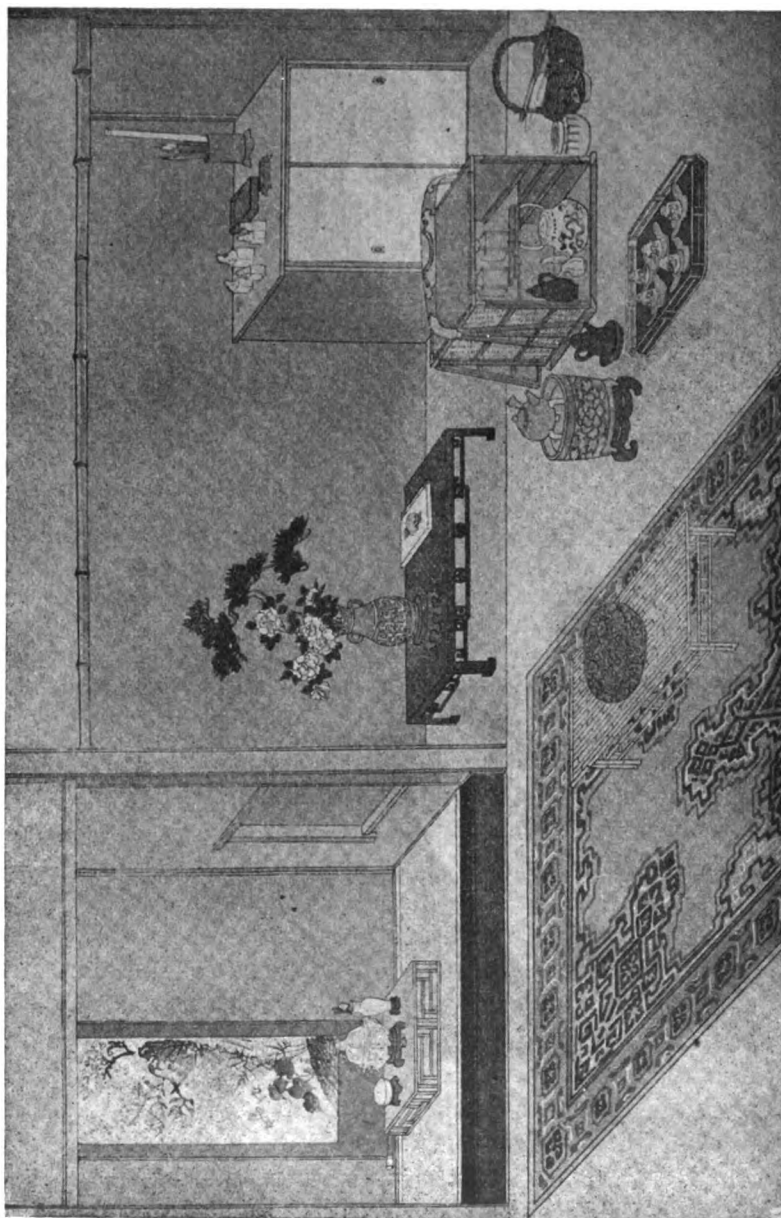
Beauty, or the life of things, is always deeper as hidden within than as outwardly expressed, even as the life of the universe beats always underneath incidental appearances. Not to display, but to suggest, is the secret of infinity. Perfection, like all maturity, fails to impress, because of its limitation of growth.

Thus it would be their (the Ashikaga aristocracy's) joy to ornament an ink-box, for instance, with simple lacquering on the outside, and in its hidden parts with costly gold work. The tea-room would be decorated with a single picture or a simple flower-vase, to give it unity and concentration, and all the riches of the daimyo's collections would be kept in his treasure-house, whence each was brought out in turn to serve the satisfaction of some aesthetic impulse. Even to the present day the people wear their costliest stuffs for under-garments, as the Samurai prided themselves on keeping wonderful sword-blades in unpretentious scabbards. That law of change which is the guiding thread of life is also the law which governs beauty. Virility and activity were necessary in order to make an everlasting impression; but leaving to the imagination to suggest to itself the completion of an idea was essential to all forms of artistic expression, for thus was the spectator made one with the artist. The uncovered silken end of a great masterpiece is often more replete with meaning than the painted part itself. . . .

A painting which is a universe in itself, must conform to the laws that govern all existence. Composition is like the creation of the world, holding in itself the constructive laws that give it life.*

This quotation may give some idea of the Japanese and Chinese conception of art as a link with the universal and the divine, a revelation of something that lives and grows in proportion as the spectator's imagination is touched by the impulse that produced the work. For them the beauty of art did not lie in the limited, the defined, the symmetrical, but rather in the incomplete and undefined, that is to say the suggestive, which has all possibilities of growth and movement. Nothing in their art is more carefully avoided — whether in creation or exhibition — than repetition and over-crowding. The objects that are used in the decoration of a room must always be so chosen that they do not repeat the same colors and patterns. For instance, if flowers are displayed in a vase, then a painting of similar flowers must not be exhibited; if the tea-pot is round the water bottle must be angular; and if an incense-burner is placed in the *tokonoma*, then it must not stand in the middle, so that the alcove is divided into two equal parts, but it must be placed

*Kakuzo Okakura, *The Ideals of the East*, pages 177-179.



ANOTHER INTERIOR OF A SIMILAR ROOM, SHOWING HOW THE PICTURE IS EXHIBITED

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a little on one side. It is just the exact opposite to our desire for uniformity and symmetrical arrangement, our love of repetition. A Japanese has explained that he felt a secret shudder in his digestive apparatus when he had to dine in a room, the walls of which were hung with pictures of dead birds and fishes and all kinds of food similar to that served on the table. He could not see any sense in such a repetition. And he found it unpleasant to talk to a man whose full length portrait hung close by on the wall. In his conception works of art are actually endowed with inner life.

The room in which the Japanese devote themselves to the contemplation of art and the beautiful — the room of the tea-ceremony — bears the stamp of utter simplicity. It is completely shut off from the turmoil of the outer world — often constructed as a separate building in the garden — an abode of harmony, peace, and concentration. Besides the prescribed mats that cover the floor and the tea-service there is only one picture hung for the occasion in the *tokonoma* and possibly below the picture a branch of some blossoming tree. Through these carefully chosen means of decoration a certain mood or trend of ideas is indicated which usually bears some reference to the day or the season. The thoughts of those present move around this central motive from which they seek to gain a deeper understanding of life. It is thus not without reason that the room of the tea-ceremony sometimes is called the 'Abode of Emptiness'; moderation in the adornment of the room could not be carried further, but the name has also a philosophical meaning hinting at the Taoistic teaching of the void that contains the all. Another name for the same room is, however, the 'Abode of Fancy' which suggests the strongly individualistic trend of the aesthetic life of the Japanese. Every tea-room should in spite of its great simplicity and limitations express in some way the individuality of the tea-master. It is built for him alone and not for his successors; it should reflect the changing phases of his life and imagination and should be destroyed at his death.

The contrast between the European and the Chinese or Japanese method of displaying and enjoying pictures should be evident from what has been said. To these Eastern people the work of art was always a symbol, an expression of something deeper than could be presented within the limitation of a picture. To the Westerner, on the other hand, a work of art was primarily more or less a skilful representation of nature. The Easterners approached art reverently, with humility, ready to listen to its message and to learn from it; we with self-satisfied assurance come to the temple of art to gossip and to criticize. They did not seek in art an echo of their own moods and ideas, but rather reflexions from a life greater than the personal, tones from that melody the wind is

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playing on the harp of nature and the Great Spirit whispers in the heart of man.

There is an old Taoistic legend which may well serve to illustrate this Chinese attitude towards art, based as it is on impersonality and a deep sympathy with all that lives. The well-known Japanese author and art-expert Okakura has told it in his *Book of Tea*, and I cannot abstain from quoting the main part of it here because it affords in suggestive language the right poetic background for an appreciation of the spirit of Chinese art.

Once in the hoary ages in the Ravine of Lungmen (the dragon gorge of Honan) stood a Kiri tree, a veritable king of the forest. It reared its head to talk to the stars; its roots struck deep into the earth, mingling their bronzed coils with those of the silver dragon that slept beneath. And it came to pass that a mighty wizard made of this tree a wondrous harp whose stubborn spirit should be tamed but by the greatest of musicians. For long the instrument was treasured by the Emperor of China, but all in vain were the efforts of those who in turn tried to draw melody from its strings. In response to their utmost strivings there came from the harp but harsh notes of disdain, ill according with the songs they fain would sing. The harp refused to recognise a master.

At last came Peiwoh, the prince of harpists. With tender hand he caressed the harp as one might seek to soothe an unruly horse, and softly touched the cords. He sang of nature and the seasons, of high mountains and flowing waters, and all the memories of the tree awoke! Once more the sweet breath of spring played amidst its branches. The young cataracts, as they danced down the ravine, laughed to the budding flowers. Anon were heard the dreamy voices of summer with its myriad insects, the gentle pattering of rain, the wail of the cuckoo. Hark! a tiger roars — the valley answers again. It is autumn; in the desert night, sharp like a sword gleams the moon upon the frosted grass. Now winter reigns, and through the snow-filled air swirl flocks of swans and rattling hailstones beat upon the boughs with fierce delight.

Then Peiwoh changed the key and sang of love. The forest swayed like an ardent swain deep lost in thought. On high, like a haughty maiden, swept a cloud bright and fair; but passing, trailed long shadows on the ground, black like despair. Again the mode was changed: Peiwoh sang of war, of clashing steel and trampling steeds. And in the harp arose the tempest of Lungmen, the dragon rode the lightning, the thundering avalanche crashed through the hills. In ecstasy the celestial monarch asked Peiwoh wherein lay the secret of his victory. "Sire," he replied, "others have failed because they sang but of themselves. I left the harp to choose its theme, and knew not truly whether the harp had been Peiwoh or Peiwoh the harp."

If this legend be used to show not only the right relation of the artist to his work, but also the attitude to be assumed by the spectator towards a work of art, then it will be seen that Peiwoh represents the work of art and the harp the spectator. The aesthetic enjoyment, the delight of art, is the music that is played upon the strings of the soul; and for this purpose the tuning of the instrument is as necessary as the touch of the playing hand. A silent music, a throbbing soundless echo, but not less mighty and inspiring on that account. More so, for it is said that: "*Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.*"

CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING

PART I

THE RELATION OF ART TO NATURE

THE test of art that is most generally applied in the Western World, is undoubtedly fidelity to Nature. We Westerners have done our best to bind art down to the world of material phenomena, we have made fidelity of reproduction the highest virtue in painting and sculpture and have considered that the perfection of art lay in the artist's power to create illusive imitations of nature. Maybe that this ideal nowadays is somewhat out of date, but it still asserts itself in many books dealing with the history of art in which painting and sculpture are appreciated mainly from the point of view of their relation to nature. Nor is this anything new; this tendency has existed in the Western World ever since the full maturity of Greek art; the principle was enunciated by Aristotle who formulated the theory of the correspondence between the creative function in nature and in art. But this theory has since been vulgarized into the doctrine that likeness to nature constitutes the main basis for a true appreciation of art.

Anyone who has seriously considered this problem will admit the insufficiency and uncertainty of this basis of appreciation, because the popular conception of what is called nature does not rest upon direct observation of its phenomena, but upon conventional ideas gradually evolved from successive attempts at reproduction. Usually we see rather through the eyes of our predecessors than through our own, particularly if those predecessors successfully presented and described what they saw. It is really much more difficult than most people imagine to see nature clearly and without prejudice as an artist must see it if his aim is to create an accurate and convincing representation of material phenomena.

Any person who feels convinced that his faculty of observation is sufficiently developed to enable him to decide what is 'nature,' or what is not, ought to make a little experiment in the use of this faculty. Let him, for instance, try to draw from memory the trees in a garden which he has often visited, or a door through which he has passed every day, or the wall-paper in his dining-room (if he is fortunate enough to have the surrounding walls covered with an arabesque pattern): he will soon be obliged to admit that his faculty of observation in daily life is very weak. He has perhaps a general idea how this thing and that may look, he may know enough about them to be able to use them in the right way, but he will be unable to depict their most characteristic and striking traits. Being accustomed to consider all these things as objects of

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some practical use or purpose and not as ends in themselves, he does not perceive the essential principles that give significance to their forms.

This general incapacity for direct and unbiased observation of things that surround us is a fact that has been proved over and over again by the attitude of the public towards new movements in art. We perfectly agree with the English painter and critic Roger Fry, who once wrote:

Ordinary people have hardly any idea of what things really look like, so that oddly enough the one standard that popular criticism applies to painting, namely whether it is like nature or not, is one which most people are by the whole tenor of their lives prevented from applying properly. The only thing they have ever really looked at being other pictures, the moment an artist who has looked at nature brings them a clear report of something definitely seen by him, they are highly indignant at its untruth to nature.

The popular demand for fidelity to nature evidently rests on very shaky foundations. If we see in art simply a means of reproducing natural phenomena or of expressing thoughts and ideas by the use of light and shade, colors, form or line, the criterion of its merit must apparently be sought in the skill with which the reproduction from nature has been executed and in the quality of the ideas expressed. Art then would be but a more or less beautiful form of imagery in which paint or clay are used to represent something the appearance of which is already familiar to us. This may be a pleasant though somewhat purposeless occupation, a pastime for the contented who are not troubled by imagination or by any ambition to search for the meaning of things, for a reality behind the fair or foul shell of material existence.

Such an attitude towards art hardly enables us to explain the creative faculty of the artist, nor does it facilitate an understanding of that which his works are supposed to represent. Art becomes simply a physical performance, depending on the more or less trained individual faculty of sight and inseparably linked with the changes observed in the world of phenomena.

If we look more closely into this matter we shall have to admit that 'nature' does not exist as a concrete, unchangeable reality, but rather as an aggregate of subjective concepts. Its reality is entirely dependent upon its relation to our understanding. The phenomena of the material world shift and change according to our moods. That which once perhaps fascinated and impressed us by its evident importance may at another time leave us entirely indifferent. The reason for this is not necessarily that the thing has changed or that it appears in a different light; these conditions may be the same while in the meantime our power of appreciation may have developed.

From the point of view of art, nature exists only in so far as it enters into our consciousness as a concept of color, form, or function. These

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are in their turn dependent on our outer and inner experience, our general evolution. Nature — if we hold to this collective expression — is, as a motive for artistic creation, not a constant objective phenomenon or any aggregation of such, but actually a relation between the artist and his visual impressions, a relation which is dependent on many other factors besides that of visual observation. Seeing is not a mechanical but a mental process, and the more conscious and intentional it is, the more is it modified by all kinds of conceptions and associations of ideas gathered through experience and observation. Naturally this is more particularly true of the artist's sight, which is more purposeful than the observation of ordinary people.

It is really not possible to give a three dimensional representation on a flat surface or to fix a movement in a picture except in accordance with a definite mental concept which can conform only in a very slight degree with the visual impression. Even the simplest pictorial expression rests on an abstraction deduced from nature, and the more complicated and purposeful the creation, the more it is dependent on the artist's power to make a plausible presentation of his abstraction that shall correspond with our experience and preconception.

Somebody may object that if this is so then generally convincing representations become impossible because the experiences and conceptions vary with each individual. But that is not quite the case. Visual observation and the conceptions derived from it are fundamentally similar in the majority of men however unequally developed. There are certain general concepts forming, so to speak, the inner material of paintings and sculpture which may be considered as universal because they are inherent in the process of seeing. Adolf Hildebrand, the well-known German sculptor and writer, has defined two of the most important of these in his book *The Problem of Form in Painting and Sculpture*, namely, the concepts of *form* and *function*. They designate two different sides of our faculty for making these abstractions from nature and as they are of fundamental importance for all artistic presentation a few words about their significance may not be out of place.

The concept of form, which simply is a more restricted concept of space, constitutes the real foundation for our apprehension of the reality of objects. Everything to which we attribute objectivity has a certain extension in space and the more clearly we can define its limits the more real does it appear. In dealing with the outer world we gradually build up, by comparison and arrangement of our observations, typical concepts of different things which, while in themselves abstractions, have for us a symbolic significance forming a foundation for our understanding of these objects whether in nature or in art. The value of the different

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appearances of objects is measured for us by the clearness and strength with which they express our concepts of form and space. What we simply divine or dimly experience is presented with greater clearness in art. The artistic process of making such abstractions must be more complete, comprehensive, and convincing than that of which we in general are capable.


Our conceptions of function originate in our habit of associating certain changes in form with the idea of an action, an operation, or a process in nature which was the cause of the change. We understand a number of outer characteristics, movements, and facial expressions as indications of inner states or conditions. Even when altogether new objects present themselves we presuppose in them those particular qualities or emotions which according to our observation usually accompany similar functional indications. Concepts of function are only indirectly dependent on natural objects, being subjective reactions or impressions of nature's life which are produced when we penetrate the external phenomenon by means of physical or spiritual perception. They assume the character of intermediary abstract ideas which make it possible for the artist to arouse in the spectator definite psychic or physical impressions without holding to direct imitation of nature. If we understand these concepts or ideas of function in their most general significance we need not necessarily, as Hildebrand does, hold them to be dependent on the concepts of form. He claims that an artistically satisfactory rendering of functional values cannot be made without a clear presentation of the object's space- and form-values, but there are certainly important works of art which have in them a highly developed and synthetic expression of function in spite of their relatively weak qualities of form. That is indeed the case for instance in an art that aims at decorative simplification which may be functionally expressive, even without being bound by respect for the actual form of natural objects.

We all must agree that the real motive of the artist is a pictorial conception — an abstraction deduced from nature — and not the object itself: but this more or less abstract conception is not necessarily arrived at by a conscious elimination or the use of reason and rule; it may be the result of an intuitive or subconscious mode of selecting the essential elements of an object or a scene. The pictorial conception can vary almost indefinitely between the striving for close objective imitation of nature and a purely subjective presentation of ideas and emotions. And it should be remembered in this connexion that the mental concept does not become a work of art without a conscious purposive use of line and tone, form and color, a deliberate arrangement by the artist of certain elements of expression according to a creative impulse or idea.

THEOSOPHY AND ITS COUNTERFEITS

When it comes to pictorial representation a certain element of form is of course necessary, but it need not be developed in the three-dimensional sense, it might equally well be conceived as a flat design. It is only the art of objective representation which is bound to the cubic form. Side by side with this has often existed an art concerned less with external objects and phenomena than with inner conditions and emotions. It has usually employed means of expression, the artistic significance of which was not primarily dependent on space- and form-values. Certainly this kind of art never had the same importance in the Western World as the classic art based on the representation of organic form, but it has nevertheless at times come to the front and assumed a leading role during periods of strong emotional excitement when the interest in the objective world gave way to a more ecstatic attitude towards life. The abstract mode of representation appears in its purest and most highly developed form in the old art of China. This will be more closely examined on a subsequent occasion; in the meantime, we will content ourselves with emphasizing some of the general principles involved.

THEOSOPHY AND ITS COUNTERFEITS: by W. A. Dunn

INCE the Theosophical Society had its birth in 1875 many thousands have taken an active and sincere interest in its objects, and the Philosophy upon which the movement rests. Yet there seems to be a singular misconception in the public mind *why* the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society situated at Point Loma, California, should take such pains to announce its independence from other 'so-called' Theosophical societies. It is frequently remarked that as the principles of Theosophy are the same the world over, it is therefore inconsistent to make a public announcement that displays lack of concord as between those who accept its teachings. But the fact is, this is *not* a question of individual sincerity and concordant beliefs of Theosophical principles, but of an issue that is of vast importance to the future of the human race, *viz.* that of an *organized* body of workers who will accentuate the principles of their common unity rather than the perpetual discussion of personal beliefs and notions.

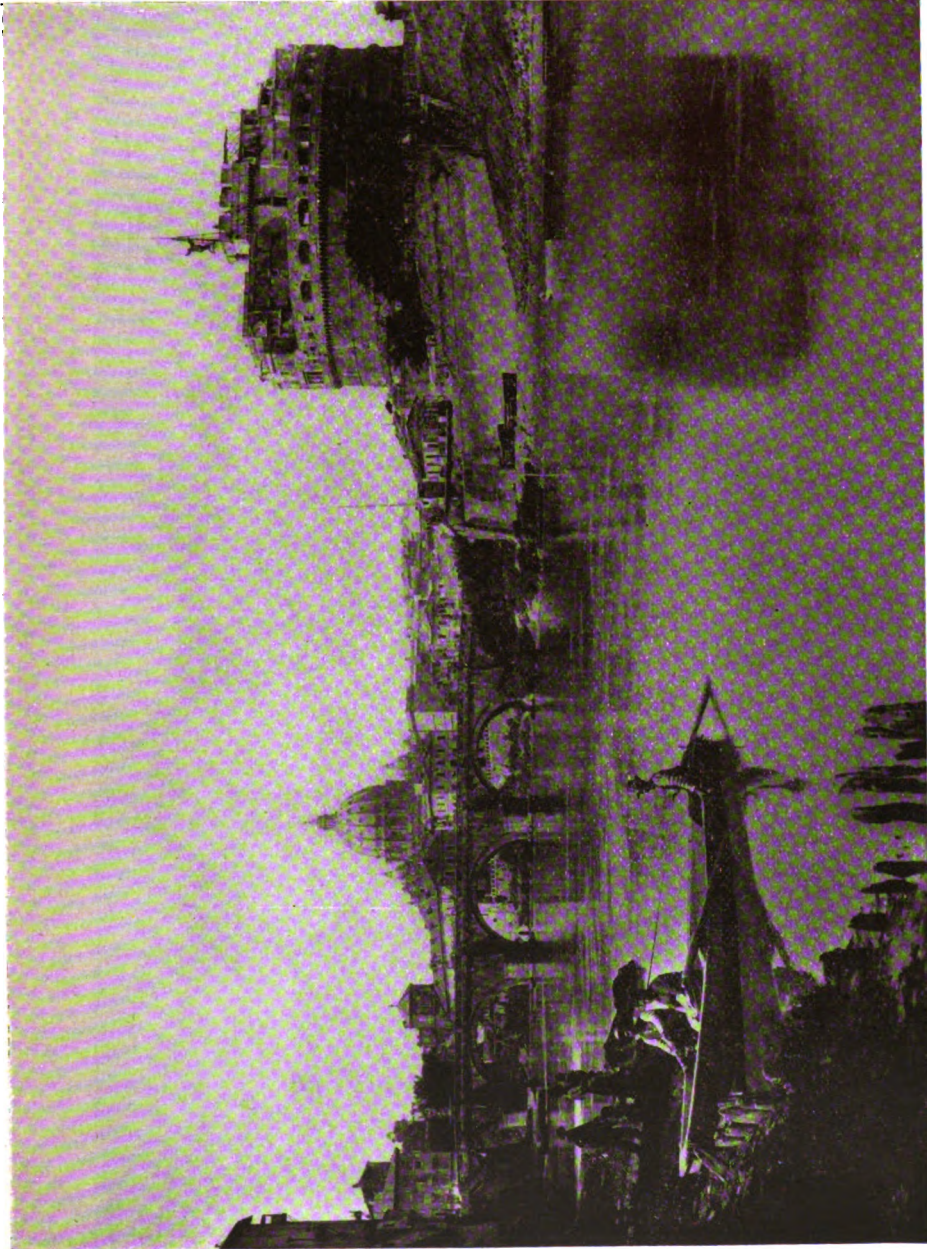
In the general affairs of life it is fully recognised that a distinction exists between ideally accepted beliefs and customs, and an *organized*

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body of such believers putting their *executive* forces together for the realization of a common good. The point at issue, therefore, as between the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and the so-called Theosophical Societies with which it disclaims affiliation, is not one of individual sincerity or philosophical belief, but of the important issue of an *executive organization* which, as such, clearly accentuates the foundation principle of Theosophy amidst all its subsidiary activities. This great distinction is clearly shown in relation to the principles governing business, knowledge of details, and the laws of currency. All men are in agreement on these points, yet that knowledge does not provide a basis for *unity of purpose*. True concord expresses itself through *organization* which places the success of a business above individual notions, which, if given first place, would mar it. For instance, we do not estimate a great financial concern by aphorisms from a textbook on international finance, but by the *organized capacities* of those who have established and direct the business. Nor do we estimate a literary genius by his knowledge of the principles of language, but by the creative ideas he expresses through appropriate sentences.

Thus Theosophy has two distinct aspects, and it is well to keep them distinctly apart. The first kind of Theosophy (or that which parades under that term) is like the theoretical studies we acquire at school. We may accumulate a lot of memory pictures, or take interest in insignificant by-paths of psychism or theatrical World Savors — or simply take a negative interest such as following the ways of science as given in a popular magazine.

The other kind of Theosophy is that which is *executive and real*, and for which H. P. Blavatsky gave her life. Such Theosophists have banded their forces together into an *organized unit* that purposes to realize in general social life what they *feel* to be the loftiest principle of human existence — that of an operating Brotherhood. And in this they but naturally take a seat in an orchestra of separate instruments, each knowing his own instrument and part, yet only too willing to contribute to the general Symphony which obedience to a single conductor's beat alone can bring into operation. There is no more loss of individuality in this than in being a manager or cashier in a bank who willingly co-operates with the board of directors. There should be an end to misunderstanding on this question, and a recognition that those Theosophists who can see no other purpose in life than realization of their individual efforts, are really like violinists who cannot descend to *play* in an orchestra.



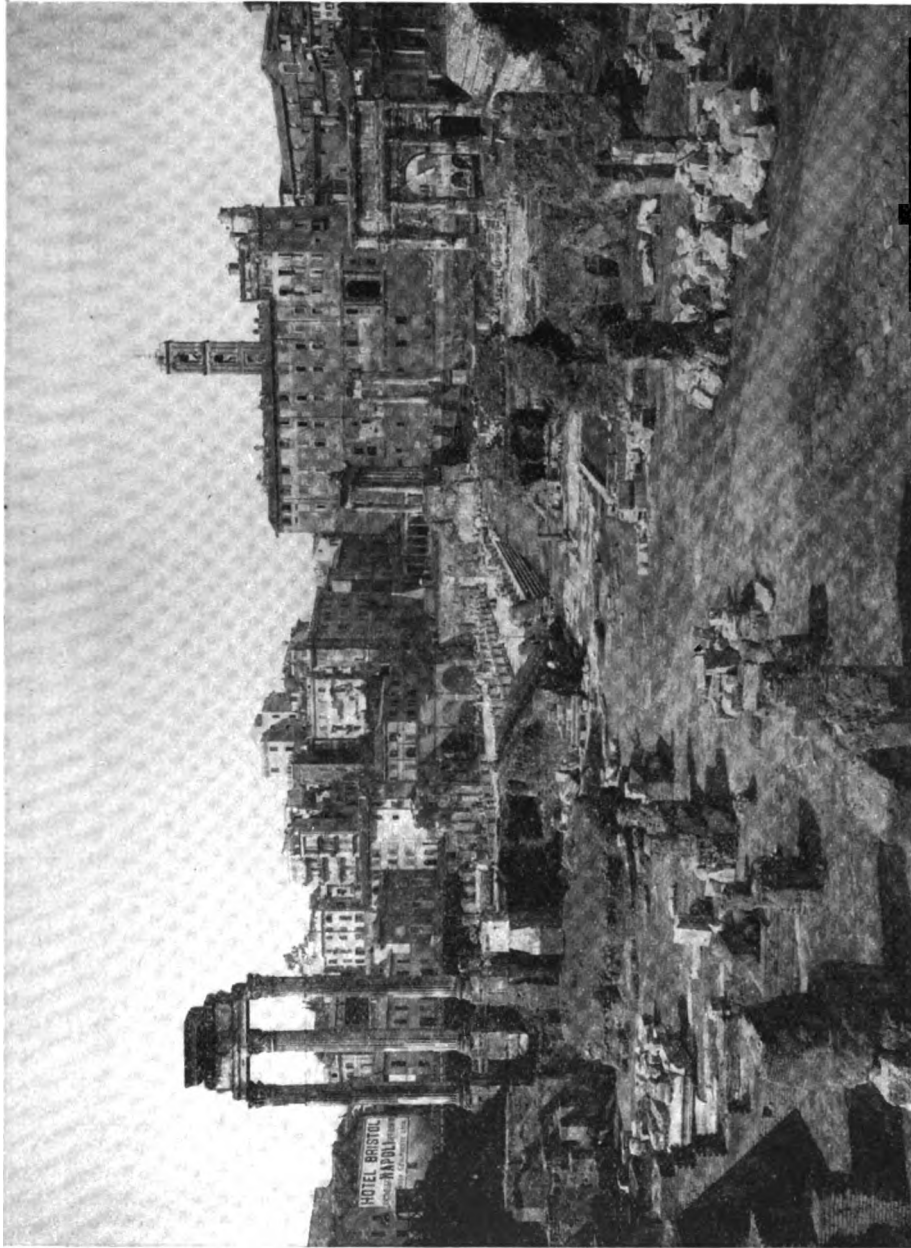
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THE TIBER, AND CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME



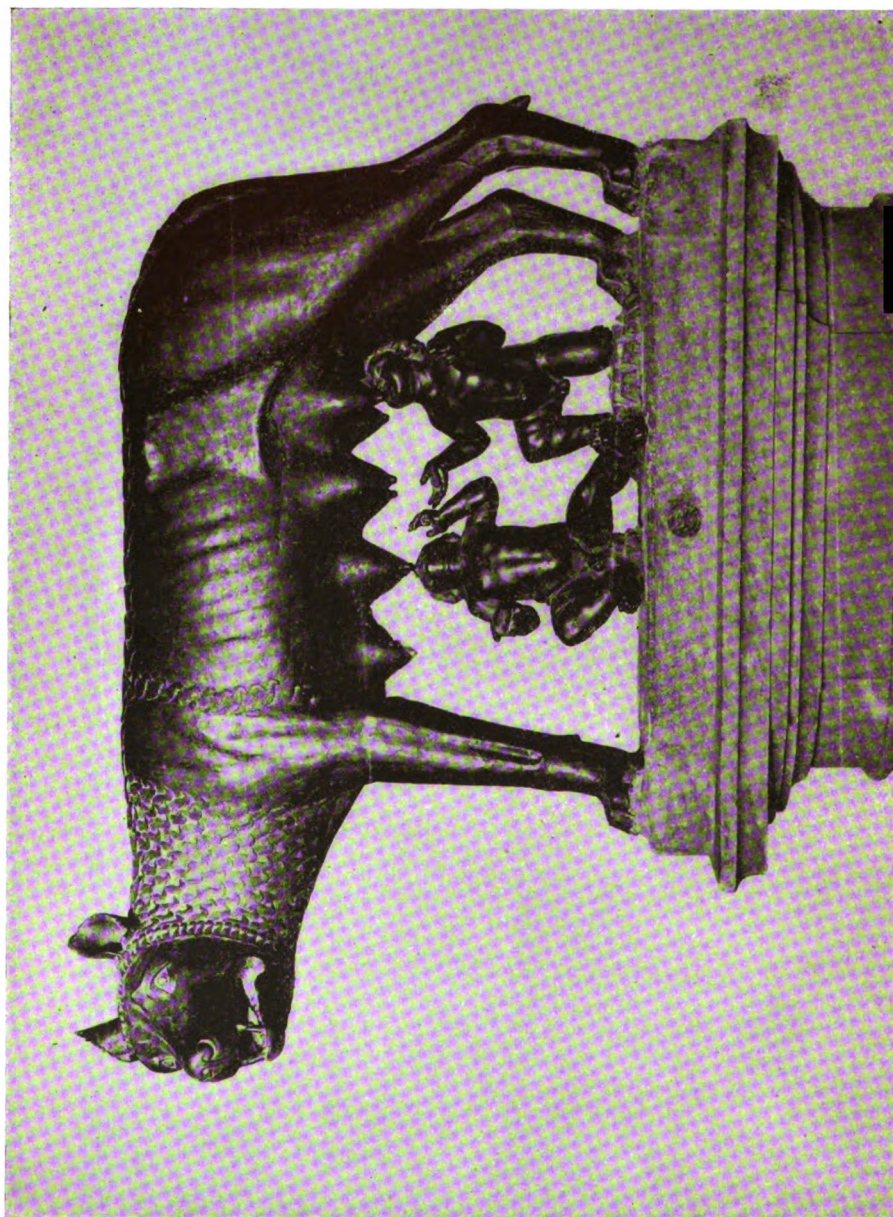
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TEMPLE OF VESTA AND A FOUNTAIN, ROME



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THE ROMAN FORUM, AND THE CAMPIDOGLIO



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THE WOLF SUCKLING ROMULUS AND REMUS

In the Campidoglio, Rome

STUDIES IN VERGIL: by J. O. Kinnaman, M. A., Ph. D.

III — AENEAS



DO not think that Vergil, in casting about for material for his contemplated epic, just chanced upon a second-rate hero of the Iliad. There were numerous characters whom he could have chosen for his heroes, men who were more than a flitting shadow in the Iliad; yet for some reason Vergil chose this Trojan to be the heroic figure in his poem. There must have been a strong reason for this choice. What was it?

It is not correct to say that Vergil made Aeneas, since Aeneas was considered by the Romans as their ancestor; even Julius Caesar himself seems to have believed in the historical reality of Aeneas, Troy, and the Trojan War, for he visited Troy in person, claiming descent for himself and the Julian line from Iulus, the son of Aeneas. Vergil found Aeneas already a gigantic figure in literature, legend, and history (?), for it does not seem possible that all the Roman people were blinded by the fabrications of myth. Is it not better to believe that the Romans were sane and that there were some historical bases for their belief in Troy?

In the Iliad itself, Aeneas does not play a very conspicuous part. He appears as a mysterious figure on the edge of the action of the Iliad. He seems to be out of the good graces of Priam, for we find in Book XIII, 460 — that Deiphobos "found Aeneas standing on the battle's edge; for he was wroth with divine Priam, because he honored him not, though valiant among men." Later in lines 492-495 of the same book, Aeneas leading his people to battle is likened to a ram leading the flock from the pasture to drink. In Book XX the encounter takes place between Aeneas and Achilles to the ultimate discomfiture of the former, had not Poseidon rescued Aeneas by hurling him over the lines of men and horses until a zone of safety was reached. In the same book, 293 ff. Poseidon says to Hera: "The might of Aeneas shall rule over the Trojans, he, and his children's children that shall come after him." However, there seem to be two texts here, or a text and its variant which seems to have been derived from the Homeric hymn to Aphrodite:

- (1) Νῦν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείας βίη Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει,
καὶ παίδων παῖδες, τοί κεν μετόπισθε
γίνωνται. . . .
- (2) Νῦν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείας γένος πάντεσσιν ἀνάξει,
καὶ παίδων παῖδες. . . .

Now what does Vergil say? In *Aen.* III: 97 f. he writes as follows:

Hic domus Aeneae cunctis dominabitur oris
et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.

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Therefore it seems that Homer knew nothing of Aeneas wandering upon the sea or settling in Italy; but, on the other hand, Homer seems to imply that Aeneas remained in the Troad. The traditions of the Troad hold that Aeneas and his line ruled over the Troad after the fall of Troy. Dionysius says that Aeneas, when sailing for the west, left Ascanius, his eldest son, to rule the Trojans in the Troad in a district near cape Ascanius, but later, he and Scamandrius, Hector's son, returned to Troy.

The accounts, seemingly, cannot be reconciled. Further, there are several accounts as to the manner in which Aeneas left the Troad. The first one seems to have been cast into shape by Menecrates of Xanthus, who represents Aeneas, through hatred for Priam and Paris, as betraying the city to the Greeks. Servius says that Vergil probably knew of this legend. We have another embodied by Sophocles in his *Laocöon*, which portrays Aeneas retreating to Ida, since he foresaw the destruction of Troy. From Sophocles, Vergil appears to have got the inspiration for *Aen.* II: 647:

Iampridem invisus divis, et inutilis, annos
demoror: ex quo me divum pater atque hominum rex
fulminis adflavit ventis, et contigit igni.

A third variant is told by Hellanicus, who says that Aeneas managed to hold the Acropolis, great numbers of Trojans having found their way to him; and then evacuating the stronghold, he retreated to Ida. The Greeks preparing to attack him there, he made a treaty with them in which he agrees to leave the land of Troy. Accordingly he built a fleet and crossed over to Pellene. Vergil follows the tradition of the retreat, as he plainly states in *Aen.* II: 695-698:

Illam, summa super labentem culmina tecti,
cernimus Idaea, claram se condere silva
signantemque vias, . . .

Then in line 804 of the same book, he implies that the whole company which had gathered in line 796 went with Aeneas to Ida. Vergil makes Aeneas say:

Cessi, et sublato montem genitore petivi.

In Book III, line 1:

Postquam res Asiae Priamique evertere gentem, . . .

In this passage *res* has been usually translated *the power of Asia*. Then most commentators proceed with a long discussion to justify this *res*; some even maintaining that it is a great exaggeration on the part of Vergil. Is this true, or did Vergil realize the strategic import of Troy? *Res* is a word in the Latin tongue that can mean anything that will fit

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the context. Let us suppose that Vergil fully understood the real commercial importance and the military value of Troy; let us translate, or rather interpret, this '*res*' as *key*, then our text, in the English sense, would read, "After it seemed good to the gods to overthrow the KEY to Asia and the race of Priam undeserving of such a fate." . . . Such interpretation clears away at once all the rubbish of commentators, that has accumulated from Heyne down to the present. It also makes Vergil speak with the authority of an historian, with the philosophy of history as his basis, rather than with the haphazard exaggeration of a careless poet. In lines 5-6 of the same book we find this expression:

Auguriis agimur divum, classemque sub ipsa
Antandro et Phrygiae molimur montibus Idae.

Agimur is used with the infinitive *quaerere*; when so used the verb *agimur* has the force of 'compelled by outward circumstances.' Vergil attributes these outward circumstances to omens, but is he not following the idea of a treaty made with the Greeks by which the Trojans are to leave the Troad? Now he says: "We build a fleet under the very walls of Antandros, at the base of the mountain-range of Phrygian Ida." Homer often mentions Ida, but nowhere in Homer do we find Antandros mentioned. Has Vergil here again made use of the poet's license? He may have done so, but it is probable that he has not. Antandros is historical; its site is Avjilar on the Gulf of Adramyttium. Here Ida comes down abruptly to the sea, and must have been the site of a fortress from time immemorial. Dr. Leaf suggests that Antandros is the Homeric Lyrnessos. Lyrnessos was one of the towns captured by Achilles; it was also the town to which Achilles chased Aeneas, *Il.* XX: 187. At least, the site of Avjilar (Antandros) would fill the requirements of the Homeric Lyrnessos. If this be true, does Vergil follow tradition, history, or poetic fancy?

Herodotus calls Antandros the "Pelasgian Antandros"; Alcaeus, as stated by Strabo, calls it, "Antandros, the first city of the Leleges." Homer mentions the town of Thebe as belonging to the Kilikes. Lyrnessos lay between Thebe and Pedasos, since Homer pairs this group of towns as Thebe and Lyrnessos, Lyrnessos and Pedasos. If the presumption that Lyrnessos lay between Thebe and Pedasos is correct, then the "Pelasgian Antandros" of Herodotus and "Antandros first city of the Leleges" must be identical with Lyrnessos. Was this the happy inspiration of a poet, or did Vergil, who was two thousand years nearer the event than we are, have access to authority now lost? One thing seems certain, *viz.* Vergil did not visit the site of Troy or the Trojan plain before he wrote the Aeneid. How then account for the fact that

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modern research finds him correct in statements that former scholars considered mere poetic imaginings?

After the fleet is built, Vergil following the tradition, Aeneas lands in Thrace, and begins 'to found' (*loco*) a city which he calls after his own name. Roman writers usually identify this as Aenos at the mouth of the Hebrus. American commentators in their text-books follow this lead. Let us ask if this is the Aenos mentioned in *Iliad* IV: 520. This Aenos is still at the mouth of the Hebrus; it was the port of shipment for the produce of the entire valley of the Hebrus. It was only forty-five miles across the gulf to the market of Troy. So Aenos was a flourishing commercial city in Homeric times. If that be true, then did Vergil make a mistake, or have his interpreters made mistakes? It all depends upon the interpretation we give the word '*loco*,' also its co-ordinate verb '*finco*.' The verbs must mean 'I try to found,' and 'I am thinking to name,' since these verbs are conative. Further, in line 20 the word *coeptorum* shows the whole transaction as thought of rather than as accomplished. So Vergil does not make Aeneas the founder of Aenos, the modern Enos.

By careful study of the text, I cannot see that Vergil intends to convey the idea that Aeneas founded a city in Thrace, but that, since he was related to the king of the country, Aeneas had in mind to visit his kindred and found a city, provided the gods were willing. The auspices were not favorable, so he put to sea again to seek some land where he would be welcome and could find a resting place for the Penates. Thus I interpret Vergil's words as found in III: 19-61. Thus we do not make Vergil violate the tenets of an historian; otherwise he violates every rule and bound of history, poetry, and common sense.

Dr. Glover would seem to sanction the thesis that the name Aeneas is derived from *Aiηη*, the name of a goddess of Ecbatana; that then the name passed to a clan of worshipers. In other words, the name stands for a cult of Aphrodite. The cult spread along the rim of the Mediterranean, reached Sicily at Eryx, and finally reached Italy. This sounds very learned, it is redolent with profundity; but let me recall to your attention the time when it was very learned to call the *Iliad* a piece of mythology, an allegory, etc., etc. Yet who today teaches this? Which theory is the more consistent with modern scholarship?

Vergil, in contemplating Roman history, views it as a complete whole; he sees continuity in it; he sees the same manners, customs, and religious rites underlying the whole structure of Roman civilization. In seeing this continuity, Vergil, for the first time in Roman Literature, makes history mean something more than the dry bones of facts; he breathes into this mummified frame-work the breath of life. Skillfully does Vergil

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conceal his antiquarian lore, yet in his art he convinces the reader of the truthfulness of his statements. I believe that the average Roman reader never stopped to question any statement Vergil made; so simple, so apparently artless is he, that by this very artifice the poet seems above question, above serious adverse criticism. He carries conviction with his every statement, and none but the slow, plodding, probing, microscopic scholar, would ever call a halt for investigation.

IV — ROME

Let us grant, as Vergil did, that Aeneas reached Italy, that he interviewed the Sibyl, that he went down to the underworld, seeing there the images of those who had departed from this world, and the spirits of Rome's future heroes; let us grant, for the sake of argument, that the Sibyl and the Sixth book are in part an adaptation from the *Odyssey*, that it is a philosophical dissertation a poetic excursus into realms metaphysical: yet when we reach the Seventh book, we seem to have our feet upon solid ground, as it were.

After Aeneas buries his faithful nurse and raises a tumulus to her, he sails on, sighting the mouth of the Tiber just at break of day. This he describes with surpassing touch, a touch which the translator fails to reproduce, yet it may convey some impression of the original: "This instant the sea is ruddy with radiant light, and saffroned-robed Dawn in her rosy car was blushing from the ether high when the wind fell and every breath of air ceased to stir; the oars struggled in a marble sea." Then Vergil describes the woods that line the Tiber's bank. It is the consensus of opinion that such wood did line the banks of the river, also that the color of the water was the same as at present, *i. e.*, yellow. Yet Vergil does not attempt to write history, nor an antiquarian's tale.

Vergil follows the tradition that Romulus was the founder of Rome. Aeneas himself, Vergil conceives as founding Lavinium; then through his line came Alba Longa, and finally Rome on the Palatine hill.

Was Romulus mythical? Was he the fabrication of the versatile imagination of Greek chronographers, as some scholars of high repute would have us believe? It seems an indisputable fact that the city had a founder. It is also as patent that the city would be founded upon one of the seven hills. Which hill would be the best fitted for the purpose? Tradition again says the Palatine. This hill, by its location, was best fitted for settlement, in that its complete isolation made its defense easy; its proximity to the Tiber gave open communication to the sea, and also with the interior. The hill itself was called Palatium, which seems derived from the root *pa*, and would indicate the shepherd character of the settlers. The derivation of the word *Roma* is a matter

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of discussion not yet fully settled. It may be derived from *rumen*, from the river's habit of wearing away its banks, as Servius remarks: *quasi ripas ruminans exedens*. Thus Ruma or Roma would mean the River-city. If that be true, then the next step is easy — Romulus, the



THE PALACE OF THE CAESARS ON THE PALATINE HILL, ROME

man-of-the-river-city; and also Romani, the people-of-the-river-city.

The Romans, at least, had faith in that site as the location of the first settlement. This part of the Palatine was always respected, never having been built over. The wall (parts), the *opus quadratum*, of tufa, which first defended the hill, can still be seen, and is known as "the wall of Romulus." In this vicinity were also to be found the cave of Cacus, the *scalae Caci*, the *casa Romuli*, the *Lupercal*, etc. We mention these, because Evander, after welcoming Aeneas, conducts him 'to see the sights,' as it were. What, archaeologically, has been identified? First, the walls of the *opus quadratum*; second, the *scalae Caci*; third, the *aedes Romuli*; fourth, the probable site of the cave of Cacus; fifth, the probable site of the Lupercal; sixth, an ancient cistern, the most ancient structure within the walls of Rome; seventh, the Tarpeian rock.

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(*Rupes Tarpeia*) has been identified on the south-western side of the Capitoline by the courses of tufa blocks similar to those used in *Roma quadrata*; also above the Carcer the same sort of construction is found.

The Palatine had been the Rome of the Kings; but during the early part of the Republic, the center of commercial, religious, and political interests shifted to the Forum Romanum. During the Republic the Palatine was the popular residence portion for the rich, the lawyers, etc., but during this period no great palaces arose in the district. It was reserved for the Emperors again to build there.

History was about to repeat itself when Augustus was born on this hill, *ad capita bubula*, a street or a quarter at the north-west angle of the hill, close to the site later occupied by the temple of Apollo.

Later, Augustus built the group of buildings known as the Domus Augustana, consisting of the palace proper, the temple and portico of Apollo, the Library, and the temple of Vesta. This temple of Vesta was built seven years after the death of Vergil, or 12 B. C. The first Palace or residence of Augustus was burned in 23 B. C. Through popular subscription the Domus Augustana was then built, Vergil seeing all this group with the exception of the temple of Vesta.

I set this forth to show that the topography of the Palatine, in Vergil's time, had not been rendered a jumble and a Chinese puzzle by the sub-structures, fillings, and levelings for the palaces as it was in later times; so no doubt Vergil had access to many monuments now entirely lost.

In following the faith that was in the *Populus Romanus in re* Romulus having been the founder of Rome, let us visit the Forum.

Now 29.50 meters south of the Comitium, and 19.50 meters from the arch of Severus, is located one of the oldest monuments in the Forum Romanum, known as the Lapis Niger. This black pavement, composed of large slabs of shining black marble, marked the spot as unlucky, since it was the site of the tomb of Romulus and Remus. Underneath this pavement is a group of ancient structures that rest upon a pavement of broken tufa, *circa* seven feet below the Lapis Niger. These structures are triangular in form, ornamented with a wide Etruscan frieze. They face north. These structures (basements) Signor Boni believes to be the same that supported the marble lions which, Varro says, were erected on the tomb of Romulus. Behind the western basement stands, *in situ*, part of a cone, also of yellow tufa, 223 millimeters in diameter, and 480 millimeters in height. Behind this cone is a tufa cippus in the shape of a truncated rectangular pyramid, 610 millimeters high, having cut angles. The four faces and one angle bear an inscription in archaic Greek letters, in vertical boustrophedon style. Only a few words have

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been made out, and their interpretation is still involved in much doubt.

The date of this strange monument is a matter of extensive discussion, but the majority of critics assign it to the Rome of the Kings. Professor Savignioni contends that the monument belongs to the sixth century B. C. Professor Artoli supports this view. They founded their argument upon two things: (1) The characters employed on the cippus: (2) The character of the objects found in the soil at the base of the monuments. Professor Planter contends for the beginning of the fifth century B. C. as the proper date, but the onus of proof seems against this later date. Professor Boni, at first, was prone to place its destruction during the fourth century, or at the time of the Gallic invasion, and thus make its cause of destruction accidental. But a close study compelled this scholar to modify his first views, finally giving the date of its destruction as the Civil War Period, or the first century B. C. The reason was the fact that the columns and cippus seem to have been deliberately broken in order to raise the general level of that part of the Forum. These monuments having been removed and broken up, the Lapis Niger was placed to mark the tomb or cenotaph. Several passages in literature, traceable to Varro, state that on the border between the Comitium and the Forum, near the Rostra, was the Lapis Niger and a lion or two marking the tomb of Romulus. The language would lead one to believe that these monuments were still visible during the middle of the first century B. C. However, it is probable that the existing Lapis Niger was laid by the Emperor Maxentius when he revived the cult of Romulus. If he laid it, one can take it for granted that he laid it on the original site of the tomb of Romulus, since it does not orientate with the monuments beneath. This late pavement probably replaced the original Lapis Niger, and the level of the Comitium having been raised, the original orientation could not be adhered to.

It is the consensus of opinion of archaeologists that Rome is much older than the Romans themselves suspected. Is it not possible that Romulus was not removed some four hundred years from Aeneas?

The '*regis Romani*' referred to here is Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, as handed down by legend. '*Legibus*' in this verse does not mean 'civil laws,' but *religious rites*. Did Numa leave any structure in the Forum that can give tangible evidence of his historical reality?

Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivae,
Sacra ferens? nosco crines incanaque menta
Regis Romani; primam qui legibus urbem
Fundabit, curibus parvis et paupere terra
Missus in imperium magnum.— *Aen.* VI: 808-812

The temple of Janus Geminus is said to have been built by Numa,

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and is described by Vergil, *Aen.* VII: 607-610. The original building was standing in the fifth century. There exists no known record of its restoration or rebuilding. The coins of Nero represent the temple as a small rectangular building with two side walls and double doors at each end. Literature is not exact enough to allow of undisputed identification of site, though the references are numerous. The structure was so small that it seems to have disappeared without leaving any traces of itself. Historically, the gates of this temple were closed 235 B. C., at the close of the First Punic War, again in 30 B. C., after the battle of Actium; and at intervals down to the fifth century A. D.

In *Aen.* VII: 153, we have Vergil's reference to the temple of Vesta. This temple was said to have been built by Numa, but outside the pomerium of the Palatine. It was the most sacred spot in Rome, although it was not a consecrated templum; it contained the sacred fire, the Palladium and sacra in general. This structure was burned in 390, 241 B. C., 64, 191 A. D., its final restoration being by Julia Domna, wife of Septimius Severus. The existing remains consist of a podium of four concrete strata and architectural fragments.

The Regia, the house of the Pontifex Maximus, was built by Numa, so says tradition. This building was also in the Forum, in close proximity to the temple of Vesta. It was burned and restored many times, of which disasters the years 210, 148, and 36 B. C., are noteworthy. The foundations have been built over so many times that the reconstruction of the original building is impossible. Vergil refers to this building *Aen.* VIII: 363.

In these references to buildings in Rome, Vergil was doing one of two things: Either stating historical facts from authentic sources, or following a line of tradition so well established as to be considered authentic history. Which *modus operandi* is Vergil following in this case?

(To be continued)



THE inner man is true, eternal, strong, pure, compassionate, just. The outer is too often weak, wavering, selfish. . . . Yet it is the instrument which the soul, the inner, seeks to perfect in compassion.

—Katherine Tingley

SOME NOTES ON THEOSOPHICAL MANUAL XVI

THE RISE AND FALL OF DOGMA: by Herbert Crooke

MAN is oftentimes a creature of fashions and fads. With more or less of intelligence he looks out on the world and lives his little life according to the impressions he gets. These are sometimes imposed upon him from without, and to the extent that he adopts some particular style, manner of speech and action, common in his locality, he becomes known to his fellows as one of themselves. Sometimes impressions come to him interiorly, as he communes with nature and listens to the promptings within, when he will develop thought and action of a more individual and unique character, often quite opposed to the thought and action of those who merely follow the prevailing ideas. Then he is a marked man, to be criticized, derided, and condemned as a faddist, an innovator, a danger to the state, unless he in turn can awake admiration or awe in the minds of his fellows. Such a man was Mohammed, who had traversed the desert in his lonely journeyings to and from the distant Syrian fairs. Fired with the urgency of what he conceived to be a call, he patiently and determinedly worked along his 'lone furrow' of thought until first one, then another and soon a few began to believe in him and his mission. The purpose of his life became impressed on them and so he won his kingship over many minds and hearts.

The man of fashion is never a king — he is merely a follower, an imitator, who looks to others for his models and cues, and copies them.

Dogma is something of a fashion. It is a garb, a veil, devised by the human mind in which to drape the truth. It is a form which is claimed to be unchangeable, in which alone the truth can be known. The one who rejects it as such and refuses to bow down to it, is anathema — let him be cast out of the world of fashionable men and women, for he is unfit for the society of his fellows! Thus the supporters of dogma have ever acted. Yet their dogma is but a form, animated for a time by the very truth it would hide. Like all forms it grows old and decays, and in time it passes away. Truth is changeless; dogma is a shifting thing that from its beginning, however vigorous, grows into old-age and unfitness. This Manual (No. 16) shows in a clear and convincing way, how this change comes about in popular religious beliefs. The title of the book, 'From Crypt to Pronaos,' indicates that at one time dogma was rightly wedded to its central truth. The form, however, in time comes to be mistaken for the truth itself. Its narrow limitations are thought to be the boundaries and thus believers in dogma have become slaves, hide-bound, and in no way free men willing to think for themselves.

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By way of illustration the author takes certain of the dogmas of the Christian churches and shows how the form of truth has usurped the place of truth, and how from being a symbol it has become accepted as the only manifestation of the truth.

Dogma is shown to have taken its rise in the crypt, or place of instruction, where a dramatic presentation of the teaching as to the path of the soul from the state of ignorance to that of perfection was set forth for those who were to be initiated, and was later brought out to the pronaos, or outer shrine where the public were instructed in the same truths by means of parables — “an earthly story with a heavenly meaning,” as someone has called the parable.

Our author says: “The movement of light and life is from the center outwards. The development of wisdom has been from the most holy place to the outer court.” Also: “The process of creation or manifestation is from the spiritual towards the material and then back again to the spiritual. This is the character which is stamped upon all things. Birth and youth, manhood and old age, are not accidental things in Nature.”

To the pertinent questions: Why a veil, Why a materialization, a darkness of growing ignorance, after the radiance of a divine light? the author suggests that the answer can be given; “when we understand why the shadows of evening lengthen, the sun gives less warmth in winter, and all things have their spring-time and winter.” The law of cycles needs to be studied, and the great law of Karma, Cause and Effect.

Dogma has too long reigned on earth; its tendency is to produce strife and sorrow, bondage and death. The Ancient Wisdom and the Ancient Teachers are once more among men, in whose awakening consciousness there dawns again the Light of a New Day.

DOGMA: by H. A. H.

THE following passage from a Theosophical book throws a great light on the relation of dogma to human life and thought:

Truth veiled has always been before the world, and each age, each race, has had its Teachers, who, from time to time, have lifted the veil that the hidden radiance might be revealed to those who had eyes to see and be a beacon light to guide the people. On such fragments of truth given forth again and again by these Teachers have been founded the great religions. Simple and pure at first, they gradually became debased from lack of understanding on the part of the disciples. The real doctrines became overlaid and hidden away by a mass of forms and ceremonies, the meaning of which was lost in time, while the informing spirit was bound down under formal creed and dogma.

The study of comparative Religions confirms the truth of these statements. All the great religions now extant are in a state of degrada-

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tion, overlaid with dogmas, ceremonies, and creeds; and the process of degradation has been the same in every instance. First came the doctrines of the Teachers. These were invariably simple and clear. As time elapsed, dogmas were formulated, and still later the dogmas almost wholly took the place of the original teachings.

All attempts at reform within an already existing religious system, are, in reality, an effort to get back to the original teachings; but such organized attempts invariably fall short of complete success. And the reason why the attempts fail are fairly evident. Take by way of illustration the great Reformation, in the sixteenth century. This was undoubtedly the expression of an earnest effort to get back to the original teachings of Jesus; and a great deal was accomplished in this direction, especially by making the Bible directly accessible to the masses of the people. But the whole effort was hindered, and finally fell short of success, owing to dogmatic influences. In the first place all the fundamental concepts of the ante-reformation theology were based upon dogmas, and not upon the simple teachings of Jesus. The Bible itself was beclouded by dogmatism. The earliest accessible manuscripts of the New Testament contained, at best, reports of the teachings of Jesus written long after his death; and written at a time when dogmatic teachings were already widespread. Moreover, all the translators were largely influenced by dogmatic concepts. Further, at the time of the Reformation the Bible labored under the effects of more than a thousand years of bitter controversy regarding the meaning of particular words, texts, or doctrines, embodied within its pages. Every important text marked a battle-ground of the schoolmen. By long use and custom the very words of the Bible had become so closely associated with dogmatic theology that it was a task of extreme difficulty to study the teachings of Jesus, as presented in the New Testament, and at the same time keep the mind free from the influence of dogmatism. It may be added that these influences are still operative; and to such an extent that none of the Protestant sects have so far succeeded in freeing themselves from dogmatism, or even from the fundamental pre-reformation theological concepts.

The last forty years have witnessed another and ever-increasing attempt to get back to the original teachings, and this attempt has been marked by a wide-spread and constantly growing study of comparative Religions. Most students of Theosophy have devoted a good deal of time and thought to study of this kind and our personal experiences will therefore enable many of us to understand with some clearness the harmful influence of dogmatism. Take the dreary uninforming books written by sectarian or so-called learned men *about* the various religions and contrast them with the books recording, more or less exactly,

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the actual teachings of the founders of these religions. Thus, contrast the reading of a book by a learned Orientalist, or a sectarian Hindû, *about* the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* with an actual reading of the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* itself. The one brings weariness unspeakable; the other is, as it were, a breath of life itself. Whence does the difference arise? Is it not that in the case of the so-called expert, or the sectarian writer, we are loaded up with mere opinions or dogmas; whilst in reading the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* itself we get the actual teachings?

In his Preface to the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, Mr. Judge writes:

The making of a commentary has not been essayed, because it is believed that the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* should stand on its own merits, each student being left to himself to see deeper as he advances.

Is it not a priceless boon to be able to study a great scripture with the mind still unbiased by mere opinion or dogma? What would we not give — each of us — if we could, even now, come to the study of the Bible, and especially of the New Testament, with the mind wholly free from the influence of dogmatism?

We shall do well to remind ourselves that dogma-making is not necessarily a thing of the past. It is the expression of an inherent tendency in the mind, and most of us fall into the evil habit from time to time. We often formulate our personal opinions to such an extent that we come to look upon them as truth itself; only to realize sooner or later — and it may be after bitter suffering — that we have thus shut ourselves off from the light and created a prison-house within our own minds. The Kingdom of Heaven is within us, and that inner Kingdom is not the lower mind. That being so, we must learn to look within; learn to hold our minds in a state receptive of the inner wisdom. Learn, above all, that this receptive state is impossible to us as long as our minds are filled with dogmas — no matter whether those dogmas be of our own creation or the work of other men.

FROM CRYPT TO PRONAOS: by W. S.

FROM Crypt to Pronaos,' or in other words from the Innermost to the Outermost, is the unerring course followed by the Great Law of Evolution, which ever works from the 'within' to the 'without,' from the Inner to the Outer, from the center to the circumference, whether it be in the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, or in man. In fact, the whole Universe may be said to be the embodiment or outward expression of the inner Idea, the materialization of a spiritual concept, the actualization, more or less perfect, of the Hidden Ideal.

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Man, the visible, as we now see and know him, is but the outward and phenomenal expression of Man, the Invisible, whom we do not see, and can only in a very limited degree be said to know: the invisible being the Real and Permanent; the visible, the unreal and transient; the inner, the cause; and the outer, the effect.

In a similar way, the Universe may be regarded as the outer expression or effect of the inner reality or Cause. This inner reality is the divine hidden center of unmanifest Being, whence evolves the material Universe of manifest being, the natural and orderly result of this divine method of creation, the manifestation, that is to say, of the hidden in the visible, of the unseen in the seen, thereby becoming palpable to our physical sense-nature.

As Man is said to be, and truly so, a microcosm of the macrocosm, that is to say a Universe in miniature, so the same or a similar process is forever operating, from the Crypt or hidden spiritual source to the Pronaos or visible material culmination.

In a similar way, thoughts, ideals, concepts, originating in the inner or spiritual realm of our being, proceed, in compliance with the law that "all thought seeks for outward expression," from the inner to the outer plane of our being, where they eventually become materialized by seeking form in action. But however pure and lofty a thought may be at its source, on its way to the external plane it becomes more or less affected by the various imperfections of the channels through which it passes on its way to outward expression.

Spirit, in its true essential nature, is wise, pure, and perfect; but in the process of manifestation through matter, its nature and powers become cramped, dwarfed, and limited, and that which does actually become manifest is frequently but a poor, finite, and imperfect expression of its perfect original, just as the artist's picture or the sculptor's statue generally falls very far short of the ideal concept which he had created in thought and endeavored to reproduce on the canvas or in statuary as a beautiful work of art.

Now let us consider how this Evolutionary process of growth or manifestation from the Inner to the Outer may be applied to the 'Rise and Fall of Dogma.' A dogma in its simple and original sense meant a teaching. In its origin, at its start, a teaching, as a thought, may be and probably is spiritually true, and provided that the channels through which it finds access to the outer world be fit and pure, it may become manifest or find expression as a pure, wise, and perfectly true doctrine; the word 'perfectly' being here understood, of course, in a purely relative and not an absolute sense, as it would need an absolutely perfect mind to comprehend and give expression to an absolutely perfect truth. But

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as soon as the channel of communication becomes less fitted to receive truth in so pure and perfect a form, we get, as a result, a tarnished, warped, and more or less imperfect and distorted expression, which far from helping to unfold, develop, and illuminate, tends to cramp and darken the mental horizon: and that which was originally intended to free and liberate, has quite an opposite tendency, *viz.* to fetter and to enslave the intellect of man. The teaching, doctrine, or dogma, henceforth becomes an obstacle to human progress and unfoldment, notwithstanding the fact that this materializing process may be entirely unrecognised by the believer, who remains for a time unaware of having mistaken a mere symbol for the very truth itself.

But when, as in a Christly soul, the Divine Spirit *has* found a proper vehicle, in which to manifest and give expression to a truly divine teaching, that one becomes inspired with a true conception of the teaching he is to give forth for the benefit of humanity, and is able to present it, even if not altogether original, in as pure and perfect a form as when originally given out and freed from all the falsity and superstition that have been allowed to gradually accumulate around it to stifle and suppress the very life and spirit of the teaching, transforming it into a mere 'dead letter,' lacking spirit and lacking life.

As soon as those minds that are ready come into contact with divine truth, they quickly and readily respond to that divine inner prompting which intuitively informs them that they are true, and they find therein the True Bread of Life instead of the dry dead husks hitherto offered them by their so-called spiritual teachers. Henceforth dogmas are readily thrown aside as being no longer of any use by those who are able to accept the true spirit of the teaching, to extract, as it were, the vital kernel and cast away the useless shell. As long as the followers of the Christ of Nazareth possessed the divine key to the 'Mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven,' just so long they remained free from the slavery and tyranny of dogma. But when by foolishly, selfishly, and unwisely substituting the gospel of Force for the gospel of Love, they began to lose sight of and to forget the true esoteric teaching, then they tried to feed the people with the 'dead letter' of Scripture in absence of the 'Living Spirit' of true religious teaching. Hence the rapid decline of true spirituality and soul-religion and the advance of skepticism, materialism, and animalism, which eventually became so rampant in the world. But now, we are thankful to say, the dawn of a new and brighter day is near at hand, and materialism, with all its evil brood, is decidedly on the wane, giving place to a purer and more enlightened presentation of Religion, in the form and spirit of Theosophy, whose divine teachings cannot truly be said to be of the nature of 'dogma,' seeing that they

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lay *no* claim to 'infallibility' or to a belief in that 'infallibility' being essential to 'salvation.' The truths which Jesus taught were not 'dogmas,' but the true gospel of Love and Brotherhood, which Theosophy is now endeavoring to reinstate in the world. "A new commandment," said he, "I give unto you, that ye *love* one another," and *this* divine teaching, above all others, is the one which true Theosophy most earnestly and most enthusiastically reaffirms and supports.

FROM CRYPT TO PRONAOS: by F. K.

DOGMA originally meant merely 'opinion.' Like most words it has suffered degradation and narrowing. It now means an 'imperious or arrogant declaration of opinion.'

In religion, science, and philosophy alike, doctrine has become dogma, sufficient evidence of the tendency to inertia of the human mind. After all, what is the nearest approach to the divine in Nature but motion, giving the idea leading up to the idea of God as absolute motion? In man again it is intelligence, a living, ever-moving power, as opposed to the static inertia of the classifying faculty. Surely a great part of modern scientific theory is purely classificatory, and therefore dogmatic. When once we have broken the mold of our own mind, we need to be ever on the alert to prevent new molds forming. God is life, form is only transitory at best. Perhaps this is partly what the Leader meant when she gave us the watchword: 'Eternal vigilance.' The mind seeks to understand, to know, what is knowledge. There are the mind that seeks to know, the thing known, and the complicated apparatus of knowledge, senses and sense organs. All these are continually changing, never precisely alike for two seconds together. There is, therefore, no certain knowledge to be gained here. Again, no two minds are exactly alike. What room, therefore, can there be for static dogma? All is a constant flux. The most unchanging object in nature is a river, ever flowing, always the same in that. Other things only appear to remain unaltered: they decay and disappear in the course of time.

Take an intellectual position that seems perfectly clear to yourself, and try to explain it to someone else, and think over the result carefully. It will serve to illustrate the infinite variety in Nature, resting as it does on the One. Is there such a thing as real knowledge, then, and is it attainable by man? Theosophy answers in the affirmative in each case. Theosophy itself is real knowledge, divine Wisdom, and it can be obtained by humility, patience, and faith, — faith above all, since, if we do not believe in the One, how can we ever begin to attain

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real knowledge? There are times when one is out in the open, when a sudden hush seems to fall on all around. Then it is that the soul rushes out to a something wonderful that is going to happen. Surely this feeling that comes to us is a symbol of that state of the mind when all within is calm and peaceful; and after long waiting the gates of the West open silently and we see and know. The majority of people are unwilling to wait; they indulge in a mad rush for possessions, intellectual as well as physical, and do not perceive that their loved possessions are melting away in their hands like snow. They even try to 'possess' life itself, and when the physical body fades out, they fancy they are losing hold of life. It is not possession that Theosophy teaches us to aim for, but liberation, and when the restless mind becomes calm like a mirror, and the soul is able to see and hear, man becomes a focus of Eternal Life, and through him is liberated the Divine Force of Good, helping to purify humanity and nature alike. And thus man achieves his true destiny.



KARMA

KARMA . . . is the child of the terrestrial Ego, the fruit of the actions of the tree which is the objective personality visible to all, as much as the fruit of all the thoughts and even motives of the spiritual 'I'; but Karma is also the tender mother, who heals the wounds inflicted by her during the preceding life, before she will begin to torture this Ego by inflicting upon him new ones. It may be said that there is not a mental or physical suffering in the life of a mortal, which is not the fruit and consequence of some sin in this, or a preceding existence. On the other hand, since he does not preserve the slightest recollection of it in his actual life, and feels himself not deserving of such punishment, but believes sincerely he suffers for no guilt of his own, this alone is quite sufficient to entitle the human soul to the fullest consolation, rest, and bliss in his *post mortem* existence. . . .

H. P. BLAVATSKY, *Lucifer*, iii, p. 412.

STATEMENT OF FACTS RELATIVE TO THE NATURE AND PURPOSES OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY AND OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY


THE following Statement of Facts has been submitted for the information of one of the Local Exemption Boards of the City of San Diego, State of California, in connexion with claims for exemption filed by several resident students at the International Theosophical Headquarters, who, as Students of Divinity in the School of Antiquity, are preparing themselves to become ministers of the doctrines of Theosophy, and who have dedicated their lives to this work.

It should be stated that exemption is not claimed for all who have been or are being, educated in the Râja-Yoga College and the School of Antiquity; but that a large number of such students are already serving in the United States Army, some as officers and some as privates; and that in England, France, and Italy, practically all the young men of draft age, who are members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, are serving their respective countries, either in the Army or the Navy. This claim for exemption is made only by those who have dedicated their lives to the promulgation of the principles of Theosophy, and who, as students of Divinity in the School of Antiquity, are preparing themselves for such work. They claim exemption under the following provision of the "Selective Draft Act" passed by Congress on May 18, 1917: that

. . . students who at the time of the approval of this Act are preparing for the ministry in recognized theological or divinity schools . . . shall be exempt from the selective draft herein prescribed. . . .

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THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THEOSOPHY

N the year 1875, Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky founded in New York City the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood. At that time and during the following sixteen years, she most exhaustively announced and discussed through public speeches as well as voluminous writings, the nature and purposes of the organization which she had founded. But these could fairly be condensed into the following quotations from Madame Blavatsky, in which she enumerates the primary objects of the Theosophical Society, shortly after its foundation:

To keep alive in man his spiritual intuitions. . . . Finally, and chiefly to encourage and assist individual fellows in self-improvement, intellectual, moral and spiritual.

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In a celebrated letter addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Madame Blavatsky further said:

Theosophists know that the deeper one penetrates into the meaning of the dogmas and ceremonies of all religions, the greater becomes their apparent underlying similarity, until finally a perception of their fundamental unity is reached. *This common ground is no other than Theosophy* — the Secret Doctrine of the ages . . . *the living kernel of all religions*. . . .

Theosophists, therefore, are respecters of all religions, and for the religious ethics of Jesus they have profound admiration. It could not be otherwise, for these teachings which have come down to us are the same as those of Theosophy. . . .

In another article published in her magazine, she said:

It is perhaps necessary, first of all, to say that the assertion that 'Theosophy is not a Religion,' by no means excludes the fact that '*Theosophy is Religion*' itself. . . . Now Religion, *per se*, in its widest meaning is that which binds not only *all MEN*, but also *all BEINGS* and all things in the entire Universe into one grand whole. This is our theosophical definition of religion.

Thus Theosophy is not a Religion, we say, but RELIGION itself, the one bond of unity, which is so universal and all-embracing that no man, as no speck — from gods and mortals down to animals, the blade of grass and atom — can be outside of its light. Therefore, any organization or body of that name must necessarily be a UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

Madame Blavatsky died in 1891 and left as her Successor, William Quan Judge. Mr. Judge likewise delivered many public addresses and wrote many pamphlets, magazine articles, and several volumes on the subject of the nature and purposes of the organization over which he presided. For the present purpose the essence of his teaching can be fairly presented in a few condensed statements issuing from his lips and pen. The first quotation is the opening paragraph in Mr. Judge's work entitled *The Ocean of Theosophy*, a standard work on the subject and one universally accepted by Theosophists as reliable and of the utmost value in their studies.

Theosophy is that ocean of knowledge which spreads from shore to shore of the evolution of sentient beings; unfathomable in its deepest parts, it gives the greatest minds their fullest scope, yet, shallow enough at its shores, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child. It is wisdom about God for those who believe that he is all things and in all, and wisdom about nature for the man who accepts the statement found in the Christian Bible that God cannot be measured or discovered, and that darkness is around his pavilion. Although it contains by derivation the name God and thus may seem at first sight to embrace religion alone, it does not neglect science, for it is the science of sciences and therefore has been called the Wisdom Religion. For no science is complete which leaves out any department of nature, whether visible or invisible, and that religion which, depending solely on an assumed revelation, turns away from things and the laws which govern them is nothing but a delusion, a foe to progress, an obstacle in the way of man's advancement toward happiness. Embracing both the scientific and the religious, Theosophy is a scientific religion and a religious science.

The following words are quoted from the Official Report of Mr. Judge's address delivered at the World's Parliament of Religions, held under the auspices of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893:

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It [Theosophy] is at once religious and scientific, asserting that religion and science should never be separated. It puts forward sublime religious and ideal teachings, but at the same time shows that all of it can be demonstrated to reason. . . .

As the question now before your Board is whether Theosophy in general is of a religious nature, and whether the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is a religious organization, the fact is certainly pertinent that Mr. Judge's address, from which the above quotation is taken, was delivered by him as the head official of the American Theosophists, and as a recognized religious delegate speaking before an assemblage of delegates representing practically every religious sect and denomination in the world, and recognized by this assemblage as the mouthpiece of his fellow-religionists.

Mr. Judge died in 1896. Since then Katherine Tingley has been the Leader of the Theosophical Movement. She has expressed herself in hundreds of public addresses in regard to the essential nature of Theosophy. An epitome of her views in regard to its essentially religious nature may be fairly stated in the following quotations from her utterances: (*A Nosegay of Everlastings from Katherine Tingley's Garden of Helpful Thoughts*: Published by the Students of the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California, U. S. A., 1914. Pages 8, 10, 11.)

We believe in Deity, the Great Unknowable, All-Powerful, Compassionate, Eternal Source of Light and Life. We believe that we are a part of God's Great Family, and that in this great Universal Scheme of Life, all living things are included and not one is left out. . . . We believe also that man is divine; that he is a part of this Great Universal Life, and that as he lives in consonance with his Higher, Immortal Nature, close to those Ideals that have been handed down to us from the earliest history, close to those teachings that Christ presented to us, he is, in the truest sense, a Christian and a Theosophist.

We believe that we were born, not for a limited life of seventy-seven or one hundred years. Christ, the Great Initiate and the Great Theosophist, as we call him, we believe attained his spiritual perfectibility through many lives and in the experience of each life developed the god-like spirit within him, and in this sense was truly the 'Son of God.' . . .

We believe that the human body is the Temple of the living Soul, and that man must control and master with this body, that it may become pure and do its highest work as a body. Therefore, we abhor vice and everything that would destroy or interfere with the health of the body or the mind.

We hold that a man cannot be true and pure and forceful on lines of real usefulness to Humanity if the body is misused, if it is not held as a Temple of the Soul — of the Christos Spirit within.

Again, at practically every devotional meeting of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, the following invocation (written by Katherine Tingley) is chanted:

O My Divinity! thou dost blend with the earth and fashion for thyself temples of mighty power!

O My Divinity! thou livest in the heart-life of all things, and dost radiate a Golden Light that shineth forever and doth illumine even the darkest corners of the earth.

O My Divinity! blend thou with me that from the corruptible I may become Incorruptible; that from imperfection I may become Perfection; that from Darkness I may go forth in Light!

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THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY: ITS DIVINITY DEPARTMENT

It is true that one may become a member of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society without going further in the direction of endorsing or accepting the principles above set forth than merely an expression of his adherence to the principle of Universal Brotherhood; but it has been recognized by the three Leaders of the Theosophical Movement, that the Movement could not hope for success, unless in connexion with it there was a nucleus of individuals who had devoted themselves to its advancement and welfare much more completely and with a deeper spiritual quality. So for years there has been, in connexion with this Movement, a special Class in Theosophy. In an effort to develop this nucleus to greater proportions and to evolve them to a higher spiritual state, a department of the School of Antiquity was specially organized by Katherine Tingley, its purpose being to train students as ministers of the gospel or religion of Theosophy. This School was Chartered by the State of West Virginia, in 1897, and its charter expressly endows the corporation with the power of establishing and conducting schools for the spiritual education of its students.

In the same year the corner-stone of this school was laid at Point Loma in the presence of a large concourse of people consisting of delegates of numerous branches of the Theosophical Society from various parts of the world, and of many people from the City of San Diego who were not members of the Theosophical Society. At this ceremony, Katherine Tingley, the present Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and the President-Foundress of the School of Antiquity, made an address in her official capacity in which she announced the fact that the chief purpose of the School would be to afford spiritual education to "THE CHILDREN OF THE RACE." At this same ceremony, Col. E. T. Blackmer of San Diego, an eminent Mason, delivered an address, and speaking as a citizen of San Diego announced that the School of Antiquity, in addition to the material and moral and intellectual benefits which it would confer upon the city, would be of even greater value to the city by reason of the spiritual education which it would afford to people of this community and through them to the people of the world.

The School of Antiquity began active educational work at Point Loma in the year 1900, and from that time to the present date, it has conducted a Divinity or Theological Department. The system of religion taught could not be better stated in a limited space than to quote one

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of the first injunctions that its Divinity students are urged to memorize and to weave into their very natures:

Behold the Truth before you: a clean life, an open mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, an unveiled spiritual perception, a brotherliness for one's co-disciple, a readiness to give and receive advice and instruction, a loyal sense of duty to the Teacher, a willing obedience to the behests of TRUTH, once we have placed our confidence in, and believe that Teacher to be in possession of it; a courageous endurance of personal injustice, a brave declaration of principles, a valiant defence of those who are unjustly attacked, and a constant eye to the ideal of human progression and perfection which the Secret Science [Theosophy] depicts — these are the golden stairs, up the steps of which the learner may climb to the Temple of Divine Wisdom.

The young men subject to registry, who were on the 18th day of May, 1917, and who are still students of Divinity in this School, are the following: R. Miles McAlpin, Sidney H. Hamilton, Montague A. Machell, Ernest I. Seymour, Hubert A. Dunn, Iverson L. Harris, Jr., Maurice Boguslavsky, Rex W. Dunn, Charles M. Savage, Miguel Domínguez, Maximiliano Ferro, Hildor Barton, Vredenburg Minot, Robert Good, Geoffrey Shurlock. Some of these young men, as far back as ten years ago, consecrated their lives to the spreading of the Gospel of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood, and to service in the various departments of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society's activities, without expectation of monetary remuneration, this being the universal practice among all the officers, teachers, students, and workers connected with the Organization. The other students above named followed afterwards at various times.

It is true that Theosophy could not be said to be identical with Christianity, with Buddhism, with Judaism, with Mohammedanism, or with any other form of religion; nevertheless it is to those who accept it as a spiritual goal, the same as Christianity to a Christian, Buddhism to a Buddhist, or Judaism to a Jew, etc.; and the Divinity Department of the School of Antiquity bears the same relationship to the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, as a Presbyterian theological seminary bears to Presbyterianism, as a Roman Catholic theological seminary to Roman Catholicism, or as any theological school does to the religious denomination with which it is affiliated.

THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY A RECOGNIZED DIVINITY SCHOOL

On the question of the School of Antiquity being a *recognized* Divinity School, it might be pointed out that members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, a world-wide organization, have most certainly recognized it and given proof of such recognition by aiding their sons to matriculate in this school and even in many instances by adopting the location of the school as their own place of resi-

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dence. In short, there are students in this School of Divinity from many different countries, so that its student-body can be truly said to be international. No one is in a position to give trustworthy evidence as to the nature of this school except those who are acquainted with its character; and if such people have recognized it as being a School of Divinity, the question is answered.

But in an effort to put the matter before your Board in as complete a light as a short compass will permit, and to show that the whole question is already officially settled, as to whether the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is a religious organization, and whether the School of Antiquity is a Divinity School, and whether it is recognized, your attention is called to the fact that *it is actually so recognized by the United States Government*. As far back as 1906 in *Special Reports of the Bureau of the Census, Religious Bodies, Part II, Separate Denominations*, Issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor, on page 636 it is stated as expressing the views and purposes of the Theosophical Society that

In order to secure a full comprehension of what is meant by the Brotherhood of Humanity, it is deemed essential that there should be a study of the ancient and modern religions, philosophies, and sciences; also, an investigation of unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

And on the same page it is stated that a brief summary of Theosophical doctrine as accepted by most members is that

God is infinite and absolute, therefore not to be limited by thought, attribute, or description. Evolution is accepted, but is only half of a law — the other half being involution. Humanity is one great family; all souls are the same in essence, though they differ in degrees of development. Man is essentially a soul, a divine being. By purification and training of the body and mind, the latent divine powers will develop and become active.

Please note that our Government itself classifies the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society as a religious body. And as a rivet to clinch the contention of these young registrants that their claims are well-founded, the Government itself in this same volume, on page 640 declares that

The School of Antiquity was incorporated for the special purpose of establishing colleges, academies, etc., for the study of Rāja-Yoga. . . . The schools include in their curriculum the studies taught in primary and high schools, colleges, and universities, but place special emphasis upon the building and development of character and self-reliance as based upon the essential divinity of man.

CURRICULUM OF DIVINITY STUDENTS SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY

In addition to the principles which might be designated as strictly Theosophical, which Students of Divinity are attempting to evolve in their own natures, they also study, to a greater or less degree, the con-

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ventional courses followed in other theological seminaries; as, for instance, the Bible, other sacred books of world-religions, and comparative religion.

It ought to be added, however, in order to make the entire matter clearer to your Honorable Body, that the system of educating students for the Theosophical ministry, and the work which they do as ministers, while they correspond to the methods pursued in other schools, are by no means identical. Stated concisely, the doctrine is that one becomes a minister or teacher to the degree that he becomes impersonal — that is, becomes refined and purified and attains self-mastery, so that his lower or animal nature is under the domination of his higher or immortal nature, and he has thus become an exemplar of the spiritual teachings which he professes.

Now, as such a condition is not ordinarily reached at any given moment of time, but is a continuous process of growth or evolution, there is no precise time when one entirely ceases to be a student of Theosophy and becomes, to an unlimited extent, a minister or teacher of Theosophy. When a Student of Divinity in the School of Antiquity is considered by the Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, who is also the President of the School of Antiquity, to be sufficiently prepared on all lines — mentally, morally, and spiritually — he is inducted into his duties of teaching Theosophy and performing the offices of a Minister of Theosophy, in ways for which he is considered best fitted, and according to the rites and ceremonies employed by this organization.

But, as has been said before, the whole purpose of training these young men, is to fit them in their turn to train others, teach others, and act as spiritual guides and helpers to other individuals, groups, communities, congregations, lodges, or branches of individuals, who have not had the same opportunities for spiritual growth and development, as are enjoyed by the Students of Divinity in the School of Antiquity, through years of study, discipline, and service.

While we do not contend that we are following literally the system laid down by any of the great theologians with which the modern world is familiar, yet we are convinced that the system as outlined in the foregoing summary is in close parallel with that outlined by Emerson in an address delivered before the Senior Class in *Divinity College*, Cambridge, Sunday evening, July 15, 1838:

The office [of a teacher of Divinity, a Minister] is coeval with the world. But observe the condition, the spiritual limitation of the office. The spirit only can teach. Not any profane man, not any sensual, not any liar, not any slave can teach, but only he can give, *who has*: he only can create, *who is*. The man on whom the soul descends, through whom the

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soul speaks, alone can teach. Courage, piety, love, wisdom, can teach; and every man can open his door to these angels, and they shall bring him the gift of tongues. But the man who aims to speak as books enable, as synods use, as the fashion guides, and as interest commands, babbles.

In an effort to lay the whole matter with the utmost frankness before your honorable Board, it seems right to state that these Divinity Students devote a considerable portion of their time to work other than strictly theological studies. This, however, is easily explained when you realize that most of these students have no financial means to pay the expenses incident to their divinity studies, and so contribute in service to their own maintenance. Hence some of these Divinity Students have been assigned to one department, and others to other departments of the general work carried on at the Theosophical Headquarters. In addition to this, the principles inherent in Theosophy require a method of study, practice, and exercise, that is widely different from that pursued in conventional seminaries. For instance, their studies include, among many other things, music, dramatic art, languages, pedagogy, commercial training, agriculture, and training in all the varied industries connected with the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, this being considered essential to furnish a sound basis and a proper balance of all their faculties.

To illustrate more particularly, Madame Tingley says about music:

Music is often regarded as an amusement, a relaxation, and nothing more. At Point Loma it becomes a part of life itself, and one of those subtle forces of nature which, rightly applied, calls into activity the divine powers of the soul. . . . There is held to be an immense correspondence between music on the one hand and thought and aspiration on the other; and only that deserves the name of music to which the noblest and purest aspirations are responsive.

And with regard to the drama, she says:

All dramas which give us a true picture of the soul's experiences and a true interpretation of the Higher Law and of life's diviner aspects are mystery-dramas, whether written by Aeschylus, Shakespeare, or by some unknown dramatist past or to come. Life is the great Mystery, and in unveiling it, in the light of knowledge, the true drama has ever been, and will ever be, man's great instructor.

And so it is with the other studies enumerated.

It is also true that these young men devote the product of certain hours of their labor to the support of dependent minors and aged and infirm members. But this is explicable, not only as growing out of the general feeling of sympathy and humanity which prompts them, but because, according to Theosophical principles, the practice of altruism is considered the very first essential step in any progress towards spiritual evolution. In short, according to these principles, the Second Commandment enunciated by Jesus is followed with as much religious sincerity as

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that one designated by the same Master, "the first and great Commandment." Or, as we read in the Epistle of St. James, I, 26-27:

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

As far back as eighteen years ago, Madame Tingley and a number of the oldest and staunchest supporters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society took upon themselves the work of caring for certain homeless children, aged and infirm people, etc., both inside and outside the Organization; and these Students of Divinity have undertaken to continue, and are continuing this work, in varying degrees.

It should be noted further that these Students, in conjunction with the Ministers of Theosophy resident at the Theosophical Headquarters, together with the membership in general, conduct many religious rites and ceremonies, which in their opinion are not only of a beautiful and symbolic character, but most truly sacred. And the ministers of Theosophy perform funeral rites over their deceased comrades and marriage ceremonies as well. But in regard to these latter, as marriage involves the creation of a legal status by which property rights are affected, and relative to which moral questions could arise, and even criminal accusations be made, the Leader of the Theosophical Movement has considered it a wise policy, in order to forestall any possible question resulting from ignorant prejudice, to call in the aid of the conventional clergy — generally a member of our own Organization — to perform the marriage ceremony between members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. But it cannot be too positively stated that the Ministers of the religion of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood are fully aware of their perfect right under the laws of this state to perform the marriage ceremony.

THE RELIGIOUS AND SPIRITUAL ASPECT OF THE STUDENTS' LIFE AT POINT LOMA

The following is an extract from a letter written by Katherine Tingley, under date of February 9, 1914, to the Students at Point Loma, and since then read every morning at the opening of the school session: (under-scoring as per original):

Let us not forget that we are gathered together here at Lomaland, for the purpose of serving humanity, and bringing to it that knowledge that it needs; that this is not a commercial effort nor simply an ordinary educational effort; *but it is a spiritual effort in the highest sense.* . . .

As an indication of the impression which the religious or spiritual aspect of the Students' life at Point Loma has made upon visitors from various parts of the world, we subjoin a few short quotations from what they have said and written. The first extract is taken from an article

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entitled *The Spectator at the San Diego Fair*, published in *The Outlook*, April 21st, 1915:

The Spectator has seen many a Sunday-school play that was less effective and less religious. And this was a week-day celebration of the Theosophists! Once more, as in many other lands, those immortal words were borne in upon me: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Baron Kanda, speaking at a reception extended to the Honorary Japanese Commercial Commissioners by Madame Katherine Tingley and the Faculty, Students, and Residents at Point Loma, November 22, 1909, said:

We who are from Japan have Buddhism and Confucianism and Christianity, but we need something deeper and more unifying, and I hope in the future to see your institutions in Japan.

Ray Stannard Baker, writing in *The American Magazine*, January, 1907, said:

Theosophy originated with a very remarkable character — a Russian woman of high family and great attainments in scholarship — whose name was H. P. Blavatsky. She wrote in English a number of voluminous works. She made no claim to having originated a new philosophy; it was rather a gathering of wisdom from all religions, the statement of which she called Theosophy, 'The Science of the divine.'

At a reception to the California State Homeopathic Medical Society at Point Loma, May 18, 1916, Dr. G. H. Martin of Pasadena said:

You have demonstrated in your students the possibility of realizing that great ideal the Master taught when he instructed his disciples in the Sermon on the Mount, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." These are words which many of us have thought about and pondered over; and many of us have tried to juggle them about to mean something else; but you have demonstrated to us the possibility of perfection — not only of physical perfection, but of spiritual perfection as well. . . . Let me assure you that every one of the members of the California State Homeopathic Medical Society here will go forth today a firmer believer in the great possibilities of human life, as demonstrated here, and with a higher regard for the teachings of Theosophy, and a greater regard for the self-sacrificing lives that are being lived here.

We quote next the words of John Hubert Greusel, recognized as one of the leading interview writers in the United States. In an article published in *The Detroit Free Press*, he said:

"To every saint his candle," says the proverb, and Madame Tingley's followers rally round her as a leader chosen out of the world. As I met the woman, talked to her closely, studied her power, I became more and more unable to understand. She is a woman apart. She tells me that she has suffered for the cause of Theosophy. From Socrates to Christ, where yet has a truth-teller appeared who has not been stoned?

In a public address delivered at the Isis Theater, San Diego, December 14, 1902, Hon. D. C. Reed, Ex-Mayor of the City, said:

I and my entire family have lived at Point Loma, with the people there, for six weeks; I recognize their purity and the spiritual atmosphere in which I dwelt for so long.

Writing in *The San Francisco Chronicle*, January 6th, 1907, under the heading, 'A Study of Râja-Yoga at Point Loma,' Dr. Clarence E.

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Edwards, Chief, Publicity Bureau, California Promotion Committee, said:

It is a world apart. . . . It is so much out of the ordinary of this world of struggling humanity, searching for the wealth which they cannot use, that one marvels at it. Here there is no lure of gold nor thought of aught else than the benefiting of humanity through a mental and moral uplift. I read a book, once, called the *Demi-God*, where is told how careful selection for generations brought about a man God-like in his attributes. After spending two half-days at Point Loma, the thought is insistent that here lies such a possibility, could this educational idea be carried to its ultimate conclusions.

As Madame Nellie Melba left Point Loma, February 29th, 1916, she exclaimed:

Why did my heart not tell me to come here before? If I had only known of this! The only thing in my life that I can remember that has made a similar impression on me, was my first hearing of *Parsifal*. Then I felt as if my soul had been touched.

Henry Baxter, in *The Imperial Valley Press*, July 15, 1912, wrote (speaking about Point Loma):

Here you have what the world would be, if men really believed in human brotherhood, and in the spiritual nature of man and the universe.

To conclude: Governor George W. P. Hunt of Arizona, after visiting Point Loma, wrote, under date of September 27, 1917, referring to the Students of Divinity who are the subject of this paper:

. . . . These young men have been for some years students in the Divinity Department of the School of Antiquity, and at varying periods in the past, that is to say, as each of them attained majority or rather, years of full discretion, consecrated themselves to undertake, as ministers, the gospel of Universal Brotherhood and of the Divine perfectibility of man.

THE SCREEN OF TIME MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

International Brotherhood League Work The presentation of *The Aroma of Athens* by the Râja-Yoga players at Isis Theater, New Year's night, fully justified the anticipations of the military and naval men, for whom the play was a complimentary performance, and who stood in line at the box office until the last moment to get tickets. The house was crowded and many were turned away. The limited number of seats set aside to be sold was exceeded at an early hour.

The keen interest shown by the men of the service, who made up the bulk of the audience, showed that to many of them Homer and Plato, Aeschylus and Euripides, Thucydides and Alcaeus, as well as the great landmarks of Grecian history, on one of which hinges the action of the play, were not merely speaking acquaintances, but old familiar friends.

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

The play itself consisted of five dialogs, in form and content mainly Platonic, with here and there lines reminiscent of Thucydides, and with gems from the poets interwoven in the theme. These were separated by interludes accentuating music and the dance, the delights of child-life in Athenian days, and the spirit of classic verse as recited by young Greek youths and maidens. In the last interlude a player in the robe of a priest of Apollo sang the ancient 'Hymn to Apollo,' which was discovered at Delphi in the '90s and was presented publicly for the first time in America by Mme Tingley at her revival of Greek drama in English at Carnegie Lyceum, New York, in November, 1898. The music of this hymn dates, say our archaeologists, from the fourth century B. C., although the words are believed to be much older.

The ensemble of the play was a world in itself, a miniature cosmos, in fact, of beauty and truth in philosophy, of loveliness in color, contour and line, and of rich and striking contrasts. But two features call for special mention, the songs of the children — the ancient Greek 'Swallow Song' and 'Pan on His Oaten-Pipes,' with Pan's own pipe echoing in the distance — and the perfect rendering of the archaic dances by the young Greek maidens, who seemed literally to tread the air as they tripped and whirled through the mazy convolutions of a dance that was ancient when Athens itself was young. In spirit and technique this was fascinating; it was almost more Greek than Athens itself and carried the student of Periclean art into the very atmosphere of the old creative days. For these maidens, so perfectly did they reproduce the poses and the indescribable sweep and rhythm of the ancient Greek dance, as preserved to us in sculpture and on painted lecythus and amphora, seemed to have stepped literally out of the ancient days into the present. Particularly was this true of the cymbal dance.

Sunday Evening "With the loveliness of nature speaking to us in the
Meetings in the silence and in the beauty and calm of this hour,
Isis Theater and with the unity of feeling that exists, why cannot something greater and brighter come to the human race, just because we are gathered here together in the name of the Christos Spirit?" said Madame Katherine Tingley at Isis Theater (December 23) in her address on 'The Christos Message for the Present Hour.' Continuing the lecturer said:

"The Christos message, interpreted rightly and theosophically, gives to every individual in the world, not to a limited number only, the key to a quality of knowledge that will bring the soul to its own, that will inspire courage and steadfastness, because there will come to the mind a knowledge of the divine laws of life. And let us remember that these divine laws are greater than human laws; they are permanent; they are eternal. No political systems touch them, no limited religious conceptions can affect them;

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

they are more powerful and more far-reaching than we dream, for with them there is no change.

"And yet I cannot conceive how light can be turned on this subject at all so long as we continue to live in a certain quality of selfishness that today seems to mark us all, passed down to us, as it were, by those who preceded us, and cultivated in the social and religious systems in all nations until it has forced humanity upon a path of endeavor which has not the brightest aspect. And yet, if we could lift the veil and see beyond the present, there would be enough in the picture to bring us to our senses, to force us to challenge ourselves and begin to work for reconstruction.

"It is our mistake, and a very serious one, that all along the way, in our thinking and in our doing, we have failed to protest against evil, wrong and injustice. As a result, we are in a great measure responsible for much that is happening today; for life means responsibility, we are put here to assume it and to do our whole duty. With duty well done each hour and each day, all days are heaven.

"And yet the Christos Spirit is seeking expression, and did we but permit it, would blossom as the flowers do and would sing to us songs of honor and beauty and justice, of good fellowship and right action. It is greater than the intellect. Cold intellect never saved a soul, and never can. It has never brought nations to a permanent understanding with each other on lines of friendship; it has never created any union of genuine fellowship. Mere cold intellect! No, there must be something beyond and behind it, and when we find that something, then we can go forward in courage, no matter how confused our path may seem to be.

"Why not make this an hour of dedication to even grander purposes than ever before? Why not consecrate it to a broader view of life and a more profound love for humanity, that a grander conception of justice may take root and grow in our hearts for the benefit of all human-kind?"

The New Year and Man's Responsibility Madame Tingley spoke at the Isis Theater, December 30th, before a well-filled house on the subject of 'The New Year and Man's Responsibility.' "We well realize," she said in opening her address, "that we are at the close of one year and the beginning of the next, and that thoughtful minds, reflecting upon the year that is past, must realize that many have been the acts of omission on their part, and many the things done that should not have been done. And they must also realize that this is attributable in a large degree to the ignorance of the age in regard to spiritual things.

"There is no question that the great human family has the heart-touch in its aspirations and its efforts, but the means taken to satisfy its aspirations and direct its efforts are often so mistaken as to be pathetic. Humanity is confused because the lower psychology of the age rushes in upon the mind and overwhelms it. I can recall no time when such dire distress and such

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

extreme pressure have been forced in upon humanity, and necessarily there must be serious questioning among all classes as to the whys and wherefores, the meaning of the present agony and how long it will last.

"However, if we are to step into the next year with courage and understanding we must have some foundation upon which to rest. We must go through certain processes of preparation by which we may be enabled to discover ourselves, our real or immortal selves, that we may know our duty and live righteously, understandingly and lovingly for the benefit of all humankind.

"To direct your thoughts to your inner possibilities, your divine natures, and to tell you that you yourself hold the key to the situation, is the aim of Theosophy, and it is my aim tonight. For Theosophy is supremely optimistic. It gives man a larger view of himself and a larger conception of life; it leads man to feel the nearness of his own divinity, and to push out into a realm of thought that brings him to a higher state of consciousness."

Music was furnished by the Rāja-Yoga International Chorus, which by request rendered, among other selections, Gounod's *Ring Out, Wild Bells*.

The young ladies of the Rāja-Yoga Academy at Point Loma had entire charge of the program at Isis Theater on December 16th, the only exception being a short address by Mrs. Lucien B. Copeland on 'The Soul's Possibilities.' In the course of her interesting and logical presentation of the subject, she said:

"Do we not all know that each of us has at his call a something — shall we call it soul — that is always ready to tell us what to do, instantly, without any deliberation? But how infallibly true its dictates may be, I fear we do not always have the courage to find out. We simply forget, if they ever occurred to us, the wonderful analogies in nature, and so have never realized that the soul, too, would strengthen its powers if the few manifesting were only exercised. How can we reasonably expect a growing knowledge of the human riddle when the dictates of the soul are so readily and ruthlessly silenced by the voice of 'expediency,' and the still small voice that never fails to give its message is so seldom really listened to and almost never fully followed? What inconsistent creatures we are to complain of ignorance of the book of life when we stubbornly refuse to turn and read its pages! What kind of an athlete, let me ask, could anyone hope to become if he stopped exercising as soon as a muscle became a little tired, or the taking of breath became a conscious effort? . . . Surely humanity lost its way when it ceased to know its real self, and it is the hope and purpose of Theosophy to point out that way again and recall us to a knowledge of ourselves and our possibilities. Can we not, then, sum up the soul's possibilities in two words: Knowledge and Service — the knowledge that we are divine, and the steadfast purpose to act in full accord with that knowledge."

These meetings are becoming increasingly popular with the military and naval men now in the city, who were well represented in the audience.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Six Weddings Six marriages were celebrated on December 11th at
take place the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point
in Lomaland Loma, all of the parties, with one exception, being
connected with the School of Antiquity or its various
departments, the exception being Sergeant Julian Van Assche, stationed
at Fort Rosecrans.

The happy couples were as follows: Miss Inez Ljungström and Sergeant Julian Van Assche; Miss Emily Young and Mr. Hubert Dunn; Miss Hazel Mills and Mr. Thomas E. Pool; Miss Hazel Oettl and Mr. Vredenburg Minot; Miss Bertha Griswold and Mr. Ralph Leslie; Miss Helen Plummer and Mr. Iverson L. Harris, Jr.

Miss Ljungström is the daughter of Professor Oscar W. Ljungström of Stockholm, Sweden, and Sergeant Van Assche is on duty at Fort Rosecrans. Miss Emily Young is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Young, now of San Francisco but formerly of Vancouver, B. C., and has been a student in the Râja-Yoga Academy for several years; while Hubert Dunn, the eldest son of Professor W. A. Dunn, a director of the Isis Conservatory of Music, is one of the teachers in the Râja-Yoga School, a student of divinity in the School of Antiquity, preparing to become a minister of the teachings of Theosophy, having elected this as his life-work.

Miss Hazel Mills is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Mills of San Francisco, old members of the Theosophical Society, and a cousin of Ogden Mills of New York City. She has been for some years a teacher in the primary department of the Râja-Yoga School. Mr. Pool, recently of London, England, is a pioneer Theosophical worker and has been for some years past connected with the Aryan Theosophical Press of Point Loma.

Miss Oettl is also the daughter of old-time Theosophists, her father, the late Professor Julius Oettl, having been a well-known musician of Oakland, California. She entered the Râja-Yoga School in childhood.

Mr. Minot is of the well-known Boston family of that name and is a nephew of Dr. Gertrude van Pelt, one of the directors of the Râja-Yoga College. He entered the School of Antiquity some years ago from his junior year in Harvard University and is still a student. Both Mr. and Mrs. Minot were in the party of young folks who accompanied Mme Katherine Tingley to the International Peace Congress, convened by her at Visingsö, Sweden, in 1913, and to the Twentieth Peace Congress, held the same year at The Hague.

Miss Griswold has been a student at Point Loma since childhood, and Mr. Leslie, who has been an active Theosophical worker since the early days at the New York headquarters, has been at Point Loma for about sixteen years and is manager of the Aryan Theosophical Press.

Miss Helen Plummer is a daughter of the late Mr. F. G. Plummer, Chief Geographer, U. S. Forest Service, and Mr. I. L. Harris, Jr., is the son of Mr. I. L. Harris, formerly of Macon, Georgia, who has resided at Point Loma since 1899. Both of these young people have also been students at Point Loma since childhood. All are active workers for Theosophy.

DUALITY AND DIETETICS

**Some of the
Evils arising
from Alcohol**

The duality in human make-up, — 'half dust, half deity,' — is one of the fundamental facts that is usually overlooked in arguing questions concerning individual and public welfare. Without going deeply enough to stand upon the bedrock fact that a man is a potential god in an animal body, all attempts to analyse him and his interests must arrive at mere half-truths, which often confuse the inquirer, who has no true philosophic test by which to measure human values. For instance, the matter of food-conservation has revived the discussion of the effect of alcoholic beverages upon the body. Between the opposing views of those seeking to promote and those who would prohibit its use, the scientists, frankly ignoring all sentiment in studying reactions of the body to alcohol, arrive at data which both the advocates and the opponents can and do use as arguments.

In the light of man's dual nature, the final test of alcoholic beverages is reduced to their effect upon both the higher and the lower qualities of human make-up. Which are stimulated and which are inhibited by alcohol? Now there is no chance for argument, from this point of view. No one can deny that the higher impulses are deadened and the lower are aroused, because this is the well-known characteristic action. Nor need anyone be confused by the fact that many cases of brilliant mental work and heroic action are recorded as taking place while the person was under alcoholic influence. The fact remains that nothing ever was thought or said or done by the use of alcohol which could not have been as well or better done by the same person without this foreign influence.

Liquor does not put life into a man, or give him any *new power* to think or do or feel. At best, it can only act as an agent to arouse potential powers which his own will could call forth and moreover could use with more effect and to better advantage, and without depressing or injurious reaction. In short alcohol acts to disunite the higher and the lower nature in man's dual make-up, puts the god aside and calls the animal to the front. It disturbs the balance between the two, inclines the personal character to function upon its lower levels, so that the man is *less human*, instead of being *more* of a man, as he imagines he is while he feels his reserve energies surging *outward* in wasteful excess. Naturally all the body machinery is injured by this disordered use of it; whereas the physical endurance is actually increased when action is vitalized by a high motive: note how a delicate mother can outdo a robust stranger, in caring for her sick child. And whatever permits the finest and noblest expression of an individual, also invokes the finer forces of his mind and body, and adds to his reason, sanity and health. There is no confusion in the action of natural law upon the whole make-up of human nature, and whatever serves the best side of the man, is also best for his mind and body.

The glutton injures himself with wrong use of a needful good; the drunkard uses an evil in excess, and suffers in proportion, while the moderate drinker is also injured, in a degree submerging the real man within.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

March, 1918

is rich in articles dealing specifically with Theosophy, and others on kindred subjects, all being of the highest standard.

H. P. BLAVATSKY AND THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT: by R. Machell.

Her name is being increasingly revered as that of a great religious teacher; though in the beginning both her work and her message were very generally misunderstood, and even now are only partially recognized by the world at large.

The key to the mystery of her life is to be found in her own writings.

H. P. Blavatsky has been vindicated and Theosophy survives and the teachings have been preserved intact by the devotion of her successors, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, who took up the work when she laid it down.

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC: VIII: by Professor Daniel de Lange.

The writer's contention is that there is an inner power in music behind all technique, and that the basis of true musical education is an awakening to an appreciation and a love of music, and such education should therefore begin from within, rather than from without. Children should learn to love music through listening to it, through its appeal to their imagination, before studying its technique.

And later they must try to reproduce the feeling of their souls in works of their own; they must themselves produce music; they must compose, as we call it.

THE COMPLEX NATURE OF MAN: by Herbert Coryn, M.D., M.R.C.S.

When the Greek Oracle sounded down the centuries the great injunction: "Man, Know Thyself!" it implied that man did not know himself and that he would find it greatly worth his while to get that lacking knowledge.

To live is a fine art, like music; or may be.

The writer concludes with a quotation from Katherine Tingley:

"The science of life is Theosophy. Let us clear the way for the coming generations; let us, through the knowledge that can be gained of ourselves, cultivate that quality of understanding that shall purify human nature and evolve soulful beings."

STUDIES OF CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING: by Osvald Sirén, Ph. D. Chapter II: Form and Rhythm; Chapter III: Pictorial Modes of Expression and Photography. Beautifully illustrated: Says the writer:

In the employment of form the reproduction of objective phenomena is of secondary importance, the primary being the stimulation of impressions of inner reality. . .

The task of the artist is to make rhythm visible.

STUDIES IN VERGIL: by J. O. Kinnaman, A. M., Ph. D.

Part II: A study mainly of Book II of the *Aeneid*, dealing with the walls of Troy, towers, houses, and the palace of Priam, etc. Illustrated with maps. According to the writer,

through this whole Second Book, Vergil has in mind the destruction of some large city rather than the burning and sack of as small a fortress as that of Troy. If this be so, what description, may we ask, has he transferred? There can be only one possible answer. The greatest sack of a city that took place in Roman history was that of Rome's hated rival, Carthage.

If we study Vergil in this light, all so-called inconsistencies disappear, and all things take their proper perspective.

THREE ESSAYS: by Drych Ail Cibddar.

- (1) 'Of Moral Evil and of Good'
- (2) 'Pride and Scorn'
- (3) 'Criticism'

These short essays by one of the most noted of living Welsh writers are another distinguishing feature of the current issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH. Although prosaic enough in their titles, their treatment is far from commonplace; in fact, of such a nature as to provoke serious thoughts in the mind of the reader along perhaps unaccustomed lines. One cannot do justice to them by quoting: they should be read.

THE MESSAGE OF THE FLOWERS: by Percy Leonard.

Considered in the cold, dry light of Science, the glowing petals of the flowers are simply advertising signs to notify the bees that nectar will be bargained in exchange for their assistance in conveying pollen to the stamens and ensuring the production of the seed. Under this view a plant is nothing but a business undertaking in which labor and material are expended in the hope of obtaining an adequate return for the investment.

This, however, is not the writer's view of 'The Message of the Flowers.'

THE PILGRIM: by Geoffrey Shurlock. A simply told story of Japan. The writer is a graduate of the Râja-Yoga College, and one of the younger contributors to THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH.

RURAL ANTIQUITIES: by R. Machell (*illustrated*) is concluded in this issue; and there is the usual interesting account, under the heading, THE SCREEN OF TIME, of Theosophical activities throughout the world.

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Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others
Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley
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The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either at 'large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

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An illustrated monthly

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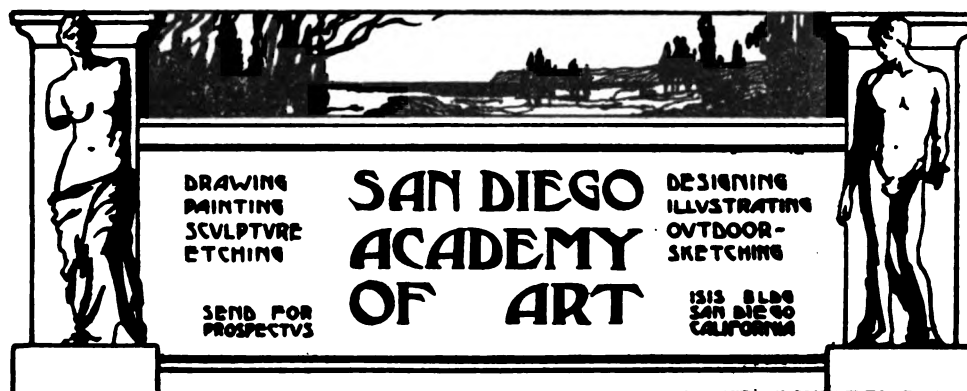
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THE NEW WAY, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Râja-Yoga Meteorological Station, Point Loma, California
Summary for December, 1917

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	63.71	Number hours, actual sunshine	239.50
Mean Lowest	50.23	Number hours possible	310.00
Mean	56.97	Percentage of possible	77.00
Highest	76.00	Average number hours per day	7.73
Lowest	46.00		
Greatest daily range	22.00		
PRECIPITATION		WIND	
Inches	0.12	Movement in miles	3365.00
Total from July 1, 1917	0.64	Average hourly velocity	4.52
		Maximum velocity	15.00



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The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



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VOL. XIV NO. 3

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

MARCH 1918

SINGLE COPY (Domestic) 30c. (Foreign) 35c. or 1s. 6d. SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00; Canadian postage \$0.35; Foreign \$0.50

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian
Monthly



Nonpolitical
Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

Edited by Katherine Tingley

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

OUR immortal and reincarnating principle in conjunction with the Mânasic recollectives of the preceding lives is called Sutrâtman, which means literally the Thread-Soul: because like the pearls on a thread so is the long series of human lives strung together on that one thread. Manas must become *taijasi*, radiant, before it can hang on the Sutrâtman as a pearl on its thread, and so have full and absolute perception of itself in the Eternity. As said before, too close association with the terrestrial mind of the human soul causes this radiance to be entirely lost.

—H. P. Blavatsky, *Lucifer*, iii, 407; Jan. 15, 1889.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

Published by the New Century Corporation, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter, July 25, 1911, at the Postoffice at Point Loma, California

Under the act of March 3, 1879

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COMMUNICATIONS

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to 'KATHERINE TINGLEY, Editor THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, Point Loma, California.'

To the BUSINESS MANAGEMENT, including subscriptions, should be addressed to the 'NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, California.'

MANUSCRIPTS

The Editor cannot undertake to return manuscripts; none will be considered unless accompanied by the author's name and marked with the number of words. The Editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

SUBSCRIPTION

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, THREE DOLLARS payable in advance, single copy, THIRTY CENTS. Foreign Postage, FIFTY CENTS, Canadian, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

REMITTANCES

All remittances to the New Century Corporation must be made payable to

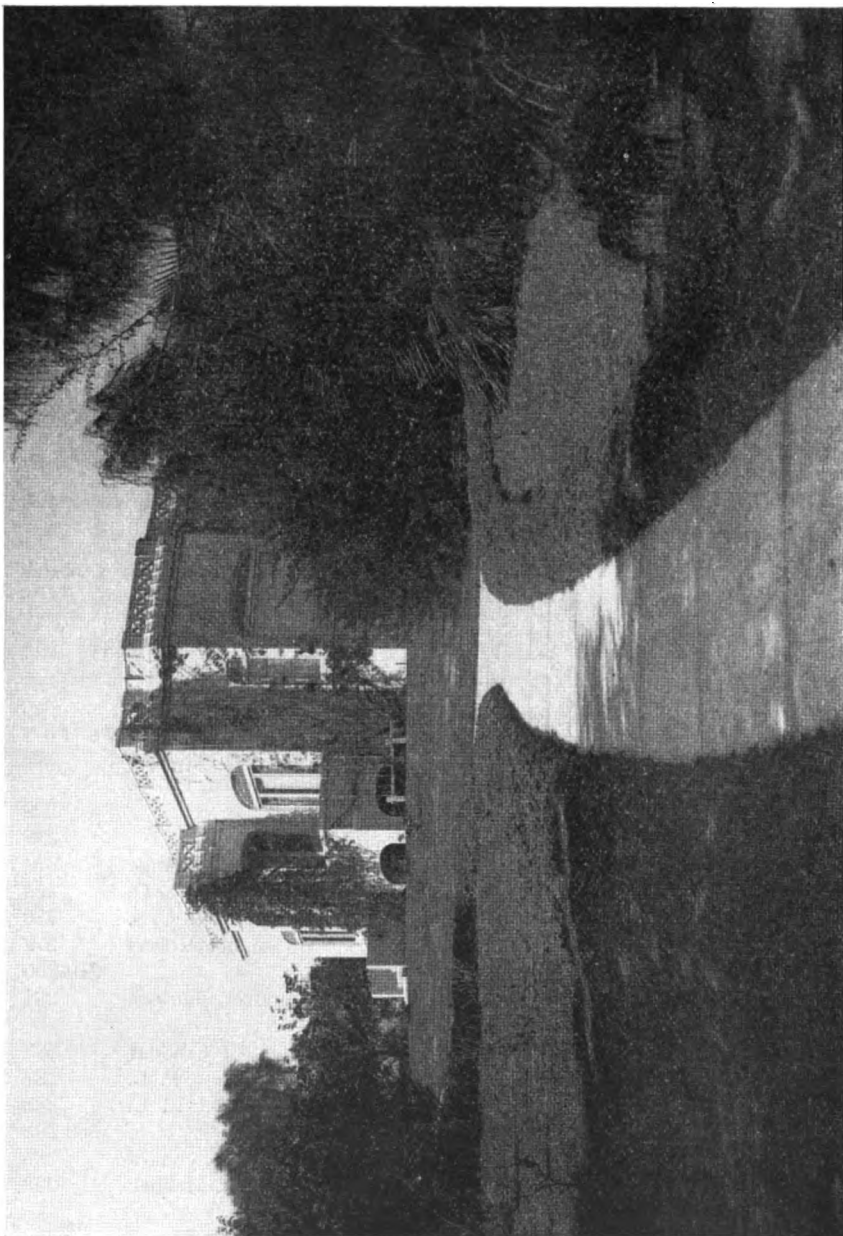
CLARK THURSTON, *Manager*
Point Loma, California

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'HOLLAND CREST', RESIDENCE OF PROFESSOR DANIEL DE LANGE,
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIV NO. 3

MARCH 1918

There is a twofold death: the one, indeed, universally known in which the body is liberated from the Soul; but the other, peculiar to philosophers, in which the Soul is liberated from the body.—*William Quan Judge*

H. P. BLAVATSKY AND THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT: by R. Machell



ALL true students of Theosophy are glad of an opportunity to pay tribute to the founder of the modern Theosophical movement, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, whose name is being increasingly revered as that of a great religious teacher; though in the beginning both her work and her message were very generally misunderstood, and even now are only partially recognised by the world at large.

When Madame Blavatsky wrote her first great book, *Isis Unveiled*, the world was almost entirely given over to materialism. The religious bodies were multiplying and the religious spirit was departing from them, if it had not from some already disappeared. Popular science was colored by a weak solution of Darwinism, and pessimism was the order of the day. All these things have marked the fall of historic civilizations in past ages. The multiplication of religious sects, which some people suppose to be an indication of spiritual activity, is in reality due to the loss of that binding and unifying principle. When spirituality disappears disintegration commences. Just as one may notice that the departure of a soul from its body is immediately followed by an enormous activity of disintegrating forces, represented by countless living organisms, each group engaged in the pursuit of its own special object and uncontrolled by the life principle that ruled the body during the life of the man.

I speak of this multiplication of religious sects because it had a great deal to do with the position adopted by Madame Blavatsky when founding and directing the Theosophical Society.

There were many objectors at that time who protested against the introduction of a new religion when there were already too many sects warring with one another in the so-called civilized world.

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Madame Blavatsky again and again explained her position and made it clear that she had no intention of allowing the Theosophical Society to become sectarian. She protected it from those who sought to fasten a creed upon it and insisted that the root of all religions was the same Eternal Truth, that has for ages been referred to as Theosophy.

The name itself, which is very old, is compounded of the two Greek words *θεός* and *σοφία*, the first of which means Divinity, the Divine or God; and the second means wisdom.

All great religious Teachers have said that there is but one source from which all religions, philosophies, and sciences descend: Truth, which is eternal.

So Theosophy in the true sense is neither young nor old, but is eternal. Theosophy is eternal, but each time that the eternal truths are given a new utterance, they come to the world as something surprising. By some they are looked on with suspicion by reason of their supposed novelty; by others they are rejected because of their extreme antiquity; while a few receive them eagerly as self-evident truths, familiar as old friends, and welcome as fresh water in a desert land.

Protesting against the efforts of her enemies to misrepresent her movement as a new sect, Madame Blavatsky was forced to declare that Theosophy was not *a* religion but that it was Religion itself. This protest was twisted by malice or stupidity into a declaration that Theosophy was not religion but merely philosophy.

Against this malicious misrepresentation she fought and protested most energetically.

She declared that spirituality is the unifying principle in life, and that without it all is chaotic, life is disorganized, and discord runs riot in the world. She denounced the materialism of the age, and called the churches to account for their lack of true religion. She offered them the light of Theosophy as all great religious Teachers have done, and they refused the light, as priesthoods have done in past ages. The result was the increase of discord in the world, which even now is hastening towards the inevitable doom that awaits all civilizations that lose the light of Truth and adopt the dead husks of materialism as the foundation of their philosophy of life.

In the past the great nations of antiquity accomplished their greatest achievements under the influence of a high religious enthusiasm. When that dried up or was stifled by luxury and self-indulgence, nations broke out in extravagant display, and unbridled profligacy accompanied by vast ambition, that drove them to wars and mutual extermination. The religious sects generally were most active in the work of destruction.

But the true religious spirit is constructive; it is the fountain of

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all true civilization; it is the source of all true liberty, and the light of evolution. In it there is no place for fanaticism, bigotry, superstition, or intolerance. It is Universal. It is the divine Wisdom: the Sacred Science, the only bond of union between man and man. For Theosophy is the declaration of the divinity that is in man and in the Universe. In it is the secret bond of union which is the fountain of life, and the spring or rejuvenation, that the old mystics called Love: which to them was the same as Religion. But these words had meanings to them that might seem strange to men of our day: as, for instance, Love. What is more selfish than the love of the ordinary man? It is self-gratification duplicated and intensified into a passion. But love to the mystic is the principle of life, and light, and joy, as impersonal as the shining of the sun, and more beautiful.

So too the religion of the true devotee differs very widely from the cult of the sectarian, who makes his own personal salvation his prime object; whose worship is an attempt to conciliate an offended deity, and whose prayer is one long string of personal supplications.

The true religion inspires in the heart the desire to sacrifice self rather than to supplicate for self, to give love rather than to beg for benefits. It vitalizes the outer forms of worship, and makes them beautiful and beneficent, so that every act of daily life is done as a joyful sacrifice or love-offering to the supreme spirit of all the Universe. It does not urge a devotee to placate a particular deity, whose aid is to be invoked for the gratification of personal desires. It inspires a love that is all-embracing.

Such ideals, to some minds, may seem too far-fetched for practical use, perhaps. But that is merely because we have too long forgotten to look down into our own hearts for the light that can lighten our lives. For down in every man's heart there is such a fountain of universal love, and there are few people that have not been surprised occasionally at the generous impulses that have sprung up from this fountain in their hearts at unexpected moments and in most perplexing contradiction with the rules of life they profess to be guided by.

It is a fact that men and women are often better than they believe, just as they are generally worse than they would like to appear, for man is deceived by himself even while trying to deceive others.

Madame Blavatsky was also misunderstood because of her many-sided character, and because of her endeavor to give the message of Theosophy to all who would hear it. She came to gather into one fold a scattered flock, and she had to speak in many ways, and to make appeals of various kinds to reach the hearts of those who were ready to receive her message. And she was able to do this because of the development of many sides of her own nature. How can we account for this develop-

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ment if not by reincarnation? How can we account for the fact that many who heard her message accepted it at once, as if an old friend had come and recalled old memories of former lives, if reincarnation were not a fact in nature? Even that very doctrine of reincarnation, which came to some as a strange, improbable theory, was to others a self-evident truth as soon as heard. How was that if it was indeed a new idea?

If reincarnation were not a fact in nature the whole problem of life would be insoluble instead of being, as it is, simple and intelligible to a degree exactly proportioned to our particular state of evolution.

Madame Blavatsky was a mystery to friends and enemies, and yet I believe that the mystery of her life is as intelligible as that of any one else's existence, and the key to the mystery is to be found in her own writings. Profound as they are, there is a simplicity about her writing that will carry a reader through the most intricate mythology or philosophy to some sort of a comprehension. And in such a work as *The Key to Theosophy*, the direct and sound sense, that accompanies her extraordinary erudition, makes the various subjects treated intelligible to any person of average education who will give his or her mind to it. In conversation she had the natural charm that comes from a large mind and an uncompromisingly honest nature — and her writing is equally attractive.

Her simple honesty made many enemies who thought that her teachings would interfere with their vested interests.

The old religious ideas are tottering and it is quite natural that many will try to bolster up the falling churches by any means in their power. And for this reason one cannot be surprised to find some of those, who make their living under the shadow of some sect, ready to attack the teachers of True Religion wherever they are to be found.

Theosophists have learned to expect such attacks, which are always made against the Leader and Teacher rather than against the Society and the teachings. The most persistent attempts to discredit Madame Blavatsky were made by some who bore the title of ministers of religion, but none have succeeded in even partially blinding the world to the value of her message. Her works are alive and speak for her and they speak to an increasingly large audience, for the message of Theosophy is the message of salvation to a civilization that is in sore need of help, and there are many who can see the value of the teachings as soon as they are presented.

A new conception of religion is needed, and it can be found in Theosophy alone; because all religions come from Theosophy, Divine Wisdom. There is no other source possible. Madame Blavatsky brought to the western world the message that Theosophy was still accessible to man,

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that there were still in the world men who loved Humanity with the love of Great Souls whose lives are pledged to its service, and who work ceaselessly to preserve the Ancient Wisdom and to make its teachings known.

She brought to the West the old and almost forgotten doctrine of Reincarnation, which for centuries had been almost lost to Europeans and was in equal degree not known popularly in America. Today it is common knowledge. She taught her followers the law of Karma, the law of cause and effect on the higher planes, which has been in different ages degraded into fatalism, predestination, divine caprice, the will of God, chance, and so forth: and she showed that there is Justice in Life and Hope as well as Love and Joy. She showed the possibilities of man, his hidden greatness and his obvious weakness, and she revealed the complex nature of a human being in the septenary constitution of man. The teachings of Theosophy make clear the path of evolution and the dependence of humanity upon the living Universe of which he is a part, as well as the interdependence of man with man, and of nation with nation. They show that man must work out his own evolution in company with all other creatures and that each man must do his own growing.

Such teachings were naturally misunderstood by those who hoped to have their evolution accomplished for them miraculously by the power of a God who could be moved to pity by constant prayer, and such devotees denounced the bringer of Theosophy and besmirched her character with fabulous tales and slanders. But H. P. Blavatsky has been vindicated and Theosophy survives and the teachings have been preserved intact by the devotion of her successors who took up the work when she laid it down.

First William Q. Judge, whom Madame Blavatsky once called her only friend; and then Katherine Tingley. They too have become, each in turn, the object of similar attacks and slanders. But they have by their devotion set Theosophy before the world in the form in which it was given by Madame Blavatsky, and Katherine Tingley has demonstrated in her Râja-Yoga College and Academy that Theosophy is practical: that the soul of man is a fact and can redeem the life of the one who invokes its aid. She has shown that children can rule their lower nature by the higher, and can live harmoniously, and unselfishly, in the pure joy of life according to the precepts of the Divine Wisdom, Theosophy; making every act of life an act of devotion to the Supreme, and all life a great religious ceremony, consciously performed, without other ritual than that of punctual performance of all duties.

So the teaching of Madame Blavatsky has been made practical by Katherine Tingley, and Theosophy has been shown to be just what

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its name implies: Divine Wisdom, and just what Madame Blavatsky said it was, not merely *a* religion but Religion itself.

In this Religion there is no moment of the day or night that is not sacred, and there is no act that is not to be considered as an offering to the Supreme.

That this life is full of Joy is proof that it is based on Truth: though strangely enough our critics look askance at this free unaffected happiness as something foreign to religion and alien to the religious life. But those who look deeper than the surface know that right living is a joy beyond all measure, and the highest duty of religion.

Spirit manifests itself in matter. The soul incarnates. The Word becomes flesh.

Such sayings point to one clear fact: that Spirit is here in matter: that there is nothing dead, that the divine is everywhere though its manifestation may be disturbed and disordered by the passions of mankind. Still, this material world of ours is ensouled, and we men and women are souls in bodies, and the religious life rightly interpreted is simply the life that is lived in conscious recognition of that fact.


For if a man feels that he is a spiritual being he will necessarily endeavor to control his material instrument, his body, and make it obedient to his will. He will naturally live an unselfish life, knowing that he is not separate in spirit from his fellows. He will seek knowledge and self-development only for the service of the greater body of which he is a part. His unselfishness will be no sacrifice, in the ordinary sense; it will be the most natural and joyous action at all times to one who knows himself one with all that lives.

This is Râja-Yoga in one aspect, and Katherine Tingley has shown that it is true and wholesome, and can be practised by modern Europeans, Americans, and Asiatics in their own homes, as well as by ascetics in the desert, and a great deal better than by the members of some ostentatiously devotional orders, imprisoned in artificial and unnatural conditions.

A new-old religious ideal has been brought back to the world, and surely the world has need of it: not a new religion, but a new conception of religion — that is what Theosophy is: eternally new, and as old as Time; and yet not old nor new, but simply True. And what but a whole-hearted devotion to Truth could have inspired H. P. Blavatsky to sacrifice all in order to lead humanity back to the path of Truth?

STUDIES OF CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING: by
Osvald Sirén, Ph. D., Professor of the History of Art, University
of Stockholm

II — FORM AND RHYTHM

F one studies what is commonly called form, as presented in painting and sculpture, one must admit that form in itself never constitutes the true criterion of artistic significance. The cultivation of form has of course always been an unavoidable condition for art that is dependent on material expression, yet the life of a work of art, its soul (if we may employ a much-abused word), although it employs form, must not be regarded as a property inherent in form as such. It seems to us that form should be considered as a merely neutral vehicle the significance of which is dependent on some indwelling purpose or principle. Strictly speaking, in the employment of form the reproduction of objective phenomena is of secondary importance, the primary being the stimulation of impressions of inner reality. It is indeed a common experience that the practice of mere representation (reproduction of nature) kills this delicate element which lends expressional significance to form; this happens when artists are working to develop technical skill or to depict something which they have not seen with their 'inner eye,' their spiritual or emotional perception.

From a philosophical point of view, form simply means limitation in two or three dimensions. It is a material manifestation, composed by lines and planes which in itself carries no expression if not ensouled by some living principle. For instance, a reproduction of a square or a cube in a drawing without any definite intention or individual purpose other than to copy the original, will obviously have no particular significance beyond that which pertains to the original.

The life and expressional value of form in pictorial art depends upon the essential limitations of line and color. Color may be reduced to mere light and shade and as such is inseparable from form, just as line may be expressed pictorially either as the tracing of a point or as the division between two planes. Without definition there is no form, but the mode of definition need not necessarily be a line, it may be a succession of tones or colors. If for instance we think of a simple cube represented in a certain light which endows it with different values of tone, or drawn with the accentuation of certain lines producing an impression of direction or position or some other quality, then we shall see that the representation has gained a certain expressional value. The more freely the artist employs color and line, the more the form becomes translated

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into a living vehicle for definite ideas or intentions. This modification, emphasis, or simplification, presupposes a process of abstraction carried on in the consciousness of the craftsman which we call artistic creation.

On the other hand, it seems unavoidable that if a painter concentrates all his attention on reproducing as minutely and tangibly as possible the material form, without any subjective emphasis, his work may be 'natural' in a superficial way, but it will lack inner reality or life. It will not be a work of art which lives independently of the objects reproduced. Naturally, even such a work of art cannot be accomplished without some degree of abstraction, but the process of abstraction could hardly in this case be called an artistic function: it is rather a concession to traditional types or concepts of form.

The emphasis or expression achieved by the intentional arrangement of lines or colors (light and shade) may of course be of very different kinds, but generally speaking it does indicate a movement, whether an outer purely physical action or an inner emotional process. In the latter case the expression becomes of a more symbolical abstract nature, intended to suggest feelings and ideas; it is indeed more suggestive than descriptive. That is the case for instance in purely decorative or ornamental compositions in which motives from nature have been conventionalized in order to serve as foundation for certain artistic schemes or modes of expression. But in either case, whether physical or emotional, that which we speak of is an artistically controlled movement which may be called *rhythm*.

As a technical term, rhythm is more generally familiar in music. There it is produced by measure and audible tone; it is not visualized, yet it serves the same purpose as in pictorial art. Rhythm conveys to the listener the individual expression, the spiritual or emotional life which the executant draws from the composition. The more marked the rhythm is in a piece of music the more the composition impresses itself upon our consciousness.

Rhythm is essentially distinct from mere mechanical repetition. It indicates a rising or falling succession of certain units and reveals thereby direction or intention. Rhythm may be even or uneven. In the former case the units follow one another at similar intervals, in the latter case the intervals are unequal, and the units are grouped in some manner, but in both cases the rhythm implies expression or direction in the movement. It liberates, while controlling in an orderly fashion, the inherent power of a work.

Rhythm, as we have said, may give expression to different kinds of movements, either physical or emotional; the only condition is that

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the movements shall be subject to a deliberate succession in time or space. We may speak of rhythm in walking or dancing, in activity and repose, and we connect with this an idea of conscious (more or less artistic) control of the movement. How much more easily a work progresses when performed rhythmically! How much greater the enjoyment becomes when we ourselves take part in the creation of the rhythm, as for instance, in the performance of either music or dancing. Dancing is perhaps the most obvious example of rhythmic expression because it brings to the material plane the rhythm suggested by music. But dancing may also be an independent creative art when it appears as a spontaneous expression of intense religious, erotic, or exalted emotions. The movements then express certain forms of spiritual or emotional life, and the more they are controlled by rhythm the greater artistic significance have they.

Rhythm seems indeed most closely associated with our conception of organic life; the higher the form of life the more complex is the rhythm. Our very existence depends on rhythmic pulsation which never fails to register the variations of the movements going on in our physical or emotional organism. Generally we do not consciously control the rhythm of the pulse-beat in this organism, but we are able to tune the instrument so as to make it more or less responsive to impressions of different kinds, thereby increasing or diminishing its rhythmic activity. Our organism can be trained, our will can be strengthened, and the rhythm thereby, to a certain degree, regulated or eventually controlled so far as concerns those sense impressions which do not belong to the domain of the subconscious.

The task of the artist is to make rhythm visible, for only by this means can he convey to the spectator the impression of life manifest in movement either of interior or exterior kind. If he succeeds in revealing to others a certain rhythm he thereby establishes a connexion with the life that pulses in the veins of the spectator, which, as we have said, is in itself controlled by rhythm. He calls forth a response or reaction in the spiritual or physical organism which may be either harmonious or discordant just in so far as that instrument is tuned in accord with the individual rhythm expressed in the work. This is most obvious when the movement is purely emotional or spiritual; when we come to physical movement we readily perceive it without any tuning of the instrument because we are organically attuned to the rhythmic vibrations of the physical world. The reaction of the spectator to the artist's suggestion is of course even on this plane directed by subjective conditions, but the movement proceeds in accordance with objective laws.

Rhythmic expression is by no means dependent on natural objects;

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it is not enhanced in a picture by making the material form appear more tangible. It is to be found rather in the revelation of forces than in the display of forms, and is therefore not greatly affected by any attempts to accomplish the illusion of objective reality.

In the study of architecture we may readily see that rhythm is of decisive significance for the artistic result. It may be traced in systems of proportion, in the relation between closed and open spaces, in the strains of constructive members, in the correlation of weights and supports. The artistic value of an architectural composition cannot be independent of structural principles because these are in themselves the rhythmic organization of nature's forces. Rhythm is indeed the ordering principle and must necessarily be employed in a truly constructive art; it is the guiding principle in creation. Consequently ideal architecture is essentially an art of rhythmic proportion modified by practical consideration. Where imitation of nature is not involved the creation is more likely to be a work of pure rhythm. For this reason it is easier to establish laws of composition in architecture or in music than in sculpture or painting.

Classic sculpture was based principally on systems of proportion which had a more or less obviously rhythmic character. These creations are dominated by certain fundamental ideas of harmonious and expressive proportion which are supported by observation of nature but finally rest upon a definite conception of life in which rhythm and number have a decisive influence. The Pythagorean system for instance, which underlies the most important esthetic definitions of antiquity, is built upon theories of rhythmic proportions which can be numerically defined. When Greek sculpture finally passed into unreserved naturalism then the controlling ideal principle of proportion disappeared. Nevertheless even in this later art one may find rhythm, though not of a kind that is the result of law-bound proportions: the rhythm of this naturalistic art is actually that of the pulse-beat of life itself.

The art of painting certainly offers the greatest opportunities for rhythmic presentation. The painter has means at his disposal which are more subtle and flexible than those employed by the sculptor; he can more easily represent abstract motion and suggest fleeting emotional impressions. He is less hindered than the sculptor by the material requirements of his art.

We have already shown that painting relies mainly upon two different means of presenting or suggesting rhythm, namely, tone and line, but when we speak of these two means or methods of expression as separate it is merely for the sake of simplification and convenience, as they are seldom entirely independent of each other. In most cases they are

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indeed very intimately related, yet either the element of tone or that of line can be said to dominate. The terms must consequently be employed in a very broad sense.

The linear method of expression, as we understand it, is not limited to flat design defined by outlines; it applies equally well to any work in which the sense of outline predominates over that of tone and consequently it may well be employed to suggest solidity and plastic relief.* The contour is usually emphasized though not necessarily represented by a traced outline, the form and details being sharply defined and not lost in the play of light and shade. When painting approaches sculpture its method of expression becomes predominantly linear, but the same method is also naturally employed by an art approaching flat decorative design. In the one case as in the other the importance of outline is predominant: the object represented is clearly and easily visible, even if the effect of relief is not specially emphasized. Everything is deliberately planned and definitely expressed. This mode of expression is naturally produced by intellectual rather than emotional conceptions.

The opposite mode of expression, which chiefly depends upon tone, does not seek to express tangible reality by means of sharp definition of forms; its contours are lost, it presents objects as optical phenomena appearing in a certain atmosphere, a certain medium of light and shade. The picture does not correspond with the subject in such an objective fashion as in the former case. The painting presents phenomena under the transforming influence of light and color and thus attains an individual value which is often little dependent upon objective form. Color, of course, is not a matter of brilliant or varied pigments but is rather an interplay of tone values acting as a dissolving or blending element which may be suggested in monochrome as well as with the richest palette. The tonal mode of expression (which is purely pictorial) is not dependent on variegated, vivid, or intense colors; on the contrary, artists who have carried this mode of expression to the highest perfection have most nearly approached the use of pure monochrome. The greater their success in the poetical translation of reality and in the revelation of its inner significance the more complete is their emancipation from the bewildering variety of nature's color shop. The best examples of this are offered by the later works of Rembrandt and Velásquez, which are tuned in the color-key of golden-brown and silver-gray and by all

*By line we do not mean a line traced by a point but the effect of lines produced by the interaction of planes or the visible limitation of forms. 'Line' in this sense is tantamount to sharp definition of form.

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those Chinese and Japanese paintings which though executed merely in India ink display great richness and modulation of tone, an atmosphere that envelops and etherealizes everything. The artistic effect here produced by the simplest means vibrates with life, movement, and rhythm.

The specifically tonal or pictorial method of expression which deals with the lively interplay of light and shade can hardly exist apart from some element of movement. It aims indeed at the dissolution of form rather than at its consolidation. Therefore the 'tonal style' offers a real life-vehicle for rhythm, that suggestive element of inner or outer movement which is necessary in order that artistic form shall not appear dead. Even in the objective world the conception of rhythm is often connected with the vibration of light and the play of color, and when such elements are translated into a picture naturally, before all else rhythm must be visualized. Light seen through a certain tone of color and presented by artistic means, appears as atmosphere, and atmosphere usually serves as a medium for the translation of the artistic mood. This becomes obvious when atmosphere is condensed to what Leonardo calls *chiaroscuro*, that subdued illumination which stands "halfway between light and shade" and which better than full daylight suggests inner values. When objects are presented in a veiled effect of *chiaroscuro* it is no longer the material form or their objective appearance which is the essential, but bodiless beauty, the mystery of the soul vibrating like music in pictorial rhythm.

Such values, however, may also be suggested by means of the linear method. Line may also be made an instrument for emotion and imagination, nay, it seems almost as if art under the influence of strong emotion preferably employed the linear method, as in the Gothic. But it should be observed that the method then did not work with strong sculptural form but in a comparatively flat mode of design. The play of line on a neutral ground becomes the vehicle of artistic expression, and rhythm the sovereign means by which line achieved emotional significance. In the primitive art of different nations where the spiritual or emotional impulses are not weakened by long pursuit of the reproduction of objective phenomena, rhythmic line usually attains its greatest importance. Thus rhythmic line is here in the highest degree functional, and constitutes as it were the living nerve in the artist's creative imagination.



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BOTTICELLI: PORTRAIT OF GIULIANO DEI MEDICI



Lomaland Photo & Engraving DeM.

REMBRANDT: THE ARTIST'S OWN PORTRAIT



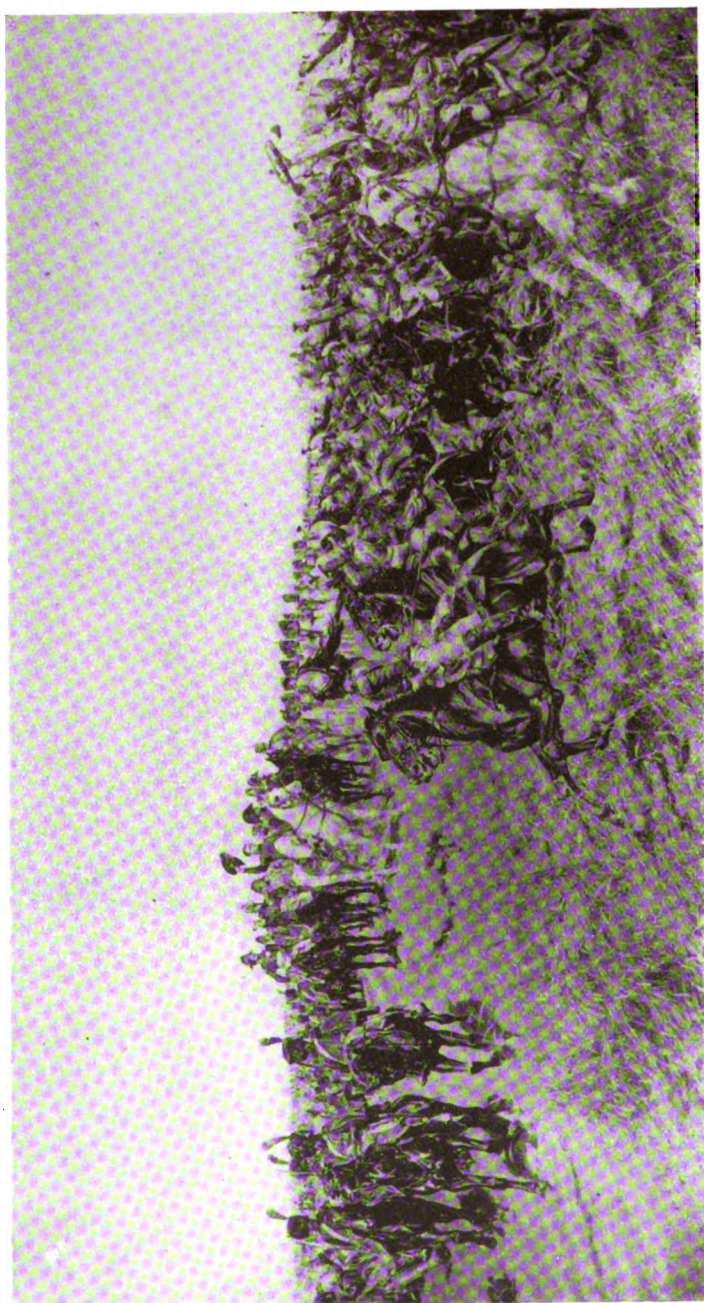
Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

A PHOTOGRAPH FROM NATURE
Showing horses with 'unnatural' movements



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

PHOTOGRAPH SIMILAR TO THE PRECEDING



Lomeland Photo & Engraving Co.

MEISSONIER: GALLOPING HORSES
Popular picture with 'natural' movements

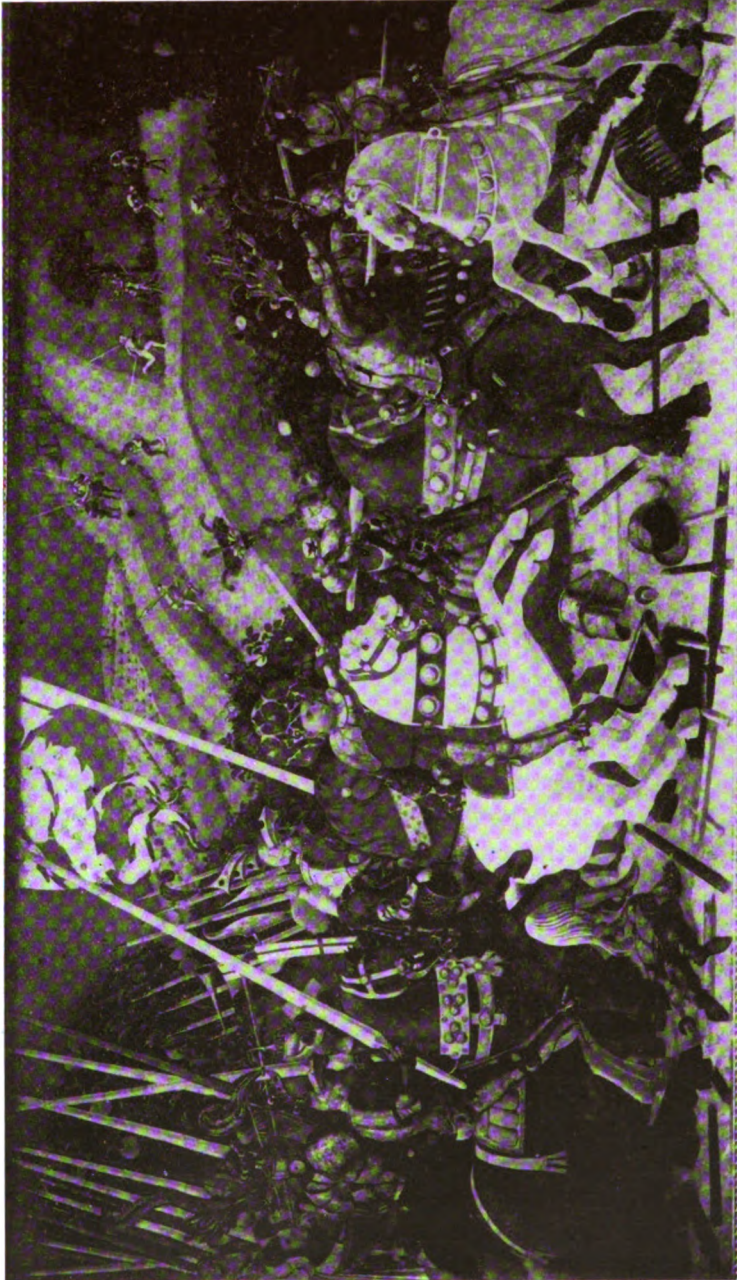
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III — PICTORIAL MODES OF EXPRESSION AND PHOTOGRAPHY

In the preceding chapters we have shortly discussed the relation of artistic representation to nature, and the basic elements of form and rhythm as pertaining to the artist's process of abstraction and creation. The general trend of thought which we have sketched may stand out more clearly by the light of some examples representing different schools of painting. It may be well to examine a little closer how objective nature is transformed in art and how far the life of nature determines and conditions the life and expression of a work of art.

To begin with portraiture we may first consider a photograph of the popular kind, taken in a relatively even light, reproducing well the features of the sitter and which is not particularly artistic in arrangement or composition. The picture offers perhaps a faithful record of the forms and details of the features or of the costume, within the mechanical limitations of the camera, but it has no individual life of its own. If it has any individual expressional value this will be due to the model rather than to the reproduction. In most cases the photograph might almost as well be a reproduction of an absolutely faithful cast taken from nature as of the model itself. Briefly, it is a crystallized instantaneous visual impression which has not been made more clear and emphatic by any artistic treatment of form and space and in which no intentional accentuation of either line or light has endowed the representation with individuality or revealed in it any rhythmic motion. Certainly there are many portraits painted in a similar manner, in which the direct and unqualified reproduction of the visual impression constitutes the chief aim of the painter; what is reproduced in such a painting is after all not the natural object itself but a popular conception of the same.

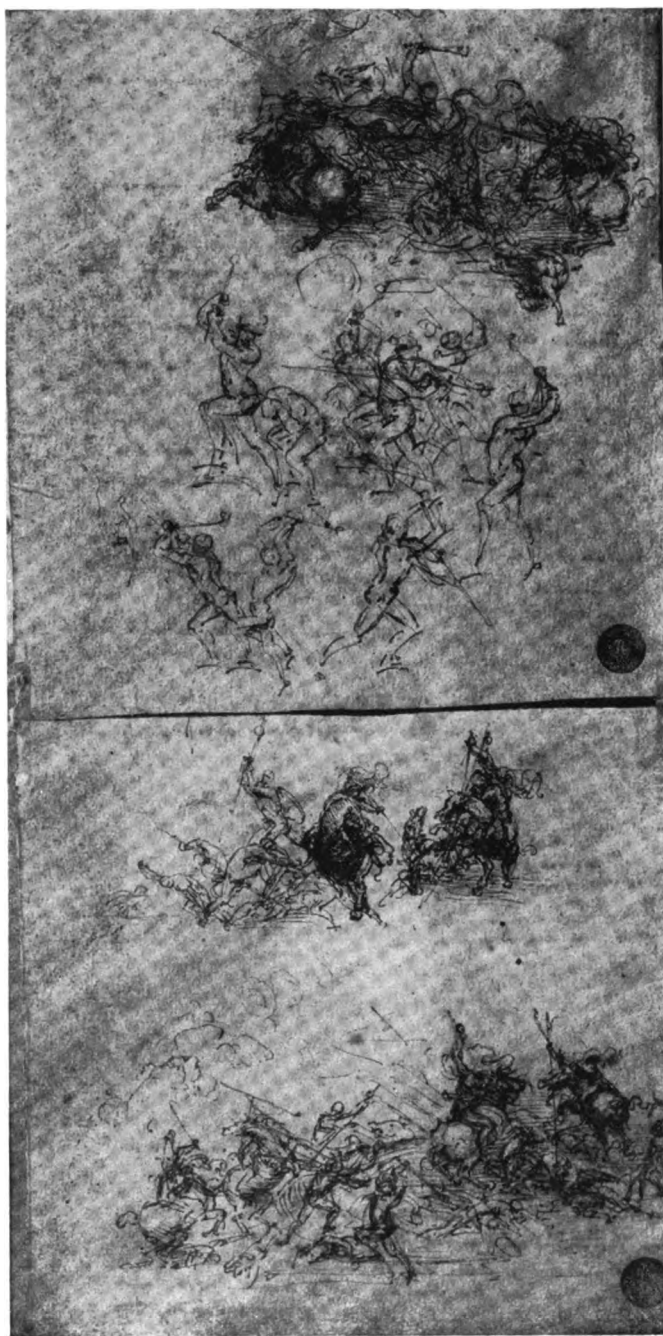
If we think of the same model or a similar one painted by one of the early Italian artists who mainly employed the linear method of expression, say for instance Pollajuolo or Botticelli, then we find that a living work of art has taken the place of a dead reproduction. In this case it will be no mere reflexion or cast, but an organic creation. The form is clear and unified; the image has an altogether new spatial significance. The artist has worked out leading lines; he has accentuated the defining contour, he has indicated mouth, eyes, and nose, by lines which do not follow all the small irregularities of nature, but which suggest in a synthetic way the essential character of the features. The planes between the lines are also much simplified; accidental inequalities of the surface are reduced so that the form asserts itself as a unity. It is a work in which each line and form has its place as an organic member



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PAOLO UCCELLI: BATTLE SCENE

Horses with rhythmically arranged movements



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

LEONARDO DA VINCI:
DRAWINGS FOR A BATTLE SCENE

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in a pictorial conception, which convinces the spectator by its unity and which charms him by its rhythmic expression of line. The line is in the highest degree functional; it reveals in an artistic synthesis the physical and emotional characteristics of the model, the elements of inner and outer life which were the inspiration of the painter. Similar peculiarities may be observed in many later portraits in which forms are synthesized and leading lines used pre-eminently for the expression of rhythm. This accentuation of line does not in any way diminish the plastic value of form, as for instance in Leonardo's portraits.

It may be interesting to observe how a master of color and light solves a similar problem. In his case it is not a question of forms defined by synthetic simplification of line and planes. The figure is enveloped in an atmosphere of subdued luminosity in which the contours are dissolved but in which the full bodily form is plainly perceived. The features are not defined by sharp lines but are modeled in varying tones that vibrate with subdued light. All the planes are broken up; the individual brush-marks are evident; and yet to the eye of the spectator they all blend to produce perfect unity. The artist has emphasized those parts which are of the greatest importance for creating the impression of a powerful and unified form. His conception of space has something of the power and beauty of the infinite. The picture is thus an evidence of the fact that clear and powerful conceptions of space are by no means dependent on the linear (or sculptural) method of expression. It is, however, in such a work, less a question of definition, of form, than of movement. This movement is reflected not only in the play of light and shade, but also in the actual handling of the paint. Here there is rhythm which almost suggests the pulse of life, or more correctly, the pulse-beat of a higher and greater life than that of objective nature.

The deep-seated differences existing between natural objects and our conceptions of them, and, on the other hand, between these two factors and the rhythmically controlled artistic representation, can be most easily understood if we consider figures in motion and their presentation in art. If we for instance observe a running hound or a galloping horse in nature we generally cannot distinguish the legs so clearly or distinctly as the body or head. These extremities are more like fleeting shadows or streaks than like anything corresponding with our ideas of the legs of hounds or horses. This is further illustrated by photographs taken with a longer exposure than that which would have been appropriate. Our sight normally gives us a confused picture of continuous motion which we are unable to analyse with eyes open, though we may do it to some extent by blinking rapidly, in imitation of the photographic camera, which with its rapid shutter can give us a picture of one part

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of a complex movement. The actual visual impression may therefore be confused and blurred by reason of this inability to analyse a rapid movement or by the limitation of objective conditions. Such a visual impression of course can not be directly transferred to the canvas: it does not correspond to our idea of how the thing ought to look and still less to those concepts of space and function which the artist must evoke if he would endow his work with power and unity. How very unsatisfying these instantaneous pictures from nature are, may be seen from photographs which represent animals in such sudden or strange movements that we have no images in our consciousness to correspond with them; they appear to us entirely unconvincing. We know of course that these rapid motions are directly drawn from nature, but they do not evoke in us that feeling of actual movement which the artistically synthesized image of the same would arouse. The photograph represents simply one of an infinite number of positions assumed by an object in motion; it lacks those qualities by which functional values are symbolized and which are necessary for the awakening of physical or emotional reactions in the spectator, and furthermore a photograph usually presents the objects without purposive spatial arrangement or unifying composition. Thus the photograph has no independent life of its own no matter how intense may have been the life and movement of the object itself. The photograph can only satisfy us and acquire a relatively artistic value in proportion as it is composed with reference to our mode of perception and conventional ideas of form and function.

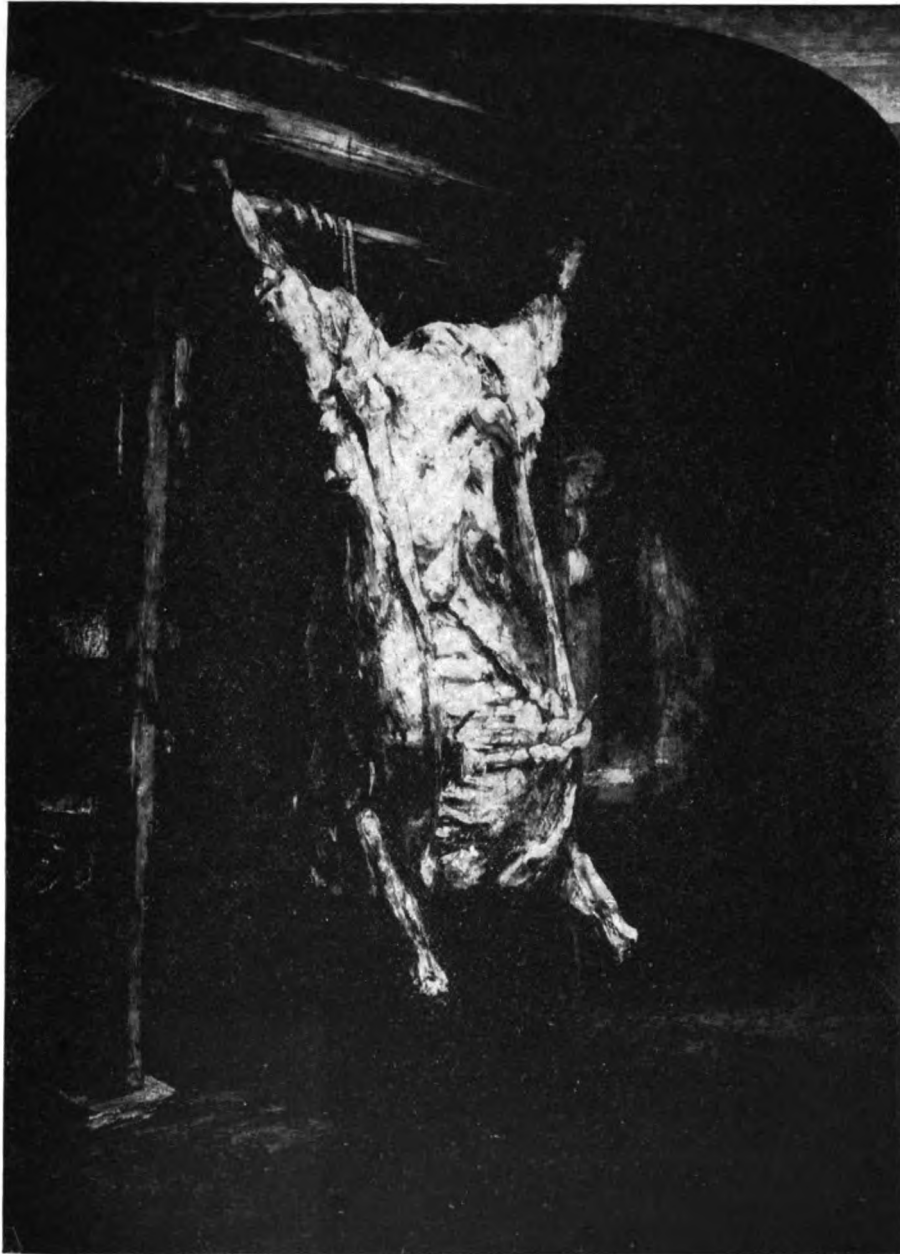
A photograph consequently is not always what is popularly called 'true to nature.' A picture of horses or hounds in rapid motion which the public would call 'true to nature' must before all else be explicit, and that can only be accomplished by presenting the movement in accordance with popular conceptions. The ideas of form and function peculiar to an ordinary mind must be clearly expressed. This we find exemplified in a large group of so-called realistic paintings in which the artist aimed at nothing more than an appearance of probability. His picture is not simply a faithful reproduction of nature, nor is it a work of art built up on strong and selected qualities of form and function; it is rather an illustration of the popular conception of form and movement. The painter who produces such pictures may have a wonderful command of all technical means, yet he is not a great master if his visual perception, which is not simply an action of the eyes but of soul and mind, does not carry him beyond that which is perceived by any ordinary observer.

In a really great work of art the process of abstraction is carried further; indeed, the greater the work the less dependent it is upon na-



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PAULUS POTTER: THE YOUNG BULL



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

REMBRANDT: INTERIOR OF A BUTCHER'S SHOP

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tural objects. Here it is no longer a question of visual impressions conceived according to popular ideas, but of a rhythmically accentuated synthesis of those elements of space and function which are inherent in the motive. The whole is molded to a unity in which every form and line is an organic member in the pictorial conception from which all accidental or disturbing elements are excluded. The life and expressional value of such a picture is not bound up in its likeness to nature, but depends upon the rhythmic interplay of line and form.

If, for instance, we examine Paolo Uccello's battle scenes with galloping horsemen, we find that the likeness to nature is not very marked. The figures as well as the landscape are treated with a remarkable simplification of all details, but the elimination is achieved with an unfailing eye for unity and clearness of design. Nothing appears to be falling out of the picture or to break through that uniting frontal plane which comprises the artist's field of vision. The fundamental features of the space-arrangement are indicated by long leading lines produced partly by the lances which indicate the successive planes of distance and partly by the design of the ground which is calculated to strengthen the effect of perspective construction. The whole composition appears indeed somewhat artificial, but this does not detract from its artistic significance which must be sought chiefly in the compelling force and synthetic clearness with which the qualities of form and space are expressed as well as in the ponderous and powerful rhythm that dominates the whole picture. The artist was certainly limited as to his means of expression (one can feel that he is still struggling with form), but he has seen the essential; his pictorial conception is monumental; he understands how to bring out the decisive elements of form and rhythm by means of what we have called the linear method, which relies upon significant line and sculptural form.

A further development of rhythmic expression is to be seen in Leonardo's drawings of fighting and galloping horsemen. The painting which he executed of this subject no longer exists, but we may take it for granted that it did not surpass the drawings with regard to rhythmic life. Drawings and sketches are generally better vehicles for the expression of rhythm, for they are not weighed down by any efforts at the elaboration of detail, but simply fix the visual impression or the essential characteristics of a fleeting concept. Leonardo has made drawings of galloping horsemen that actually vibrate with life. Horses and riders are dashed off with long flowing lines that synthesize the form and gather up the whole energy of the movement. An almost elemental power seems to carry these horses forward irresistibly, as the hurricane drives the foaming waves. The form is only suggested by contour and a few

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shading strokes; the weight of matter is annihilated by the rhythmic expression of function which is concentrated in a few synthetic lines. In the battle scenes where the riders are hurtling together with irresistible violence, the whirl of movement becomes cyclonic; the lines are interwoven so that the eye can hardly distinguish them, but we feel the seething rhythm of life.

There is hardly any Western artist who, with the use of line, has better succeeded in expressing intense movement or has more directly fixed on paper the pulse-beat of life. Leonardo's drawings cannot be considered as studies from nature in the ordinary sense, because the study was completed in his mind before he touched the paper. The drawings are flashes from the creative imagination of the artist, fleeting pictorial impressions caught in a few expressive strokes of the pen or red chalk. Only thus was it possible to achieve such a supremely synthetic rhythm.

Other artists, as for instance Rubens and Goya, have represented similar violent movement with pre-eminently coloristic or tonal methods of expression; tone and color play a much more important part in their works than in those of Leonardo. The hunting scenes of Rubens and the bull-fights of Goya pulsate with a rhythm not less intense than that which ensouls the drawings of Leonardo; these painters do not synthesize the forms by means of continuous lines, but translate them into terms of color or values of light and shade. Superficially the appearance may be more naturalistic, yet their artistic foundation is an abstraction.

Examples could be easily multiplied. There is no lack of pictures representing horses in movement; this subject has always excited the creative imagination of the artist, because it affords an opportunity to bring out the full potentiality of functional values. The means of expression may vary from the purely linear to the purely tonal, yet the dominating importance of rhythm remains essentially the same.

Our previous remarks suffice to show that the life of a work of art does not depend upon the life or peculiarities of the pictured object, and that it is in no way produced by an effort to represent faithfully and completely objective conditions. It is achieved only through mental conceptions of form, function, and similar ideas, and it rests upon an abstraction which must be visualized and translated in terms of rhythmic line or tone.

For instance, when a living and a dead object are presented in a picture, it may happen that the latter has more artistic life than the former. The one is perhaps merely a reproduction of the objective phenomenon, reliable as a descriptive illustration, but without life of

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its own; the other may, in spite of representing a dead object, be a living creation of rhythmic line or tone.

Paulus Potter painted a famous picture, representing a young bull beside a recumbent cow, with a couple of sheep and a herdsman, all as large as life. The picture is much admired on the ground of its likeness to nature and is regarded as one of the principal attractions of the Mauritshuis at The Hague. The young bull appears in all his burly vigor, every detail is correct, he looks almost like a colored cast, solid but not alive. He stands like a block on four legs, artistically meaningless in spite of all the evident merits of the picture as a descriptive imitation of nature.

Rembrandt has also painted cattle, for instance, dead oxen which hang displayed in a slaughter-house. But these dead oxen have artistic life. They gleam with reflected colors that gather up the subdued light of the gloomy cellar. The pictures are replete with glowing *chiaroscuro*, light and shadows are woven into a veil that envelops the forms, the dark corners are filled with unseen life; there is a suggestion of something more than the objects that can be distinguished in the faint light. Here we are not interested in the material aspect of things, not in their outward appearance, but in that which aroused the vision of the master and induced him to transform the material phenomena into a harmony of light and tone. The form is not thereby weakened, it is vitalized by being translated into tone and color. Everything that is touched by a master like Rembrandt undergoes such a translation. He never lays his hand to pen or brush without following and revealing the pulse of life which throbs in all things, everywhere, but which yet is only dimly and seldom perceived by us because our eyes have been fixed too long upon the mere material form.




TO affirm and will what ought to be is to create; to affirm and will what should not be is to destroy.

To suffer is to labor. A great misfortune properly endured is a progress accomplished. Those who suffer much live more truly than those who undergo no trials. —*Éliphas Lévi*

Show kindness to those under you, that you may receive kindness from Mezdâm. — *Desâtir*, i. 97

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC: by Daniel de Lange*

PART VIII

 HENEVER we listen to music we think that the impression made by it on our soul is produced by the outer vibrations of the air, while our ears transmit them to our soul. In our soul these vibrations awake sensations which produce as it were images.

Viewed from a materialistic standpoint this conception of the effect of sounds may be right, but we must not forget that the effect of music on the soul is not a question of sound only; there is the influence of the rhythm, and in connexion with it the influence of the intensity of sound (crescendo and decrescendo); then there is the mutual connexion between sounds, and finally that which is behind these different combinations, and which is the real thing in music.

Besides all this, we must not lose sight of the most powerful factor, *i. e.*, the factor in the perceiving soul, for, if the musical vibrations do not harmonize with the disposition of the soul they will not produce any effect.

In view of all this, we ask: Is it not rather the soul that produces music and makes the air vibrate, instead of the reverse? The more so, because the simple vibrations of the air, even when producing sounds, do not necessarily produce music; the essential quality of music being soul-life. We must always remember that the soul is the great force that sets all life in motion. Who can tell what its motive power is on other planes? We only know that soul-life is the great factor on earth, notwithstanding that it seems to us sometimes as if matter prevailed. Can anything be accomplished without this force? Can a work of art be produced without the inspiration of this spiritual force? Can any good action be performed without it?

To the soul therefore we may apply the words of Krishna, as recorded in the third chapter of the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, where he says:

"If I were not indefatigable in action, all men would presently follow my example, O son of Prithâ. If I did not perform actions, those creatures would perish; I should be the cause of confusion of castes, and should have slain all these creatures."

The soul is the nucleus around which all moves; all actions emanate from this central point, which in reality is part of the All-Soul.

This spiritual force, which surely is the only motive power which man has at his disposition, needs the intelligence and the physical body as its instruments. Is it not necessary therefore that these instruments

*Founder and ex-Director of the Conservatory of Music, Amsterdam, Holland. and later, till his passing away on January 30, 1918, one of the Directors of the Isis Conservatory of Music, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

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should be attuned to the pitch of spiritual life? Without this precaution a conflict between the two is inevitable. In one of the former articles we touched upon this point, but it does not seem superfluous to emphasize its importance somewhat more extensively.

If our physical and mental qualities have not been trained so that they obey our will naturally and without strain, we cannot freely dispose of them, and our actions will suffer from a lack of perfection and ease. Is it by physical training that such a degree of perfection can be attained? Or can our reason show us the way? It may be doubted whether either is of any use, unless our intuition comes to their assistance and points out the way. But we must remember that our intuition cannot work in the right way as long as our soul-life does not predominate; and soul-life cannot possibly predominate unless our spiritual life has been sufficiently purified to reflect the thoughts which the Higher Self is always suggesting. Viewed from this standpoint, what we most need for the proper development of our physical and mental qualities is the upbuilding of our characters. Applying this principle to musical training, we find that although all persons who devote their lives to the study of music endeavor to awaken in themselves and in their pupils a perception of the meaning of musical sounds, rhythms, nuances, etc., etc., they have yet failed to reach a point where the secrets of art are revealed to them. This is simply because their efforts tend to develop the musical understanding from without, while the beginning must be from within. In general, they try to reach an understanding of music by way of the outer side. Undoubtedly children must hear music, so that they may learn to distinguish the significance of the mutual relations between the sounds, which are the constituents of music. If possible, let them hear music all day long, but do not force them to pay attention at the same time to the use of their fingers playing on an instrument. Who knows if the children may not perhaps forget to listen to the music, which they are supposed to reproduce, and think only of the muscles that they are using? In listening to music they must concentrate their minds fully on the inner significance of what they hear; their imagination must be aroused, their soul must be awakened; music must teach them to know inwardly that which their brain-mind cannot grasp, but which their spiritual faculty can explain to their intelligence. And later they must try to reproduce the feeling of their soul in works of their own: they must themselves produce music, they must compose, as we call it. Those only who have reached such a degree of musical skill are fully able to enjoy and appreciate music, for when hearing music they not only enjoy the sensation of the outer vibrations of the air, which in itself is a delight, but they are enabled to understand the mu-

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sical construction and its beauty, its significance, as well as the mutual relationship between the sentences, and phrases, and their meaning. So, for them, music becomes a real language, a language of the soul; the geometrical figures which music evokes before our spiritual eye become symbols; and out of the symbols grow spiritual thoughts, which have always existed it is true, but which could hardly manifest themselves except as mere vague feeling. Yet this feeling, vague as it may be, is present in the soul before we hear or understand music. Were it not present, we could not appreciate any music we hear. To realize, however, what is the use, the importance, the beauty, the greatness, the loftiness of music, soul-life must be developed, so that it shall long for the satisfaction of this spiritual need as the stomach, when hungry, longs for its physical nourishment.

In former times, especially in the age of chivalry, the love of man for woman and of woman for man replaced in man's mind the true love, the Universal Love, which is the genuine source, the foundation of all divine thought and feeling. Although this materialistic reflexion of this spiritual feeling inspired many pure souls with sentiments of a beautiful kind, yet they were but exceptions; men and women were mostly animated by materialistic rather than by spiritual love. The generations of the future must learn to view the great love-lesson of humanity from a quite different and much higher standpoint; for true, pure love cannot exist and have a lasting influence unless all thought of physical form has been eliminated and overcome. As soon as this principle has prevailed in our hearts, all ideas regarding love will be purified; and then we shall know that the materialistic conception of love, that now especially prevails, must be raised to a conception of the spiritual idea of the dual principle as it is found everywhere in the whole Universe.

After this purification of the soul the power of music as the language of the gods will be fully realized and felt; for, finally, music is but one great love-song, which encompasses all spiritual and material things in the Universe, and cannot be limited to physical love only as it mostly is nowadays; it is the revelation of the song of Love Eternal, which is boundless.

And so we ask, What must we do to awaken in the soul of human beings the real conception of what music is, and of what it means to man's spiritual thought and feeling?

For those who have had the privilege to study Theosophy, the *Wisdom-Religion*, the answer is not so very difficult; they have seen, they have heard, they have felt, and have lived in the atmosphere, sublime beyond expression! There, music is in the air everywhere. Every thought, every feeling, every movement, every color, every sound, be-

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comes music, because of the harmony that pervades all. This harmony can only manifest itself when man's character has been purified from selfishness, passion, greed, desire, etc. All these qualities must have been subjected to the all-powerful will of the real, spiritual man, so that they may become mighty forces in human life instead of being elements of demoralization.

How can this be done?

In every human heart a delicate feeling of compassionate love is pulsating, which is in harmony with the pulsations of the All-Soul. By it every heart can be touched. Is not this feeling the all-fructifying force of the Universe, and is not its name Love Eternal?

He who knows how to touch that sensitive point in a child's heart, knows how to build up that child's character, and will be able to nurse divine qualities in that heart, so that that child shall become a man divine in feeling, thought, word and deed. He who devotes his life to such an end must be hailed as the greatest benefactor of the age, for he creates a new race, a race in which the divinity in man can again expand so that it can work for and influence humanity. Do we realize that even now we witness the small beginnings of the great and lofty future era? Do we notice the marvelous music, the wonderful harmony in it? Open your inner ear and listen to it! Every being creating constantly his own melody, which is in absolute harmony with those of all his fellow men! Do we realize what tremendous forces would originate from such a unity?

A foretaste of such spiritual delight can be enjoyed even now when seeing and hearing the children at Point Loma. Listen to their voices and watch the expression of their faces when in 'The Little Philosophers' they say:

"Let us as warriors stand."

It is the same when we hear the steps of their little feet, marching in unison. Together with all the other great lessons in their young lives, and with all that tends to draw their attention to the divine in man, they are learning music. And if it is asked what all this means, the answer is that man is divine in essence, and that he can only be developed by self-directed evolution; and, applying this to music, we find that it is only in creating his own music that man can learn to understand himself, and afterwards his fellow-men and their music.

This shows that man, even in his best moments, is unable to formulate in an exact form the impressions which fructify his inmost spiritual life. And yet the soul perceives a vague image. What is this image? It is not any object on the material plane; neither is it a thought, or a feeling, that could be expressed in words; and yet, really, it is not at

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all vague; it is reality to us. It seems even to produce sounds. But these are no sounds which the outer ear can hear, for they murmur in the lowest tones.

Whenever someone, whose soul is full of music, and whose musical training is sufficiently advanced, meets with such impressions, he certainly will try to give them form. In his inmost soul he knows how to do this; his spiritual ear will guide him, because it is capable of grasping the meaning of this soundless music. But let him not try to produce this music on the physical plane; it is of no use, the physical senses not being able to understand what its significance is; and so they are not able to create a form for it. At such moments there is but one voice, 'the Voice of the Silence.' Never will physical ear hear the beauty of that highest expression of soul-life, unless man rises to the point where spiritual life opens its portals for him and touches the soul with the magic wand which awakens at once the spiritual senses, so that

"The seventh [sound] swallows all other sounds. They die, and then are heard no more."

—*The Voice of the Silence*



"FOR this true nobleness I seek in vain,
In woman and in man I find it not,
I almost weary of my earthly lot,
My life-springs are dried up with burning pain." —
Thou find'st it not? I pray thee look again,
Look *inward* through the depths of thine own soul;
How is it with thee? Art thou sound and whole?
Doth narrow search show thee no earthly stain?
Be *noble!* and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.— LOWELL

STUDIES IN VERGIL: by J. O. Kinnaman, M.A., Ph.D.

IN the main, then, so far as our investigation has proceeded, we may say with little fear of contradiction, that the ground work of Vergil is historical, but what shall we say of Book II? Did Vergil have any accurate notion of the actual size of Homeric Troy? Did he conceive of it as a mere fortress, or did he think of it as a city such as the Romans knew?

Aeneas tells Dido the story of the destruction of Troy; something of the story she already knew and had recorded the same upon one of her temples, but the details she must hear from the chief actor himself.

It seemed that the fortifications of Troy could not be captured by assault; the walls were too strong for that, so some other course must be used. This stroke of strategy was accomplished by the pretense, on the part of the Greeks, of retiring or withdrawing from the contest, hoping thus to throw the Trojans off their guard. This, according to the legend that Vergil follows, was accomplished through the wooden horse and the wiles of Sinon.

The Greeks retired to Tenedos, and there they hid, leaving the wooden horse standing in the plain. When the Trojans find that the Greeks are gone, they throw the gates open and enjoy the freedom that has been denied them for ten years. Vergil does not concern himself with the number of gates that pierce the Trojan wall. In *II. II: 809*, we find: "all the gates were opened," and this phrase was taken by Vergil in its normal and sane interpretation. But by the contour of Hissarlik, there was only one gate by which the fortress could be entered by wheeled vehicles, *i. e.* the Scaean Gate.

Dr. Dörpfeld was not able to uncover the Scaean Gate, since Dr. Schliemann covered the site with débris from excavation, but the remains show the wall weakest at this point, the most approachable part of the fortifications. This may be mere accident, but Dr. Leaf thinks it is not such. Anyway, the gates were thrown open, the people flocking out upon the plain and to the site of the Greek camp; they obtain ropes and levers, dragging the horse within the fortifications of Troy. Vergil seems forcibly to draw into the narrative Laocoön and his sons. Why does he do this? Is it to show divine purpose in the course of events? If not that, what was it?

The fatal horse finally rests within the walls; the Trojans apparently forget all military precautions, and retire to their couches without posting the usual guards and patrols. The Greeks descend from the horse, signal to their allies, open the gates, and the sack of Troy begins, all of which is most unlikely, improbable, and all but impossible. Here for the second time Vergil gives the impression that Troy is a real city instead

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of a fortress. The first is conveyed when he speaks of "maidens and unmarried youths" eagerly grasping the ropes to draw the horse within the walls; now Vergil represents the house of Aeneas as standing afar off amidst stately trees as if Troy were a city of many thousands and of great distances instead of a small fortress occupying about five acres. Aeneas is warned in a dream of the fate rushing down upon the fated city of Troy. Before going further with the arraignment of Vergil *in re* his inconsistencies, his straying from the true historical path, let us examine somewhat minutely the remains of Homeric Troy as revealed by the work of Dr. Dörpfeld.

The walls of the Sixth Stratum, which is the Homeric City, has a radial circuit of one hundred yards, thus enclosing, as stated above, about five acres. In order to obtain as composite a picture as possible, let us examine the remains in the following order: the wall, the gates, the towers, the houses, and the wells, following, of course, Dörpfeld, as my personal observations on the site would not carry the weight of authority.

THE WALLS

Of the structure existing, it can best be seen on the eastern side, where it stands for a considerable distance to the height of twenty feet. This portion is of such excellent workmanship that it seems scarcely possible to assign it to the Mycenaean period. The bottom of the wall is some six feet thicker than the top, which is sixteen feet as it stands today. This much of the wall formed a *base* upon which further to build a vertical rampart. Originally this rampart was constructed of unburnt brick, and of the same thickness as the top of the base. Later the brick rampart was replaced by one of stones cut the same size as the bricks, but this new rampart was only six to six and a half feet thick, thus leaving a terrace ten feet wide extending around the inside of the wall. This wall was not the circumference of a circle, but that of a polygon, each side being approximately thirty feet in length. Portions of this wall long antedate the Trojan War, as it shows in many places improved technical skill in engineering. The southern portion of the wall shows the greatest technique, and is the latest in its rebuilding. The eastern portion is less perfect, the joints being less perfectly fitted. The west side is the least perfect of all so far excavated. It is only ten feet in thickness, rough in workmanship, and the joints are loose and gaping and filled with clay and débris. This is very peculiar, as it is from this side that an enemy coming from the west or north would attack, that is, coming from the sea, and from this side the hill slopes to the plain in such manner as to offer the obvious point of attack. This difference

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of masonry and technique may be explained by the gradual expansion of the wall of the Fifth City, this old wall forming an inner line of fortification, and the new wall being the first built on the west side in front of the wall of the Fifth City; then on the east side, then the circuit completed by the wall on the south; finally, this wall was materially strengthened on the east and south sides. Now let us remember that the base upon which the rampart was built was twenty feet high and fifteen feet thick; the stone rampart from six to six and a half feet thick and probably from fifteen to twenty feet in height, as it was the real defense. Thus the wall was at least thirty-five feet high; it was probably much more, though this is mere conjecture, for nothing of the rampart remains by which we may judge of its height, nor has anything been found that would suggest a cornice or battlements, nor does Homer at any place suggest such battlements. As to the north side of the citadel, we know nothing, as it has never been excavated. The ends of the excavated wall are almost opposite on the west and east, *i. e.* about half of the circuit has been uncovered. So many things lie buried, among them the famous Scaean Gates. Whether traces of the walls could be found in the balance of the circuit is a matter of conjecture. It may have been utterly destroyed by the Romans when they built their memorial city on the spot.

THE GATES

In the circuit of the wall so far excavated, three large gateways have been found. The first gate is on the south-west side marked *A* on the map. This gate was not in use, however, when the city was sacked; it had been closed up by a short piece of wall. This was probably done to relieve the garrison of the task of guarding so many points.

Another gateway (*B*) on the south side is remarkable for its width of ten feet, and its being flanked on the west side by a large square tower. The tower is later than the wall, as it was built *against* the wall. The stone pavement of this gateway still remains *in situ*. So far no traces of the framework of the actual gateway have been found. This gateway lies in an exact line with the old gateway of the Second City; it forms the natural approach from the plateau. These gateways were the beginnings of streets that led to a central focus, that focus undoubtedly being the Megaron of the chieftain.

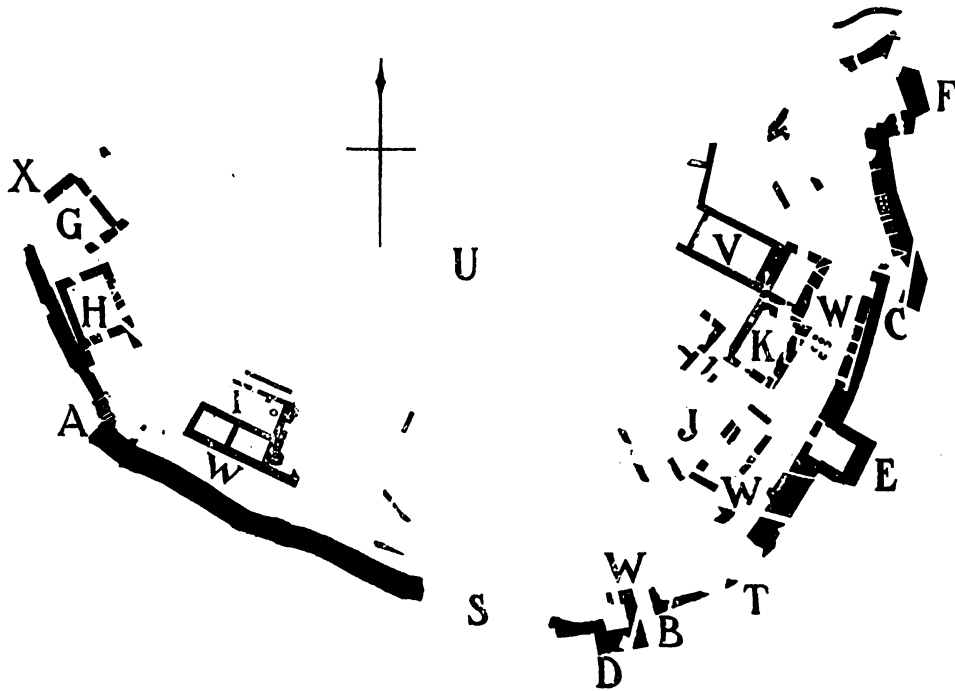
The third gate lay on the east side of the circuit very close where the excavation ends on that side. This gateway (*C*) was very peculiar in that the wall breaks here, the wall from the north bending outward and overlapping the circuit wall from the south, the actual gate being in the pocket thus formed. In this way the right side of an attacking force was

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exposed to the missiles of the defenders. Inside the gate were steps leading to the terrace of the wall.

THE TOWERS

In Homer the towers play a conspicuous part, especially the one by the Scaean Gate. Three towers have been found that were added as



THE HOMERIC RUINS ON HISSARLIK (after Dörpfeld)

Gates, A, B, C. Probable site of Scaean G, X. Towers, D, E, F. Water Tower, F. Private dwellings, G, H, I, J, K. Temple, V. Wall not excavated, S. Site of later theater, T. Mass of earlier and later ruins, U. Terrace, W, W, W, W.

flanking defences of the wall. The one marked D, we have already noted. In the east wall is another tower not flanking a gateway, marked E. This tower is also later than the wall for the line of demarcation between them is easily discernible. This tower is thirty-six feet wide, and extends twenty-six feet in front of the wall. It is of superior masonry, but the foundations were inferior. It had at least one floor ten feet above the ground level, and may have had others, but no entrance has been found, so it must have been entered by means of a trap-door through the ceiling. It probably served as some sort of storehouse.

On the north-east corner of the wall (F) is the most important tower

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of them all, the water tower. This tower is still thirty feet high, retaining yet some of the brick parapet which had never been replaced by stone as on the south side. Its width is some sixty feet. In the midst of this tower was a great well twelve feet square with a depth of over thirty feet below the floor level where it struck the water stratum. It is also probable that this tower was also an addition to the wall. It had a small door admitting from the outside, or plain side. Four steps led down to the well's mouth and steps led up to the city level, but much of these evidences were destroyed in the laying of the great Roman altar which lay directly over this point.

THE HOUSES

For our purpose, we come now to the most important thing, the houses. The remains are the foundations of private dwellings, with the exception of one on the east side. It will be noted from the map that these houses stand very close to the terrace of the city wall, and in one case the side wall of one is in contact with the terrace.

The houses were very simple in arrangement, in fact, consisted of one great hall on the Greek temple model, but having a kind of porch formed by the projecting side walls. One house shows a more complicated arrangement, consisting of several rooms, one of which may have been a kitchen, and another a storeroom. The rooms were large and stately, one being about thirty-eight feet wide, and of unknown length, though the proportion, by analogy, would make it nearly fifty feet. No traces of pillars have been found, nor any central hearth as found in the Megaron of the Second Stratum. As noted, these houses are built on the radial plan with passageways between them leading to the central fortress. They show marked differences in excellence of material and workmanship. Some are old, some are *new*, displaying discrepancy in material and skill. Some of the stones are polished, the joints fine and scarcely visible.

All this seems to show that the citadel was long years, perhaps centuries, building up to what it finally was at the close of the Sixth Stratum.

The last building to come under our survey, is one on the east side, the one that Dr. Dörpfeld suggests may have been a temple. From the column *in situ*, which is 4.15 meters from the west wall, there must have been a line of three such columns down the middle. The temple of Neandria, in sight of Troy, has this arrangement. Other instances of such arrangement have been found in ancient Greek temples. We should say that the conjecture as to this building having been a temple is, in all probability, correct.

No trace of the central building or palace can be found, for the whole

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area was completely swept away by the Roman builders when they leveled the temple precinct. But there is no doubt that such building, fortress or palace, actually existed, for the whole plan of the 'city' undeniably points to it. But what the plan of such fortress may have been cannot even be conjectured. The whole fortress was destroyed by fire and by an enemy, though the traces of fire are not so evident or unusual as in the 'Second City,' because the buildings of the 'Sixth City' were constructed of stone, while those of the Second were built of wood and clay. But the evidences of an enemy's hand are found in the destruction of the upper portion of the city wall and the walls of the houses just mentioned. Further, the city must have been completely plundered, for it is extraordinarily poor in small articles of value.

THE WELLS

We shall not be detained long with their consideration, for we have already discussed the Water Tower (*F*) that housed the great well that was the chief source of Troy's water supply during the siege. There were other wells but none so large as that in the Tower.

EPITHETS

Homer describes Troy as a "great citadel" (μέγα ἄστυ, πολίεθρον), "browy" (ὄφρυόεσσα), "well-towered" (εὐπυργος), "well-walled" (εὐτείχεος), "high-gated" (ὕψιπυλος). There is no doubt about its being "windy," as any visitor to the hill of Hissarlik can testify. Its situation as seen upon approach from the north, would justify the first and second epithet; the remains exemplify the third, fourth, and fifth. One other remained in doubt until Dr. Dörpfeld ingeniously cleared away all doubt; this epithet is "wide-wayed" (εὐρύαργυια). The terrace inside the wall was from twenty-five to thirty feet wide, *the widest street ever found in any ancient city of the Orient*. Therefore, Homer's epithets are all justified by the remains and extraordinary characteristics. But the side streets were nothing more than mere alleys in which it would be almost impossible for two men to pass.

In the light of archaeological evidence, let us investigate Vergil's statements concerning Troy and its destruction.

In Book II, 234, we find:

Dividimus muros et moenia pandimus urbis, etc.

On the west side, Dörpfeld found the wall actually weakest, a place where the masonry was particularly crude, almost as if having been

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placed to repair a breach in the wall. Did Vergil, in some way, know of this particular condition and use it in verse 234?

But Troy being a citadel instead of a 'City,' does Vergil make a mistake in verses 235 and 238?

Pueri circum innuptaeque puellae . . .
Accingunt omnes operi pedibusque rotarum, etc.,

Most German and American commentators hold that he is describing a ceremony often performed in Rome that, according to tradition, had its origin in Troy. Perhaps he is, yet he may not be so doing. Drs. Dörpfeld and Leaf concede that there *may* have been a town, unwall'd, at the foot of, or in the vicinity of the Arx, though no trace of it has yet been found. Yet it must be acknowledged that Troy, according to Homer, was never cut off from communication in the rear, though the 'Foray' had that purpose in view. If Vergil was describing a Roman custom of his own day, was or was he not, practically historical? Or was Vergil correct in Book I, 469-470:

Nec procul hinc Rhesi niveis tentoria velis
Agnoscit lacrimans, primo quae prodita somno
Tydides multa vastabant caede cruentus;
Ardentesque avertit equos in castra, priusquam
Pabula gustassent Troiae, Xanthumque bibissent.

Most commentators pass over these lines with the stereotyped expression, "It is an anachronism on the part of Vergil." Was it? If so, why? Canvas was not only known but widely used even in those ages. In Book II, 21-23, we have:

Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
Insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant;
Nunc tantum sinus, et statio male fida carinis.

Here Vergil states an historical fact, though at the time of writing, as far as we know, he had never visited the place. Does Vergil at all points confuse, mix as it were, fact and fiction, history and legend?

Again in Book II, 299:

Et magis atque magis, quamquam secreta parentis
Anchisae domus arboribusque oblecta recessit,
Clarescunt sonitus, armorumque ingruit horror.

"*secreta, oblecta recessit*," means *stood apart and hidden amidst the trees*. It seems that Vergil here tries to convey the impression that the house of Anchises stood a great distance from the first scene of the conflict, so that it was only gradually that the roar of the battle and flames reached him. Let us remember in this connexion that the total area of the citadel

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was only five acres, yet he gives the impression of vast distance. His house must have stood in the row of houses backing against the terrace of the wall: thus he would be one hundred yards from the center of the area, or two hundred yards from the farthest gate. Of course, the buildings within the walls were crowded close together, but that would not account for seeming distance.

Aeneas mounts to the roof in order to obtain a bird's-eye view, and observes several things, among them the gleam of the Sigeon Bay something over four miles away.

Then follows the battle both in and on the palace of Priam, until Aeneas is left alone upon the palace roof, and again has time to survey the harrowing scene around him. In Book II, 567-570:

Iamque adeo super unus eram, cum limina Vestae
Servantem et tacitam secreta in sede latentem
Tyndarida adspicio; dant clara incendia lucem
Erranti, passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti.

Aeneas sees Helen *in the Temple of Vesta!* Does Vergil here again touch the truly historical? Dörpfeld holds that the building marked on the map as a temple is actually such, and not a private dwelling, and so aligned with the central palace, Megaron or Citadel, as to be readily seen from the roof of the latter.

In lines 712 and following:

Vos, famuli, quae dicam, animis advertite vestris
Est urbe egressis tumulus templumque vetustum
Desertae Cereris, iuxtaque antiqua cupressus,
Religione patrum multos servata per annos;
Hanc ex diverso sedem veniemus in unam.

Vergil seems again to depart from fact to fiction. Archaeologically, at least to date, there has been found no "tumulus templumque vetustum desertae Cereris," within easy walking distance of the fortifications, especially in the direction taken by Aeneas when seeking Mt. Ida. Of course, in the Troad several tumuli are to be found; among them, far away to the south, on the sky-line, is Ujek Tepe, a great tumulus, but probably built by Caracalla in 214, A. D. in memory of his freedman. The 'Tomb of Ajax' rebuilt by Hadrian, and the so-called 'Tomb of Achilles,' were apparently built by the Athenians during the fifth century B. C.

THE PALACE OF PRIAM

In the Homeric 'city' there is no trace of the Megaron of Priam as at Tiryns, for the Romans in building their sacred city on the spot

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destroyed every trace of it. But, in the Second Stratum, Dr. Schliemann uncovered a megaron (*M*) that may aid us in interpreting a much disputed passage in *Aeneid*. II.

Dr. Schliemann, in cutting his first great trench through the hill, came very nearly destroying this priceless relict. The plan can be made out fairly well in most respects, but the back wall was entirely destroyed by the trench, also most of the wall on the south-west side. The palace, in the main, was a great hall thirty-five feet wide and at least sixty-five feet long; the height cannot be determined. The front was composed of a large portico, open to the south-east, and communicating with the hall by a single door. The walls of the Megaron were built of sun-dried brick, strengthened by beams of wood laid longitudinally between the layers of brick. These beams, in burning, baked the brick and thus they have come down to us. For the same reason we know that the roof was of clay resting upon great wooden beams. In the center of the hall was a large circular hearth.

This Megaron opens upon a courtyard enclosed by walls. Through these walls was a gateway, formed of two porticos standing back to back like the typical Greek propylaion. The gateway lay practically on the axis of the hall. On each side of the large Megaron is a smaller one, each about the length of the main building. They may have been the apartments of the women, yet there seems to have been no connexion with the main building, though the remains are so meager as to forbid final and definite statement in that regard.

Sufficient traces of walls have been found to lead Dr. Dörpfeld to the conclusion that this building was entirely surrounded by a great wall with great casemates like chambers enclosed within, that would offer an analogy to the galleries and chambers of the great south wall of Tiryns. With this in mind, let us turn once more to Vergil. *Aeneid*, Bk. II, 442, etc.,

Haerent parietibus scalae, postesque sub ipsos
Nituntur gradibus, clipeosque ad tela sinistris
Protecti objiciunt; prensant fastigia dextris.

"Parietibus" means 'house walls' or the walls of a house, as opposed to "moenia" 'fortification walls.' It could not possibly mean that the Greeks were attempting to scale the real walls of the palace, for this they could not do on account of the far-extending eaves. Commentators from the beginning have thrown up hands over this passage, but it seems to me now to become clear in the fact that the assailants scale this outer palace wall by means of the "scalae." Then the phrase, "postesque sub ipsos" becomes intelligible, and means 'close to, or beside the very door-posts'; then, also "prensant fastigia dextris" comes to mean something

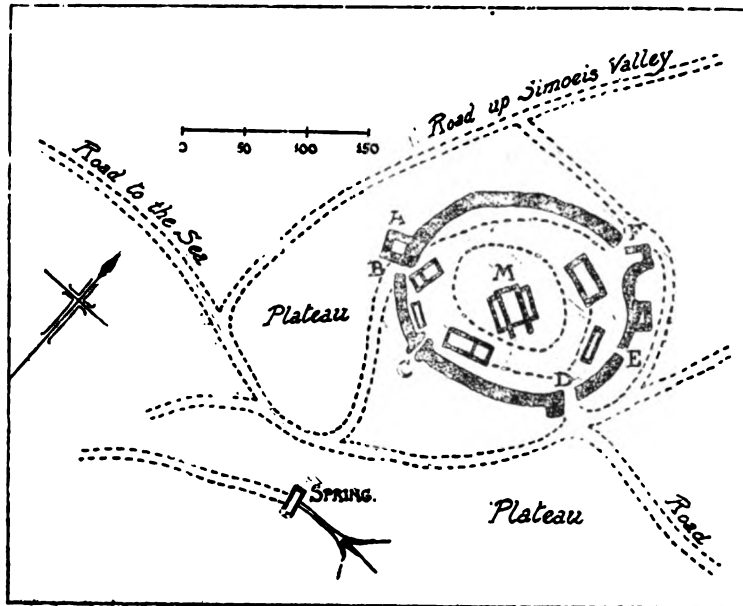
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besides mere poetic jargon, *i. e.*, it means what it says, *viz.*: "they grasp the top of the wall (battlements) with their right hands."

Lines 453-455 further bear out this idea of a wall around the palace in the words

Limen erat, caecaeque fores, et pervius usus, etc.

Was not the roof of the palace just as was the roof of this Megaron,



THE CITY AND ENVIRONS OF TROY ACCORDING
TO THE *ILIAD*

viz., of clay laid upon wooden beams, these beams forming far-extending eaves? In lines 445 and following, we find:

Dardanidae contra turris ac tecta domorum
Culmina convellunt
Auratasque trabes, veterum decora illa parentum,
Devolvunt;
(They tear up and roll down upon the Greeks those
golden beams, those decorations of our remote ancestors.)

Between lines 444 and 469 Vergil takes up time to describe the palace and other details; in the meantime Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, and his followers, have scaled the outer wall and stand in the courtyard before the palace door that is on the same axis as the gateway in the circuit wall of the Megaron. Vergil uses the word "Vestibulum" to designate what is usually termed both by Schliemann and Dörpfeld as 'portico.' Now

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line 442 is further vindicated by our interpretation, for in lines 477-478 Vergil says:

. una omnis Scyria pubes
Succedunt tecto, et flammas ad culmina iactant.
(They hurl fire-brands upon the roof.)

Then Pyrrhus cuts down the palace door, whereat Vergil remarks,

Apparet domus intus et atria longa patescunt;
Apparent Priami et veterum penetralia regum;
(The interior of the palace appears and the long atria (hall)
lies revealed.)

In line 503 the phrase,

Quinquaginta illi thalami, spes tanta nepotum,
(Those fifty bed-chambers, the fond hope of a numerous posterity,)

would seem to almost justify the smaller building upon each side of the large Megaron. If we examine the bed-chamber of ancient Greek and Roman dwellings, for illustration the chambers found in Pompeii, we find them to be inconceivably small; in fact, little more than holes in the walls, so small that modern people of the lowliest circumstances could not be induced to occupy them.

At one place Vergil apparently confuses a Greek Megaron and a Roman house. In lines 512-513 we find:

Aedibus in mediis, nudoque sub aetheris axe
Ingens ara fuit; iuxtaque veterrima laurus
Incumbens arae, atque umbra complexa Penates.

The statement "nudoque sub aetheris axe" suggests a peculiar Roman style of architecture, and not Greek or Mycenaean.

Aeneas finds himself alone upon the palace roof, his comrades either having been killed or having committed suicide by springing to the ground or leaping into the fire. He looks around him for the first time, and spies the cause of Troy's woe, the hated Helen, hiding at the altars in the temple of Vesta. He is sorely tempted to put an end to the common scourge of Troy and Greece, but is restrained by his mother appearing at that moment and showing him that it is the will of the gods that Troy be destroyed, and to save it is beyond all human power. He is reminded to look after the welfare of his own family and to make his escape from the burning city. As he looks upon the fast burning city round about him he realizes that the final day has come for Troy: lines 624-625:

Tum vero omne mihi visum considerare in ignis
Ilium, et ex imo verti Neptunia Troia.

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Upon reaching home, after some considerable difficulty with his father, who did not wish to survive his burning city, Aeneas succeeds in getting his family started for a place of safety, but loses his wife on the way to the gates, and here we find a peculiar statement upon the part of Aeneas. He is nearing the gates and seemed to have traveled safely the entire distance, when he feels and hears himself pursued, and then, lines 736-738:

. Namque, avia cursu
Dum sequor, et nota excedo regione viarum,
Heu! misero coniunx Fatone erepta Creusa

In so small an area, and in so well-known a place, how could Aeneas become lost? All streets led to and from the central Megaron, all paths, lanes, and streets led to one of the three gates then in use.

It seems to the writer that through this whole Second Book, Vergil has in mind the destruction of some large city rather than the burning and sack of as small a fortress as that of Troy. If this be so, what description, may we ask, has he transferred? There can be only one possible answer. The greatest sack of a city that took place in Roman history was that of Rome's hated rival, Carthage. The Punic Wars were ever themes for heroic deeds, and the facts themselves stood out sufficiently bold for the poet to be influenced by them either consciously or unconsciously. If consciously, he wove the historic facts of the sack of both Troy and Carthage together; in this way only can we account for several peculiarities found in the Second Book. In this way of accounting, the vast distance of which Vergil speaks, the great numbers of people besides the warriors, the losing of his way to the gates, become natural and normal; otherwise, we must accuse Vergil of being either uninformed, careless, or a blunderer, and we know full well that he was none of these. Therefore it seems to me that Vergil has in mind the sack and destruction of Rome's bitter enemy, upon whom the Roman power inflicted such summary vengeance, Carthage. If we study Vergil in this light, all so-called inconsistencies disappear, and all things take their proper perspective; but, if we confine Vergil to the small fortress at Hissarlik, then we put his art, his judgment, his scholarship, in a bad light. In his description, then, we may say that the poet had in mind the destruction of Carthage when he portrays the fall of Troy, and with Scipio, though looking four centuries ahead into the womb of time, quote the famous lines of Homer, *Iliad*, VI: 448:

The day shall be when Troy shall fall
And Priam, lord of spears, and Priam's folk.

The famous passage in the *Iliad*, VI: 431-439, has been a favorite for almost untold generations, so much so that Vergil could not resist

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the temptation of imitation. Andromache is beseeching Hector not to risk his life in an encounter with the dread Greek chieftain, Achilles, when she says:

"Come now and have pity and abide here on the tower, lest thou make thy child an orphan and thy wife a widow. And stay thy folk beside the fig-tree, where best the city may be scaled, and the wall is assailable. Thrice came thither the most valiant that are with the two AIANTES and famed Idomeneus, and the sons of Atreus and Tydeus's valiant son, and essayed to enter; whether one skilled in soothsaying revealed it to them, or whether their own spirit urgeth them and biddeth them on." (Dr. Leaf's translation.)

The parting scene between Aeneas and Creusa, or rather the spirit, the imago, of Creusa, is touching and pathetic when she says:

"What drives you to such grief, so insane, my dear husband? These calamities are not befalling without the sanction of the gods, nor is it in the scroll of fate for me to accompany you thither, neither does the well-known ruler of Olympus permit it. Long must be the exile faced by you, vast must be the sea plowed by thy brazen beaks; then at length you will come to the land of the setting sun, where the Tiber with its gentle stream flows amidst the fruitful fields whereupon toil the sturdy yeomen. Here a happy lot, a kingdom and a regal wife await you; dry your tears for your beloved Creusa. I shall not see the kingly palaces of the Myrmidons or the Dolopi, nor shall I go to be a slave to Greek matrons, I the daughter-in-law of the goddess Venus and Anchises, but Cybele decrees that I remain upon these shores. Now farewell, and fondly cherish the love for thy son and mine."

THE DEATH OF HECTOR

Before leaving this part, there is one thing to which we must give some attention, that is, the chase of Hector around the walls by Achilles. The ghost of Hector appears to Aeneas as he sleeps on the night of the destruction of Troy and bids him flee, but not the Hector that Aeneas knew in life. The spirit bore the marks of the ill-treatment received in being dragged at the chariot wheels of Achilles.

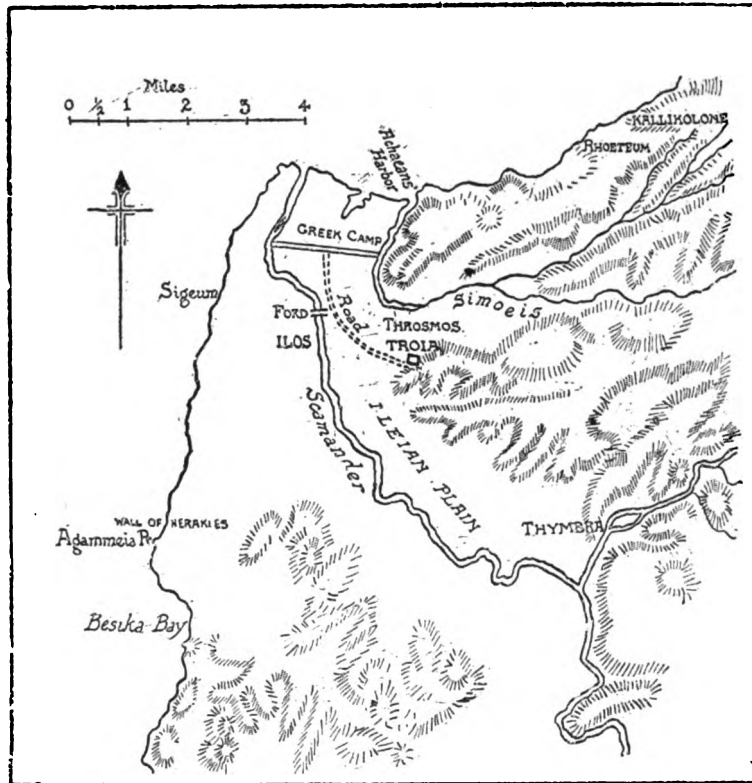
The question that naturally arises in the mind of the reader is, Was the chase around the walls within the bounds of human possibility? Let us examine the whole question for a moment, as set forth in the *Iliad*, and see if the topographies of the *Iliad* and the Plain agree. In *Il.* XXI, Achilles has driven the Trojans from the Greek camp and won his way well towards the town, *i. e.* to the ford where he cuts off some fugitives and drives them into the river. Then follows Achilles' struggle with the river his life being saved only by the intervention of Hephaistos.

Meanwhile the fugitives stream into the city. Priam, standing upon the tower by the Scaean gate, bids the guards to stand ready to close the gates if Achilles should come too close. Diversion is made by Agenor in order to give the routed soldiers time to get in the gates, and Achilles is lured off across "the wheat-bearing plains, along the Scamander." Thus the fugitives escape into the city, and are saved from slaughter.

STUDIES IN VERGIL

Hector alone remains outside, "in front of Ilios and the Scaean Gates." (XXII: 6). Hector is standing close to the fig-tree where Andromache had been bidding farewell to him. It was and is at present a plateau, and there seems to be no accumulation of débris, and the plain or plateau is probably the same today as in Homeric times.

South of this shoulder runs the modern wagon road that approaches



ANCIENT TROY AND THE ILIAN PLAIN

the ruins; and it must have always run there, and its grade must have been at least fifteen feet less in ancient times than in modern, due to the accumulation acquired during the reconstruction by the Romans.

If one would start from the edge of the plateau, and keeping as nearly as possible on the level, he would reach the wagon track about one hundred and eighty feet north of the spring.

Hector stands at the foot of the wall, where it approached the edge of the scarp; hence he could see Achilles approaching. He leans his shield against the tower (XXII: 97) in order to rest his arm before the contest begins. Priam and Hecuba on the tower above beg him

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

in vain to enter the gate at his side. He has the advantage of position where he stands. But at the last moment panic seizes him, and he takes to flight.

"Past the 'outlook' and the wind-waved fig-tree sped they ever on, away from under the wall along the wagon-track, and came to the two fair-flowing fountains where rise the two springs of eddying Scamander. . . . Oft as he set himself to dart under the well-built walls over against the Dardanian gates, if happily from above they might succor him with darts, so oft would Achilles gain on him and turn him towards the plain, while he himself sped on the city side. . . . But when the fourth time they had reached the springs, then the Father hung his golden scales . . . and Hector's fated day sank down, and fell to the house of Hades, and Phoebus Apollo left him." (Dr. Leaf's translation)

The course around the walls is easy even now, and must have been much more so in Homeric times, for the neck to the south-east was much lower than at present. The writer, in 1907, walked around the walls in just fourteen minutes, so the chase does not assume the proportions of the superhuman, but is easily within the realms of effort of the physically 'fit.'

The final scene took place on the wagon-track by the springs, and visible today from the high mound which must be close to the site of the tower; but in the time which we are studying, the view was cut off by the buildings and fortifications. But Dörpfeld has pointed out that this is entirely consistent with the Iliad, as it nowhere says that Priam and Hecuba see the actual death of Hector. They know it not until his body is being dragged towards the ships past the western side of the town.

Dr. Leaf says:

"Here again we have a small touch which makes one realize as one stands on the spot, so vivid a picture of the whole scene that one is sorely tempted to think of it as a thing that really happened. One thing has passed for me beyond all doubt: that the poet who wrote those lines either knew the scene himself, or was following in careful detail a predecessor who had put into living words a tradition founded on real fighting in this very place."

May the writer ask, Why doubt the authenticity of Homer's words? Must we doubt because it is a scholastic fad to do so? Our fine-spun, high-sounding theories were all upset by Schliemann's faith; why continue to doubt? Why persevere to be doubting, skeptical Thomases? Could even Hector risen from the dead convince some men?

THE FINAL FLIGHT FROM THE CITY

After the spirit of Creusa bids farewell to Aeneas, he returns to his family that he had left at the temple of Ceres, and finds a goodly company assembled to go with him wherever he might wish to lead them across the sea. He finds them a number of women, men, and youths,

STUDIES IN VERGIL

a wretched herd ready and prepared in courage and resources for any land whatsoever.

In line 800 Vergil uses the infinitive '*deducere*' in the technical sense of leading forth a colony from some mother-city, thus making Aeneas speak indirectly of his settlement in Italy, and, as resulting therefrom, Lavinium, Alba Longa, and finally Rome itself. In this manner, Vergil makes Rome a colony of Troy.

It is dawn, and close proximity to Troy is dangerous for Aeneas and his people; there is no hope of further resistance, for the Greeks are in full possession of the city; so in company with his father and his surviving fellow warriors he seeks the solitude and protection afforded by Mt. Ida, far to the south of Troy.

In Parts I and II we have attempted to set forth the historic background against which Vergil builded his great literary creation, showing, as we believe, that Vergil was as much historian as poet, having had access to certain sources of information not now available to us, but verified and illuminated by the wonderful work of Schliemann, Dörpfeld, and Leaf. Though their objective was to verify the Homeric text, yet incidently they could not avoid casting many side-lights upon the *Iliad*'s twin creation, the *Aeneid*.

It shall be our further task in succeeding Parts to study Vergil as an interpreter of character, as the exponent of the times in which he lived, as a prophet, philosopher, and interpreter of the purpose of history, religion, politics, and of all the elements that go to constitute the complex machinery called life; in short, as a poet of the very highest order.



"LISTEN to the song of life. Look for it and listen to it first in your own heart. At first you may say it is not there; when I search I find only discord. Look deeper. If again you are disappointed, pause and look deeper again. There is a natural melody, an obscure fount in every human heart. . . . All those beings among whom you struggle on are fragments of the Divine. And so deceptive is the illusion in which you live, that it is hard to guess where you will first detect the sweet voice in the hearts of others. But know that it is certainly within yourself. Look for it there, and once having heard it you will more readily recognise it around you."—*Light on the Path*

THE COMPLEX NATURE OF MAN:

by Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.

LET man look within himself," said Katherine Tingley, "and study the mysteries of his own nature. When he does this, he learns of the mysteries of life, and can begin to work understandingly for the development of all that is noblest and best in himself."

When the Greek Oracle sounded down the centuries the great injunction: "Man, Know Thyself," it implied that man did not know himself and that he would find it greatly worth his while to get that lacking knowledge.

It is so difficult to get because *this* coming to know differs from any other coming to know in that it is the same as a coming to *be*, the attainment of a new kind of being.

For instance, the musician feels one morning as he gets up that there is something coming for him. There are great doings somewhere in him. He is abstracted. Outer matters are not quite so real as usual. Then, as he sits down to his desk, a very high, rapt state of feeling comes upon him, out of which or in which definite melodies and harmonies presently begin to take shape, the internally heard expression of the feeling. These, with much labor, he arranges in due form so as exactly (as far as possible) to express and convey his feeling.

But where, in him, was the feeling, the down-coming sweep of inspiration, before it came and while he knew merely that it was coming? In what highest part of himself? There is such a hidden, secret, sacred place in each of us; though, if it could get expression at all, that expression might be in some other form than *music*. But it is there, and self-knowledge means knowing about it, and knowing about it means coming to *be* that place, taking conscious charge of it, being not only the common self that we are now but also this extremely uncommon, ethereal, and inspirational self, this breather of the breath that is inspiration. The first step is to study Theosophy and thus know of this self with the mind, to assent to its existence; then to feel its overshadowing presence; then to become it. It can be done, said the Greek Oracle, and say all the great Teachers, in greater or less degree by every one of us; but it is very difficult. Nevertheless there is nothing else so well worth trying for. As H. P. Blavatsky said:

"There is a road, steep and thorny, . . . but yet a road, and it leads to the heart of the universe. . . . There is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer; there is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through; there is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount. For those who win onward there is reward past all telling, the power to serve and bless humanity. For those who fail there are other lives in which success may come."

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A missionary was discussing religion with a Brâhman and presently asked: "What, then, according to you, is God?" And the Brâhman calmly replied: "I am myself God."

He was not a lunatic. He merely meant that some of the creative power which called forth the universe and sustains it, was in himself. He would have said the same of other men — the missionary, possibly, excepted. To quote H. P. Blavatsky again,

"Every human being is an incarnation of his God, in other words, one with his 'Father in Heaven.' . . . In the case of each man, the soul of his 'Heavenly Father' is incarnated in him. This soul is himself, if he is successful in assimilating the divine individuality while he is in his physical, animal shell. 'As many men on earth, so many Gods in Heaven,' but these Gods are aspects or rays of the one 'Divine Spirit which no language can describe and which the mind in its limitations cannot comprehend but the fire of whose divine energy we can feel in our hearts awakening us to right action and illuminating our pathway.'"

There is an old story of some Russian political prisoner, drearily occupying an almost naked stone cell. Recalling other days with outdoor nature, he so longed for sight of a flower or something green and living, that his imagination developed the picture of a rose so vividly that it seemed almost real to him. He imagined it in a glass of water blooming on the table and scenting the damp gloom. The color and every petal and leaf became clear to him. After a morning or two the jailer suddenly entered with a rose in a glass and put it on the table just on the spot where the prisoner had imagined his own mind-rose to be, and said: "I was in the castle garden watering my roses this morning and it struck me that I'd bring you one to liven things a little. So I picked out this one. I might have thought of it before."

And the rose which the jailer had selected was the exact copy of the prisoner's mind-rose, color, petals, and leaf-sprays. When it was dead the prisoner still had his own. In his mind it threw out more leaves and some buds and flowered graciously for him as long as he was in that cell. The teller of the story says:

"I think he had created his rose, and, good reader, though it was but a mind thing, it was alive, which was why it grew; and, though it was but a mind thing, it was somewhat real so that the jailer saw it without knowing that he saw, and so brought in a copy of it."

Hence say some philosophers — that the universe is a live flower created in the all-encompassing mind of God, live and growing; and also seen by us because we too are minds with, if we but knew it, the same creative power, a power whereof the artists and musicians and poets do verily show a little ray, though so far they have to laboriously and manually work with heavy matter to show us what they have created. Some day, perhaps, man may get that closer power over all matter which now he has only over the matter of his own body, and even that but

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very slightly. For though this body-matter of ours has some of our life in it, it is of course, like all other matter, alive with *its own* life, a real life of its own outside our present consciousness and control, and in various degrees sentient. Fortunate, we may say. For we don't do so well with that much of our bodies as is under our control as to suggest our present fitness for any further powers over them.

But why do we not all get inspiration all the time? Why is it only into the minds of poets, artists, musicians, that this great rarefying breath from above can enter?

A bird is singing in the top of yonder tree. He seems half mad with the spring ecstasy of life, does not know how to get forth the pulse of it fast enough, changes his note and key, sets all the air almost tangibly as well as audibly athrill.

Suddenly he sees a worm or a grub, stops his song and drops upon his meal. There is no more song for a while; he voices no more the swift and exultant rhythmic life-pulse in his being; he is scratching about the leaves for another worm, his little mind wholly full of that.

Suppose he were *always* thinking of grubs and worms and flies and feathers to line his nest with, hoping that finer ones would come his way and fearing lest they should not, and remembering some he had last year and a row with another bird that he had about them? Where would be his song? What chance would his bit of the vast nature-music have to come through him? And where would be his happiness? For true happiness is nothing else but the unrestricted pulsing through of the great nature-life, whether the happiness of the bird as the simpler little pulses come through, or the intense and even painful bliss of the musician and poet as they get life's richer harmonies. They are harmonies that may come through as color and as scent as well as sound. Who that has eyes that see will fail to know that as the plant breaks into color with its flower, it too, in its way, is consciously feeling and showing forth the divine pulse of life?

But our minds are full of something else. We too have to look after our grubs and worms and feathers for our nest. We too have to scratch amid dead leaves. The struggle for them is very keen. It takes most of the time to get enough of them, and the rest of the time we spend in getting too much of them. And the rest of our minds we occupy with memories of them and anticipations of more and better of them, and fears about them, and jealousies and quarrels and ranklings of old quarrels: in a word, with the personalia of life. And so we miss the inner beauties and spiritualities of life; we cannot hear within us the everlasting and actual music of life or see within and all around us its subtler pulses and washings of color or detect more than a few of its scents.

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And what music and color and scent we do get from around us we hardly and only casually notice. It is the *mind* that shuts us off from realities, the mind of brain, the mind of daily life, always full, always a-grind, never still, always occupied and pre-occupied, a necessary servant and yet most of the time an enemy. We trained it to be what it is; we let it get its habits; we never learned to control it and its desires; we were never taught that there was a life above, beyond, to be reached by the stilling down of mind into its silence, and that only in its stillness and silence could the voice of great life be heard in its music and seen in its color and appreciated in its meaning. We never learned that we were *all* creative geniuses, gods, within, above, with power not only like the birds to give expression to the pulse that is already at work in space and nature, but also, because of our inner unity with highest and divinest ideation, to do as it does and create the new, to be co-creators with it. It is in the power of creation, of initiation, that man overpasses all the lives below him. They voice a little of what already is. He can add to what is. The musician, artist, poet, has in some measure the power to still his mind and perceive and voice a little of divinity, perhaps to create a little more; and then to make his mind — held back from all other matters, all grubs and worms — register and give form to what he perceives or has created.

Theosophy points to the fact that we have *two* minds, one animal or human-animal, and one divine or human-divine. A cat watches a bird. To her it is something to eat. Its colors and grace go for nothing; its song is noise. It may be something to eat for us too. But if with our animal minds we note that, we also note first and chiefly the color and grace and song, and sympathize with the song's ecstasy. If we could keep our poor wandering attention long enough and closely enough upon the thrill of the song we should understand that much of divine life that it expressed, though the understanding might be much deeper than could go into words.

Two men look at a tree. One man, using only the animal mind, sees only some feet of lumber and hence so much cash and hence so much to eat. The other sees the beauty of the up-springing, outfolding life, feels the full, tense life of the tree, may understand the tree, what a tree is for in the great plan, what it expresses, its share in the great working out of things.

No animal has anything of *that* mind. The modern science books, and even the psychologies, tell us that man is nothing but an evolved animal, that his mind contains nothing which in some lesser degree the animals' minds do not contain.

It is true that man's animal mind is but a development of the mind

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of the animal. But we have two powers (and their consequences) of which no animal possesses any germ.

"A penny for your thoughts," we say when our friend has been leaning back in his chair silent for five minutes. A penny would usually be an excessive charge; but if he accepted the bargain and handed over the then contents of his mind, what should we have? What are we, any of us, thinking of at any given moment? Are we thinking at all in any proper sense of the word? There are snatches of memory connected with whatever the eye happens to fall upon, and other snatches which these first snatches suggest. There are hopes that this will happen or that not happen. There is what she said yesterday and what I said in reply, having been irritated. It is warm weather and there is some idea of an ice-cream. Something suggests a business interview to come off tomorrow, which is Saturday, and so where shall we take our usual little Sunday trip to? Which reminds us that we can't go because Mrs. Jones is coming to dinner and nothing seems to please her. — And so on and so on. You see that cannot really be called thinking at all. Things are rambling along through the mind and memory just as they happen to suggest themselves or are suggested by what happens to be seen or heard or by the body's state of heat or cold or hunger or what not. The animals, the dog, the cat by the fire, the snake out on the path in the sun, — they think just in that way, save of course that it is all on a simpler scale.

But if while the stream was going on you should decide that it was unworthy of you and that in the face of any outer distractions you would hold to some one thing that really needed consideration; or if you decided that some one memory, say of a quarrel, or some one emotion, say a fear, was unworthy of you and should be quashed; if, in short, you made a *judgment* concerning your thought or feeling, and used your *will* to carry out your judgment, actually turning and holding the mind in some decided-upon and definite direction; or compelled yourself to feel kindly instead of angry or courageous instead of fearful! *then* you would have shown distinctly and exclusively *human* qualities or powers. You would have stood back from your mind and feeling, watched them, judged them, and then altered them. Will and judgment, in this sense, no animal possesses. An animal cannot watch its own mind; still less can criticize it; still less can alter it in accordance with an ideal of what it ought to be or do. Judgment and will are both of them beyond — not in or of — the personal mind, since one of them looks at and judges the mind and the other alters and controls the mind. It is because of the *beyond*-mind region, the region where dwell will and judgment, that we are truly human, and, in the higher levels of that

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region, divine-human. No animal can create an ideal of what it would like to be, or ought to be, but is not, — and then go for it.

Wherefore we are incarnate souls or divine-humans, incarnate in living matter of the highest complexity. We are so thoroughly incarnated and have given so much attention to the development of the animal mind, that we have forgotten that there is another, the mind that belonged to us before we came down to incarnation, that still exists, mostly unused, uncalled upon — save to a degree by the musicians, artists, poets, and a few others. It is only to be got at by withdrawing from and temporarily silencing the other, the personal, animal mind of daily life with its thoughts of grubs and worms and feathers and Mrs. Jones and ice-creams and deals in business. "Mind, the great slayer of the real," says H. P. Blavatsky, referring to *this* mind.

To imagine, to have an ideal, is at once to show the presence in us of two minds, one personal-animal and one human-divine-creative. A picture of the garden in which he is accustomed to playing may come up in the mind of the dog as he lies before the fire. But he cannot add at will to his picture, cannot create to it. He cannot imagine it covered with a sheet of snow. He cannot at will combine his memories. He has seen a couple of cats fighting and may remember that. But he could not at will place the picture of the cats in his picture of the garden. Nor could he even retain at will the picture of the garden. For the mind which in us *can* do these things, can direct will according to a plan and purpose in this way, is not in him. Imagination is the *willed* combination of memories, fancy but their automatic self-arising combination. The first is human, the other animal.

We can imagine an ideal of ourselves, a new self, calling to memory and combining all our best and noblest moments of the past and making ourselves feel that for self. For the time it *is* self; we have re-created ourselves. But we do not hold it long enough, do not make it clear enough for memory to grasp as a whole and carry it forward as a new life; we let our creation be dissolved by the other mind, the lower, the mind of common daily dealings.

We can imagine a divine silver-toned peace spreading like a light over the earth and touching the hearts of men with a new yearning and a new love. But we cannot hold it long enough for it to do its perfect work in actuality.

These are works of the higher mind. That mind has memories and perceptive senses as has the lower. With the ears of that mind the musician hears the inner melodies and harmonies of life, though, as for instance with Beethoven, the outer ears might be stone deaf. Then he goes to his instrument and plays aloud so that his outer ears upon

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which the lower mind depends may in their turn hear what has already sounded in his inner hearing. So the music, now present in both minds, harmonizes the one to the other, and if the lower will keep its empty thoughts for a while silent it will become temporarily spiritualized. A man may create very fine and noble ideals of himself in his greater or inner mind, but unless he translates them so that the lesser or outer mind can understand, they will come to very little. The outer mind understands *action*, and so, to mold it according to the new ideal, we must at once begin putting our new ideal character into action, deeds. Then the lower mind will understand and begin to alter itself accordingly. Acting out an ideal, translating it into deeds, is the equivalent of playing the inwardly heard harmonies upon an instrument.

To live is a fine art, like music, or may be. As the current of life streams down and out over the planes of the universe, down and out to this one we see, it is touched near its source by the inner hearing of the musician and becomes the music he writes, the music he makes the gross wires render in place of their common noise.

In the same way we may feel the inner, higher ideals of ourselves, our actual radiant selves before we came down and out, to incarnation. We ought to find that ideal, for it is present in us as the soul, as the higher mind. And having found it we should render it as deeds and thoughts that correspond. To be inspired with one's own ideal of oneself is as splendid an experience as is that of the musician when he is inspired with his harmonies. To render it into terms of our lives keeps the inspiration alive for ourselves and others as he keeps his alive for himself and others by writing it down in notes on the paper. Indeed the ideal will come to nothing, it may be to worse than nothing, unless it *is* made to come forth into the deeds of daily life. And it has often perhaps unconsciously to themselves, come to birth and divine power in simple men and women who have never had time or strength or knowledge for set self-culture, showing itself in lives of self-sacrificing devotion to daily duty and daily drudgery, people often far upon a path not even entered by some of those who talk the most eloquently about it.

To get this inspiration, this splendid and exhilarating and transforming inspiration of our inner ideal of ourselves we must learn the art, acquire the power, of mind-silence. Most of the mind-chatter that goes on ceaselessly in us while we work or walk about, and that floods out as lip-chatter, is quite worthless. The habit, instead, of inward feeling, of feeling inward, as it were listening inward as to hardly heard music, after our best self, our ideal, is not hard to begin upon. We can train the lower thinking mind to concentration upon *one* thing in all we do. We can hold it to its present task. We can devise and practise even

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some set technique of concentration. Who can look at a store window with such concentrated attention for fifteen seconds as to be able afterwards to enumerate *all* the things on which his eye rested? Who can read a paragraph in a book, or a verse of poetry, with so unflickering a mind as to be able at once to repeat it?

Well, this concentration upon *one* thing is a useful step towards the power of not allowing the mind of brain to have for a while any of its common, empty, useless day-thoughts, and holding it up in aspiration for the ideal beyond, the ever-present soul-thought. At night these common thoughts do often still themselves down with the stilling bodily currents ere sleep sets in. Take advantage of that. Read something that helps you towards your ideals, that raises the mind, and then silence and raise it still further. So entering upon sleep, the work continues; the ideal is written in upon the sleeping lower mind; and all the next days will show a working out of the ideal, or a beginning of the working out of it, into better thought and desire and deed.

Thus living, we gradually transform ourselves. We become more potent thinkers. Our creative energies do their spiritual work far and wide. Our ideals radiate from us in greater and greater strength. Unconsciously we become helpers of the race. And some time will come the hour of full awakening, of completed self-redemption. The lead will have passed into gold. Life will have begun. In the words of Katherine Tingley:

"The science of life is Theosophy. Let us clear the way for the coming generations; let us through the knowledge that can be gained of ourselves, cultivate that quality of understanding that shall purify human nature and evolve soulful beings."



"VERILY that body, so desecrated by Materialism and man himself, is the temple of the Holy Grail, the *Adytum* of the grandest, nay, of all the mysteries of nature in our solar universe. That body is an Aeolian harp, chorded with two sets of strings, one made of pure silver, the other of catgut. When the breath from the divine Fiat brushes softly over the former, man becomes like unto *his* God — but the other set feels it not. It needs the breeze of a strong terrestrial wind, impregnated with animal effluvia, to set its animal chords vibrating."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY, in *Psychic and Noetic Action*

VENICE

EXTRACT FROM 'ITALY' BY SAMUEL ROGERS

THE Sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the Sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating City, — steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently, — by many a dome
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than Eastern splendor,
Of old the residence of merchant kings;
The fronts of stone, though Time had shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

* * *

A few in fear,
Flying away from his whose boast it was
That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,
Gave birth to Venice. Like the waterfowl,
They built their nests among the ocean waves;
And where the sands were shifting as the wind
Blew from the north, the south; where they that came
Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,
Rose, like an exhalation, from the deep,
A vast Metropolis, with glittering spires,
With theaters, basilicas adorned;
A scene of light and glory, a dominion,
That has endured the longest among men.

* * *

Thus did Venice rise,
Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came,
That in the Tagus had arrived a fleet
From India, from the region of the Sun,
Fragrant with spices, — that a way was found,
A channel opened, and the golden stream
Turned to enrich another. Then she felt
Her strength departing, and at last she fell,
Fell in an instant, blotted out and razed;
She who had stood yet longer than the longest
Of the Four Kingdoms, — who, as in an Ark,
Had floated down amid a thousand wrecks,
Uninjured, from the Old World to the New.

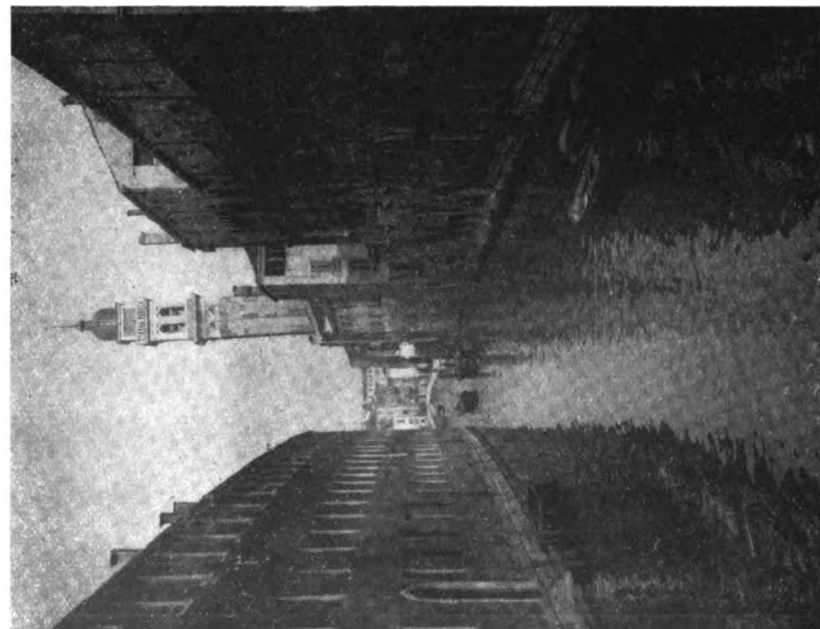


Campanile and Ducal Palace

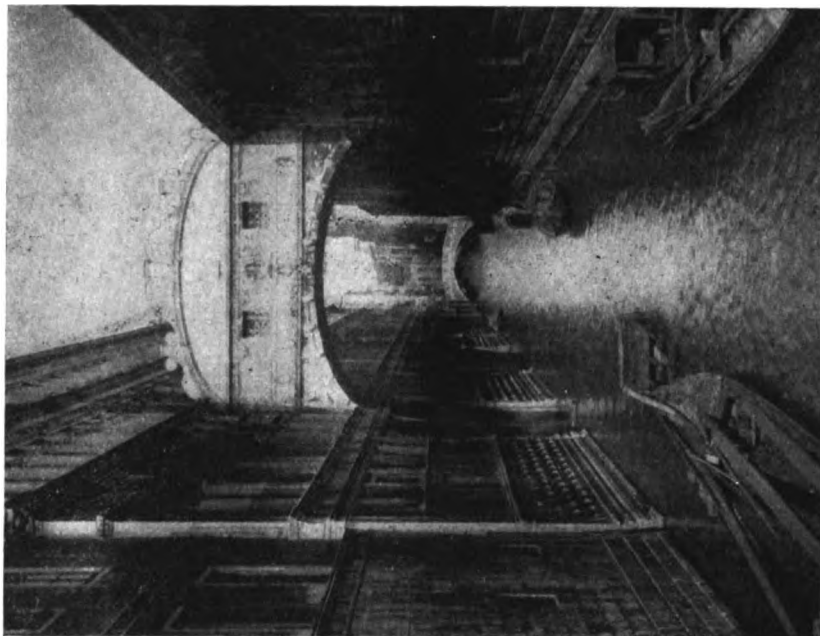


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Ducal Palace and St. Marks Cathedral
 VENICE, 'THE JEWEL OF THE ADRIATIC'



A VENETIAN STREET



Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHs

THE PILGRIM: by Geoffrey Shurlock

NOT far from a shrine in the woods about Nikko, a peach-tree overhangs a pool of lotus-blossoms.

One day in mid-spring when the tree stood in full bloom, an old priest plodded slowly up the hill towards it, the tinkle of his bell frightening into silence the cicadas just beginning to sing. At the top he paused, straightened up under his huge straw hat, and stood leaning on his staff, held by the delicate beauty of the blossoms glowing against a background of gloomy cryptomerias. When he had left his little temple in the south, the peach-trees had already begun shedding their petals; here was one still bearing its load of rosy snow, stained with fleeting ripples of purple as the breeze shifted the branches in and out of the sunlight.

He had hoped to reach the shrine by noon; still it was worth the delay to rest in the fragrance of peach-blossoms. So he sat beneath the tree, at the edge of the pond, laying aside his hat the better to enjoy the coolness. He might have been some old Buddhist saint come back again, with his shaven head, and face seamed with wrinkles of kindness, which only missed melting into a perpetual smile through the tired droop of the eyelids.

Before his half-closed eyes, as he sat drowsing, pink lotus-flowers swayed on slender stems: now shaking their lovely heads at him, now nodding together with delightful emphasis. Still more gorgeous were the waterlilies that climbed sturdily out of the mud into the sunlight, to flame there like torches of red and blue fire. And everywhere, on the big leaves, even among the petals of the flowers, molten diamonds hung trembling and flashing. — *Om mani padme hum!* he murmured reverently, watching them; and the breeze rocked the blossoms till the jewels quivered into life.

The half-spoken invocation, the delicate scent of the bloom above his head, carried him back to his old shrine and the peach-tree that, every spring, filled it with light and fragrance. The day before he left, the blossoms had begun falling; and the village children who always came to play there, had spent the afternoon chasing the petals that went fluttering downwards like pink butterflies. Till sunset he had watched the game; and coming out when the crowd was gone, found two little ones standing miserably before the wreckage, the big tears glistening between their eyelashes. That evening the incense had died in the brazier and a whole cycle of prayers remained unsaid, while he sat among the fallen blossoms, comforting the babes with the assurance that next year the tree would be even more lovely, and with the promise of juicy fruit to follow — though he knew quite well he would not be

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there to give it them. — In the morning, when the children came to resume their game, a novice from the monastery among the hills was sweeping out the courtyard; their old friend was a speck none of them saw, trudging northward between the green rice-fields.

A splashing in the pool at his feet scattered his musings. — Yes, this tree, too, was losing its bloom: just now a shower of blossoms had dropped to meet their reflexion in the dark water, frightening the red and silver carp that all the while had been gathering expectantly about him. They quickly rose again; and he half-smiled, seeing them gulp hungrily at the floating petals, only to sink back disappointed, a comical look of bewilderment in their staring eyes. It would never do to mock them so; he felt in his scrip for some broken rice-cake to throw them; and watching the dance of the lotus-flowers, drifted again into dreamy meditation.

Just over the edge of the pond, beyond the swaying blossoms, the highway stretched like a white ribbon across the valley; he could follow its windings among the foothills until it vanished into a bluish fog still hanging in the passes. It was the road of his pilgrimage: whose goal was Kamakura, and the peace that may come to one at the feet of the Daibutsu. There he would await the change he felt so near. For whatever earthly sight his eyes closed upon, the vision of it would go with him through the night into the next rebirth; and the vision of the Daibutsu can bring, even into earth-life, a touch of the peace of Nirvâna. — If only those mists would lift, and let him onward! — But as he stared at them, they seemed to grow more densely blue, as though to protect what lay beyond.

A delicious numbness was stealing over him; for the climb had been tiring past all accounting for. He must have been sitting a long time: so long that he could not recall when it all began, nor how he had come to be there. To be sure, there was something about a shrine he had come seeking, once; but that was too long ago. — Ah, yes; he had it now: it must have been the lotus-flowers that had brought him. Now he was beginning to understand why they were nodding so: they were calling, beckoning him to follow still further, along a Path among purple hills, into that chilling mist through which there was, as yet, no piercing. And, all the while, the faint fragrance of peach-bloom had been about him like celestial incense, luring him onward to some hidden goal. For ages he had sat, striving to know whither the flowers were beckoning, and whence the incense was blown; until one day the sky above the hills became so blue, so wonderfully blue — that it was no longer sky, but the sapphire waters of the lotus-lake in Amida's paradise, on whose blossoms, robed in splendors unimagined, the Blessed sit. He raised

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his longing arms to them; a radiant garment was upon him, too, enfolding, dissolving, purging him away utterly, while all the bright company leaned from their swaying thrones to welcome him.

At noon, the priests coming to feed the fish were startled by the sight of an unfamiliar figure seated, Buddha-like and strangely still, beneath their peach-tree: before it the lotus-blossoms bent in reverence, and drifted peach-bloom robed it in rosy light. A Pilgrim had returned.

THREE ESSAYS: by Drych Ail Cibddar

I — "OF MORAL EVIL AND OF GOOD"

"One impulse from the vernal wood
Can teach us more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sermons can."

O much the worse for the sermons; 'tis a crushing indictment of them. Of man, indeed, the woods do have something to say; but not, I think, of moral good and evil; and for this reason: I have to arrange all that for myself, or they will refuse to notice me at all. The great sky-roofed world holds aloof from him who has followed evil wittingly. I go into the woods, or on the seashore, or where I can see the mountains, as they say 'with some matter on my conscience' — and am to observe an ugly silence on these my brothers: brothers for the nonce no more, for I am exiled out of the Worlds of Beauty and may hold no intercourse with anything divine. The mountains turn their backs on me; I can see blueness and sky above, but not the heavens; the trees have become uncommunicative, and will vouchsafe me no news of their dreaming. I guess they know nothing of my transgression; having it not in them at all to conceive of evil: their nature is not moral; they are not cognisant of our inward war-fares and tribulations. But I think they wonder why it is that, instead of a bright kindred spark of eternity: a jolly, silent, understanding and understandable fellow: this grey, uncomfortable nothingness has come out to them, to whom no word can be spoken in any language known.

Yesterday the mountains whispered to me: *Mystery, mystery!* and I answered back to them: *Mystery, as kingly as your own!* — they knew that I said it, and were well pleased to find their wisdom echoed and shared. The sea said: *Mystery, and boundless exultation!* and I answered with like words, having it in my heart to know and say them. As for

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the trees, what they muttered was: *Silence, wisdom, mystery!* and I gave them happily the countersign: *Mystery, wisdom, silence!* and heard their laughter of assent, and had enjoyment of their fellowship. —Going on then to duties at my desk I found that it was not I who was doing these, but I and the Spirit of the Mountains, the Trees, and the Sea.

II — PRIDE AND SCORN

The proud man is a fool; consider what blasphemy he does, when with a curl of the lip or a frigid tone in the voice, he suddenly wounds or puts another out of confidence. We talk of the lofty tower, up which the haughty fool has climbed; unluckily he may do damnedlier than abide there in prideful solitude, when he uses his tower as a vantage ground from which to shoot shafts at the passers by. Those who have real towers of strength, built up of service rendered: those who live in fortresses of the Soul: look only for occasions to help; they are notorious for large simplicity, and grandly humble; and shine like the beneficent sun on all timid and budding aspiration and on the fallen that would rise.

‘He does not suffer fools gladly,’ we say; but he does, if he has no profound annoyance from himself. Because of some clearness in common thinking, or some deftness with his hands to work, he gives himself leave to condemn and wound unmercifully the multitude that fumble and strive. But it is no cynicism to say that men are mostly fools: given the right eye for it, or the right point of vision, you can see almost any man, short of an Adept, as a fool. There is some spot undefended, that we do not face towards and have not noticed; he who catches sight of us there will see a pretty spectacle. But there is also, commonly, another place, where we have reared up some noble pillars and pinnacles; there, he who has eyes to see may catch at least glimpses of the grandeur of the Human Soul. What else is worth seeing? what else is for pride and comfort and beacon to the race? Go about, you who will, prying only for men’s sewers and dustbins; think still, if you must, that because you are spiteful-cynical there shall be no more gods and heroes! You pride yourself on nothing but a kind of blindness, a diseased and distorted vision.

Man is a divine Soul; that is the first fact to be taken for granted. The second is that he has in him the gates of hell, and may draw upon all the resources of evil. Do not foolishly magnify, nor wickedly condemn him; but believe that your thought of him is evoking the angels or the hellions. We are no great matter till we have come to some knowledge of the evil in ourselves: till we have faced the hostility of hell, and felt the sting of its inflictions. To think slightingly of another, because

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those armies are arrayed against him, and perhaps prevailing, is to put yourself in alliance with them against the Soul of the man; and the greater condemnation is on you. And if you, too, are fighting that battle within, will you subscribe to the doctrine that a man is the hell in him? Will you say that *you* are the evil, and not the Soul who opposes it?

The scornful man pours his contempt on the wicked: that is, the souls who are worsted in the conflict with evil; or on the stupid, who have not achieved sending down such a ray as may illuminate their minds. In either case he insults the Soul; whose coadjutant is it our place to be, not its blasphemer. That it should have established as much mastery as it has, upon the treachery and slime of this chaos-cosmos in which it is incarnate, is a marvel we can only comprehend when we think of the long aeons of its effort; but for which it would be to wonder, not that hands are clumsy and brains dull, but that brute matter should register at all any clear divine thought, or should move at all in obedience to motions of the Spirit. A long, slow march towards victory is going forward; should we not be content to add our weight to its impetus?

Oh but proud man, proud man: though you base your pride on miracles of achievement: though you are extremely clever, and of great gifts and parts: though you have unmeasured genius both in thought and action: you do not play your part! You are opposing the on-movement of the Divine! When you made the fool shrink within himself, and convicted him of the hopelessness of his folly (that raking sneer did it): when you made that man, severely wounded by evil, feel so keenly that he was the evil that had wounded him, and had better cease fighting, and go down: I do not doubt you were requisitioning from Karma lives of brainless stupidity and abject vice! Because it is sympathy, compassion, that is the final mark of a man, and the crown-jewel of human attainment; not cleverness of any sort, which is a kind of evil, except in the hands of the compassionate.

III — CRITICISM

I have only my brain-mind with which to criticize you, brother; and am to consider now how fit is this instrument for the work. You came into this world out of infinity; the cycles of human history are behind you, in which there was time for you to have lived more lives than this mind of mine has lived minutes. I behold two or three threads of the rainbow pattern in which you are woven; am I not therefore well qualified to call you weakling, knave, or fool?

Let us say you are nothing but what your heredity has made you; then if I should use mathematics, and count up the sum of your ancestors

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since Atlantis sank — nay, since Rome fell but the other day — I should find the figures stupendous. Each one of your forebears would have lived his twenty to seventy years, in all the days whereof he was weaving something for you; if you are nothing but what those millions made you, how infinitely varied you must be! You cannot escape to have in you heroes and martyrs and philosophers, poets, hangmen and their victims, fallen men and women belike: every element that makes up humanity. What I saw in you yesterday, or this morning, appeared to me cowardly, lacking candor, uncharitable; I am inclined now to think it may have been the fall of a Roland, the glorious failure of a hero.

But in truth I know you are much more than the child of those long generations; since I have seen that in you which is not of this world, nor compounded of any faults or virtues. Eternity it is: I cannot conceive but that some part of you is older than these seas and mountains, older than the world, than this dragon pageantry of heaven. From behind all your characteristics, something looks out at me which reminds me a little of the Sphinx; more, of a dark blue night of stars. As I behold everlasting motion in the sea, I guess at the sources of everlasting motion in you; as I sense indestructibility in the pleroma, I feel the archeus of it in you; deeper than 'this intellectual being,' far underlying 'these thoughts that wander through eternity.' Shall not this be fulfilled of its destinies, which have been since before the world began?

You are too august for my criticism, brother; I grow somewhat frightened when I contemplate what awful forces are in motion . . . what a tremendous epic is a man. They are right in saying that the Son of God came into the flesh, Which is the light of every man that cometh into the world. I cannot, taking thought upon it, conceive of you otherwise than as that! You are the hero of the long drama of the Incarnations, who have contended against the heredities of a thousand lives; there is no phase of human existence, thought, action, character, the seeds of which are not in you; and yours is the titanic enterprise of molding all to divine ends. If I saw one thread slip from your fingers, I did not see the million threads you hold. If I saw one weed in your garden, I did not see the thousand acres filled with bloom.

All those fields are yours; heaven knows what myriad others may be mine. If that part of your territory which I pass daily is weedy, I am convinced, there are vast landscapes in my own territory, sown thick with tares; and I have never discovered them yet. I should have ventured far into them, I think, and made gardens of a few, had I never cast presumptuous eyes on your domain.

In me also is the Eternal; but That criticizes no man: knowing the task It has undertaken in all, and what ages it needs for fulfilment, and

LUIGO CORNARO AND OLD AGE

what difficulties lie in the way. — No: I have only a brain-mind wherewith to criticize you; and it is a thing compounded of the failings of lives and generations, with little vision you could call better than sheer blindness: an acre that I am to weed; not a weapon I am to use against God in you. What else is in me and wiser is not given to criticism.

HOW LUIGI CORNARO SUCCESSFULLY CONFRONTED OLD AGE: by Percy Leonard

ALTHOUGH three hundred and fifty years have passed since the death of Luigi Cornaro, he is still cited as a notable example of the remedial value of temperance in diet, and its efficacy in preserving the faculties undimmed, even to extreme old age.

Luigi Cornaro, born in 1467 and of more than usually delicate constitution, still further increased his natural infirmities by unlimited self-indulgence, until at the age of thirty-five he reached a crisis so acute that he longed for death as a release. He adopted a course of extreme abstinence, so that at the end of a year he was completely cured and prolonged his cheerful, active career until his death at ninety-nine.

Hear him expatiate on the advantage of restraining those appetites which bring so many lives to an untimely close.

"Oh thrice holy sobriety so useful to man. Thou prolongest his days and freest him from the dreadful thoughts of death. How greatly ought we to be indebted to thee, since by thee we enjoy this beautiful world, which is really beautiful to all whose senses have not been deadened by repletion. I really never knew till I grew old, that the world was so beautiful. My spirits, never oppressed by too much food are always brisk especially after eating, so that I much enjoy the singing of a song before I sit down to writing. I have a better voice now, clearer and louder, than at any period of my life. Now what a comfort is this, that old as I am, I am able without fatigue of mind or body thus to be fully engaged, and to study the most important, difficult and sublime subjects."

Browning's exhortation:

"Grow old along with me
The best is yet to be"

exactly expresses the Theosophical attitude towards old age. The ebbing of that tide of force and passion which attains its flood at thirty-five should cause no diminution of our joy in living, or curtailment of our power to serve. Quite on the contrary, it seems as though in Nature's plan youth's red and stormy morning should be followed by a calm and cloudless sunset, and our day's decline be lighted by the golden glow of intuition and unruffled peace, until rounded by a gentle sleep.

THE PATIENT, INDUSTRIOUS CHINESE: by R. L.

PATIENCE and industriousness are national characteristics of the Chinese. "There are no idle people in China" might be taken as a Chinese axiom, says Mrs. Conger, and Sir John Davis comments on the cheerful labor performed by these stolid, self-satisfied, content people. Indeed Goldsmith's couplet,

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long,"

is undoubtedly truer of the Oriental than the Occidental temperament.

The industrious Chinaman works early and late, unremittingly. Arthur H. Smith in *Chinese Characteristics* says:

"The Chinese day begins at a dim period, often not at a great remove from midnight. . . . The copper workers of Canton, the tin-foil workers of Foochow, the wood-carvers of Ningho, the rice-mill workers of Shanghai, the cotton-cleaners and workers in the treadmill for bolting flour in the northern provinces, may all be heard late at night and at a preposterous hour in the morning. Long before daylight the traveler comes upon a countryman who has already reached a distance of many miles from his home, where he is posted in the darkness waiting for the coming of daylight, when he will begin the sale of his cabbages! By the time the Occidental has had his breakfast, a Chinese market is nearly over. . . .

"It is by no means uncommon to see those who are hard pressed to find the means of support, following two different lines of occupation which dovetail into each other. . . . Most of the rural population of some districts spend all the time which can be spared from the exigencies of farm work in making hats or in plaiting the braid, now so large an article of export. Chinese women are not often seen without a shoe-sole in their hands on which they are perpetually taking stitches . . . or perhaps it is a reel of cotton they are spinning. But idle they are not."

Even after attaining wealth the Chinaman does not remit his industriousness but devotes himself to business with the same energy as when the "wolf was at the door."

The mere position assigned to the various occupations by the Chinese is not a little significant. First in importance and rank stands that of the scholar; then follow in order the farmer's, the workman's, and the merchant's. Note the importance given to the farmer in this classification; in no country is he so highly regarded as in China. In fact, agriculture is supposed by the Chinese to have had a divine origin, its invention being attributed to Shin Nung, their second emperor, who ascended the throne 2787 years B. C. and who "first fashioned timber into ploughs, and taught the people the art of husbandry." And this divine connexion has been perpetuated and the art fostered and encouraged by the Emperors all down the ages. The Emperor K'angshi thus exhorted his subjects: "Give chief place to husbandry and the cultivation of the mulberry-tree, in order to procure adequate supplies of food and raiment," and his son supplemented this with the excellent advice: "Suffer not a barren spot to remain in the wilds, or a lazy person to abide in the

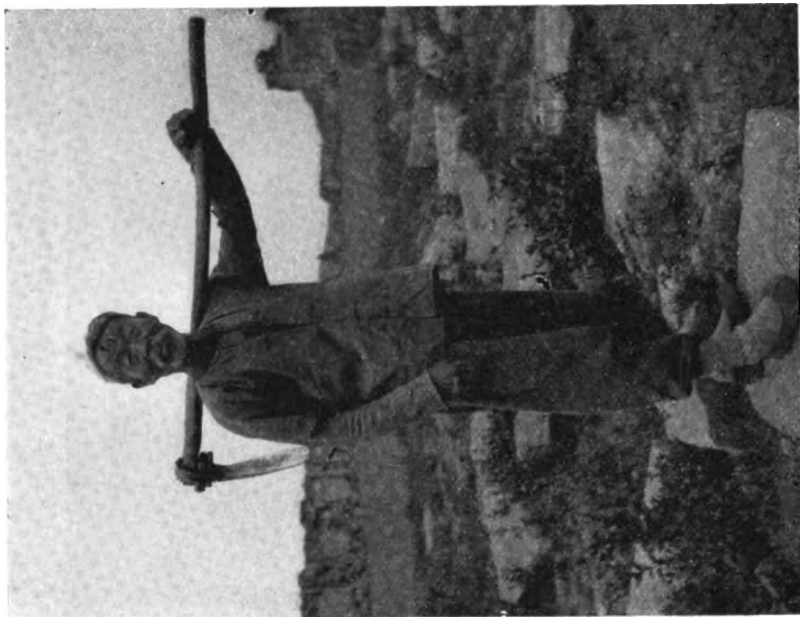


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CHINESE AGRICULTURISTS

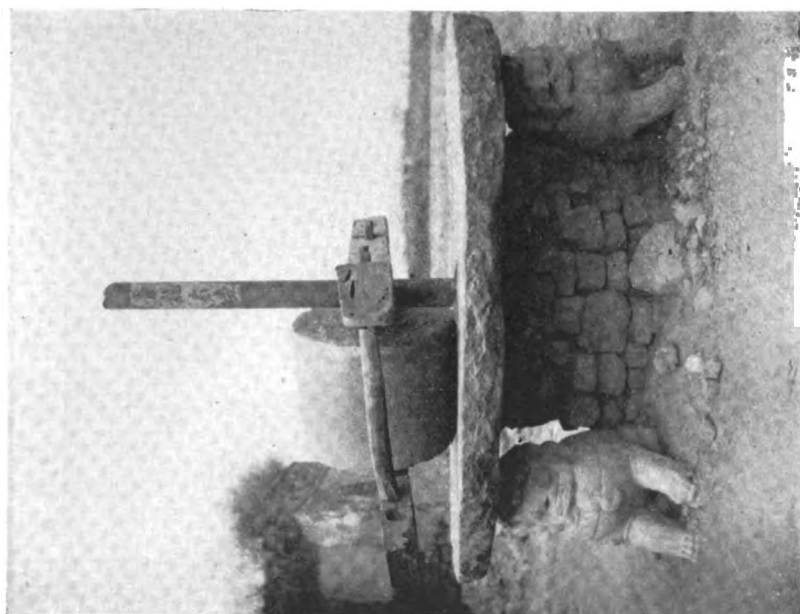
“The Chinese are gardeners rather than agriculturists. They watch over their crops with the most constant care. They gather them by hand, and, when the gleaners have finished, not a straw, or root, or leaf is left behind.”

(Charles Denby: *China and her People*)



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CHINESE FARMER WITH HOE



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ANCIENT GRIST MILL, PEKIN



A PEKINESE ITINERANT TAILOR

"A feature in the workaday life of China is the number of itinerant craftsmen who earn their livelihood on the streets. Every domestic want, from riveting a broken saucer to shaving a man's head, is supplied by these useful peripatetics."
(Robert K. Douglas: *Society in China*)



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CHINESE ARTISAN USING BOW LATHE



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TINSMITH, PEKIN

THE PATIENT, INDUSTRIOUS CHINESE

cities; then a farmer will not lay aside his plough and hoe; nor the housewife put away her silkworms or her weaving." It was the custom of the Emperors to turn a furrow with their own hands at the vernal equinox and the Empresses used to follow suit by picking mulberry leaves for the palace silkworms, in this way setting the example for the millions of their followers.

In his two-volume work, *China and her People*, Charles Denby gives an interesting account of Chinese agriculturists, from which we quote the following:

"The Chinese have always been an agricultural people. They never have been warlike. They rank soldiers among the lowest classes. Agriculturists and scholars constitute the aristocracy. The Emperors, whether native, Mongol, or Manchu, have always encouraged agriculture, and have recognised the devotion of its laborers as the greatest safeguard of the throne. . . .

"Seen from an eminence, the country around Peking looks like an immense checker-board. The Chinese are gardeners rather than agriculturists. They watch over their crops with the most constant care. They gather them by hand, and, when the gleaners have finished, not a straw, or root, or leaf is left behind. Often I have watched them spread their grain out over a smooth, hard-beaten earth floor in the open air, and thresh it whether with flails or by rolling over it a stone drawn by a donkey. When a breeze comes, the grain is tossed in the air, the kernels falling straight, the chaff and dust being blown away. . . .

"Chinese agricultural instruments are of the rudest character. They comprise the hoe, the harrow, the rake, and the stone roller. The plough is simply a broad blade fastened to a rough handle, guided by a man, and drawn by teams of miscellaneous description. I have seen teams made up of horses, mules, donkeys, men, and boys, and, rarely, women. . . . The Chinese farmers measure the depth of the furrows by the fingers, and frequently speak of ploughing only two or three fingers deep. The most effective tool is the hoe, and with this the main work in raising the crop is done after the grain has sprouted. . . . Implements are made by hand, and in the summer it is very common to see traveling bands of iron-workers, who traverse the country and make or repair tools. Blacksmiths are to be found in all villages."

"The Chinese farmer is industrious with an industry which it would be difficult to surpass," says one writer, and another adds:

"From these men it is impossible to withhold the highest praise for their untiring industry. With endless labor and inexhaustible resource they wrest from the soil the very utmost that it is capable of producing."

And turning to Mrs. Conger's delightful *Letters from China*, we find this pleasing pen-picture of farm-life in China:

"Every part of the country is carefully and diligently cultivated. The Chinese fertilize with the frugal gatherings of all manure in cities and elsewhere, and the crops are luxuriant. These people are economical in the extreme. In North China the winters are quite cold, and fuel is scarce and expensive. Every part of the entire crop, from the root to the grain, is brought into use. The stalks of the larger grains are stripped of their leaves at a certain stage of development and carefully laid out to cure. Then the grain is gathered and the stalk utilized; lastly, the roots, all the weeds, undergrowth, and leaves are gathered and tied into bundles for fuel. In winter the country is barren; it looks as though nothing ever grew there, but when the spring

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opens, many tillers of the soil are out, digging and planting, and the fields blossom into beautiful gardens. Thus the ages go on, and the soil is not depleted. . . .

"Our pilgrimage was through a fine farming country rich with harvest. Every particle of ground except the narrow footpaths is carefully cultivated. The farms look large, but many indistinct lines separate them into smaller tracts.

"Where there are vegetables, fruit or melons, you will see little tents where the men sleep to protect their crops. The homes of these farmers are in walled villages. They eat in common mess-houses, and their food costs but little. . . .

"Here came quietly along a drove of about two hundred swine from the mountains of Mongolia. On close observation we discovered that each foot of each beast was shod with a leather sock to protect it from the sharp stones. Not one seemed footsore. I call this a wonderful phase of patience and economy. Patience in making and tying on those eight hundred socks and economy in keeping the feet well, thus enabling them to make their long journey to Peking. Patience and economy are marked characteristics of the Chinese."

Agriculture holding the prominent place it does in the life of the Chinese, it is not surprising to find numerous and important works devoted to this subject in their literature. Indeed, one of the earliest pieces of Chinese literature extant is an agricultural almanac which was probably written some time in the eighteenth century B. C. It describes the processes of nature and the industries of the gardener in the successive seasons of the year; it explains when to sow and when to reap the harvest, and "it follows with the love of a naturalist the movements of the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air."

Hardly less industrious than the farmer is the Chinese artisan, whatever be his calling. This is particularly true of the day-laborer. To refer to Mr. Smith's account of Chinese industrial life once more, he says:

"That which is true of the farmer class is true with still greater emphasis of the mere laborer, who is driven by the constant and chronic reappearance of the wolf at his door to spend his life in everlasting grind. As the farmer bestows the most painstaking thought and care upon every separate stalk of cabbage, picking off carefully each minute insect, thus at last tiring out the ceaseless swarms by his own greater perseverance, so does the laborer watch for the most insignificant job, that he may have something for his back, and for other stomachs and backs that are wholly dependent upon him."

Robert K. Douglas, writing on this subject in his *Society in China*, says:

"Next to farmers in popular estimation stand mechanics, and even a deeper state of poverty than that which afflicts agriculturists is the common lot of these men. . . . The rudest tools are all that a workman has at his disposal, and the idea never seems to occur to him that an improvement in their structure is either called for or necessary. . . . In the higher branches of mechanical skill, such for instance, as gold, silver, and ivory work, Chinamen excel, and they are exceptionally proficient in the manufacture of bronzes, bells, lacquer ware, and cloisonné. . .

"A feature in the workaday life of China is the number of itinerant craftsmen who earn their livelihood on the streets. Every domestic want, from the riveting of a broken saucer to shaving a man's head, is supplied by these useful peripatetics. If a man's jacket wants mending, or his shoes repairing, he summons a passing tailor or cobbler. . . . Even blacksmiths carry about with them the very simple instruments of their trade, and the bellows which blow the flame are commonly so constructed as to serve when required as a box for tools and for a seat to rest the owner when weary."

THE MESSAGE OF THE FLOWERS: by Percy Leonard



CONSIDERED in the cold, dry light of Science, the glowing petals of the flowers are simply advertising signs to notify the bees that nectar will be bargained in exchange for their assistance in conveying pollen to the stamens and insuring the production of the seed. Under this view a plant is nothing but a business undertaking in which labor and material are expended in the hope of obtaining an adequate return for the investment. But even so, all *conscious*, mercenary motive is denied, and flowering plants are represented as the fortunate survivors of uncounted millions which have passed away because capricious Chance has not decreed that their variations should take the form of advertising signals to allure the bees.

Every existing flower is the result of some lucky variation which favored the propagation of the fortunate species, while those whose variations were less opportune, were overwhelmed in the fierce contest of competing types. The idea of conscious adaptation in Nature is brushed aside as 'animistic superstition,' and all those dazzling forms of light and beauty which adorn the robe of Nature, are explained as the fortuitous result of age-long competition with only blind and aimless Chance as umpire in the strife.

But the poets (and there is said to be a buried poet in every human breast) have always protested against this sordid and material explanation of the Floral World; and though they seldom argue on the matter yet they always give the weight of their support to those who recognize inventive skill, conscious intelligence, and joyous life displayed in those bright eyes of vegetation known as flowers.

To the botanist we owe our knowledge of the wonderful cell-structure of plants: from him we learn how pollen-grains reach downwards to the embryonic seeds, and how the leaves have power to seize invisible material from every passing breeze and weave the dainty fabric of the gorgeous robes they wear. But eyes and intellect, assisted by the microscope and chemical analysis, are not the only avenues conducting us to Nature's secrets; and the message which the flowers proclaim from every nodding stem, is often caught by simple, uninstructed folk whose sole equipment for their study is an open-hearted receptivity.

Children, and men of child-like heart all down the ages, have heard the language of the flowers, and their report is just as valuable as that of the man with the scalpel who sits behind his 'glazed, optic tube.' Rightly to listen to the flowers requires a pure, unselfish heart, for their sweet, gentle tones can never penetrate a mind tossed to and fro by stormy passion and absorbed in selfish and ambitious schemes.

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Even the artist may receive a message which to the merely scientific temperament is meaningless, and their delicate shading, their brilliancy of color, and their flowing lines of contour, make an appeal to which only those who are sensitive to beauty can respond. But their message to the children, and to those who have passed through manhood to the childhood that lies on the further side of maturity, is sweeter still and more profoundly true.

As Wordsworth has said:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

But he was too wise to attempt to express those faint whispers from Fairyland in a language which has been evolved for legal definitions, personal gossip, political discussion, and the purposes of trade.

A gift of flowers is often accompanied by a motto or a quotation; but the message of the flowers is more inspiring than any verbal exhortation; is more instructive than teaching; and affects us more profoundly than philosophy however deep. It is a gushing flood of life from Nature's beating heart; a free, unstinted pouring-forth from the unfathomable fount of Universal Life.

A flower is more than a spot of color on the vivid robe of Nature; it is more than an exquisite masterpiece of modeling fresh from Nature's hand; it is more than a living symbol of profuse, exhaustless growth. The cup of a flower is a window that looks directly into Fairyland through which we get a glimpse into the secret workshop of Almighty Pan.

Wherever primroses unfurl their buds, there, full in view, we see the miracle of Nature's subtle alchemy at work. The substance of the lifeless clod updrawn into the circulation of the plant begins to feel the stir of vegetable life. Its dull inertia, at the touch of sunshine, leaps to life; and the imprisoned forces of the moldered rocks pour from the chalice of the flower in copious breaths of perfume, and in beams of glowing light, which elevate our thoughts to higher levels though we find ourselves unable to describe their charm. Our hopes assume a more substantial outline, our hearts are lighted with a purer joy, the senses grow more delicate and fine, our pulses beat in rhythm with the music of the Spheres.

As precious stones to mountains of the ordinary rock, and as transcendent genius to the common man, so is the finished and consummate flower compared with the colossal bulk of forest trees and the rank growth of leaf and stem.

In spite of their ethereal loveliness, the flowers are only fleeting

THE MESSAGE OF THE FLOWERS

visitants on earth. They scarce have time to nod their sunny greeting and to cheer us with their smiles, before they fade and die; and yet they are "a joy for ever" and in its inmost essence every flower is that eternal, never-withering amaranth of which the ancient poets sang.* The permanent abiding-place of flowers is Plato's region of ideal types where every blossom lives in an eternal Spring, descending now and then to pay a transient visit to the earth. The snowdrops in the garden are as frail as they are beautiful; but the ideal form they faintly body forth can never die, and from the cosmic storehouse they will come again to lead the passing pageant of the floral year.

The battle-scarred, disfigured fields of Europe, wrecked by man's mania to destroy, are quickly mantled over with a multitude of waving poppies, blue cornflowers, and the mustard's yellow gold, proving that power to heal is still at hand, that Nature's primal harmonies survive humanity's discordant din, and that whenever our delirious fever shall have spent its rage, the sweet beneficence behind the veil will bring remorseful and distracted man to health and peace once more.

*As a demonstration that the never-withering amaranth is something more than a poetical fiction, see *Isis Unveiled*, Volume II, pp. 609-610, where a singularly beautiful and instructive experience of H. P. Blavatsky with a Bhikshuni is cited.

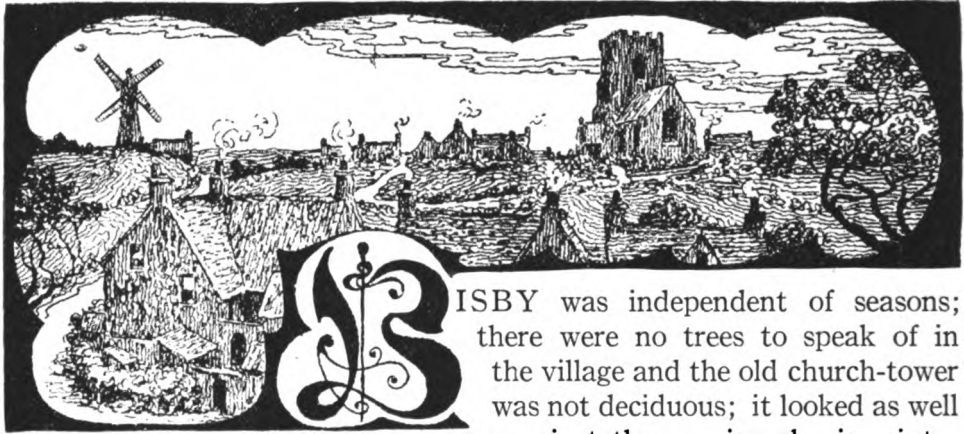


"As the silent soul awakes, it makes the ordinary life of the man more purposeful, more vital, more real and responsible. The occultist who has withdrawn into his own citadel has found his strength; immediately he becomes aware of the demands of duty upon him." — *Light on the Path*

RURAL ANTIQUITIES: by R. Machell

(With pen-and-ink drawings by the author)

IV



ISBY was independent of seasons; there were no trees to speak of in the village and the old church-tower was not deciduous; it looked as well against the evening sky in winter as in summer, and on the day when Jim came back from London it looked its best, to him at least. He rode from Framblesea along the cliff because the footpath was better than the road at this time of year, although more dangerous because of the land-slides that are frequent in the wet season: but the cliff-road was deserted, and it had the further advantage of leading to the lane that ran past old Jasper's cottage to the village, by which way he could arrive unseen. He rang his bicycle bell as he got near the house, knowing that the old man was 'hard of hearing' and that his grand-daughter was not. And when she heard the sound she thought the angels had no bells in heaven as beautiful as that.

Old Jasper wondered what kept the lass so long tonight. She had been pining lately; he had good eyes although his hearing had begun to fail, and he knew what the trouble was. Poor little lass! But when she at length came in and the glow of the fire lit up her figure in the door-way she seemed to be glorified as a figure in a dream. The old man scarcely dared to speak; the cottage was suddenly transformed like the pictures he saw sometimes in the fire; and Janet came to him and sat at his feet laying her head upon his knee as she used to do when a child asking to be told a story. But tonight there was silence between them, silence and sympathy.

The stars were shining when the artist reached the 'Royal George.' The venerables were assembled, and his welcome was whole-hearted. The contrast was startling between this and the dinner at Hampstead, even more so than that between the 'Royal George' and Oakleythorpe, though those two might seem as far apart as the poles. He was at home

RURAL ANTIQUITIES

in his sister's house in spite of its magnificence, and he was at home in Bisby in spite of its poverty. Home has so little to do with luxury or want.

But Jim had work to do and could not make any long stay at the little village, which he called his headquarters. His work now took him to the towns that he had neglected during the summer and autumn, and he was busy in this way for some weeks, after which he went to Oakleythorpe according to promise, and there he received the formal announcement of the engagement of Mary McNorten to George Dunlop. The letter was delayed by following him from place to place, so that his sister happened to see a notice of the coming marriage in the paper on the same day. McNorten was fond of publicity and the Dunlops loved it dearly. So Jim was spared the embarrassment of telling his sister news that he felt should have been painful to him. He really was puzzled to know how to feel about it, not being naturally hypocritical. He was very sorry for poor Mary when he thought of George Dunlop and contrasted him with the kind of man that such a dear good girl as that was worthy of.

Beatrice was a little surprised at her brother's indifference, and wondered what it meant. The explanation came to her accidentally. While on a tour of inspection through the house she saw a sketch-book in Jim's bedroom and took it with her to look over at her leisure. When she closed the book her face was serious. She knew now why Bisby had become her brother's headquarters.

She put the sketch-book back a little guiltily and wondered who was the girl. The book was full of her, and it seemed to Beatrice that she could read the whole romance in those sketches. A village girl, but not an ordinary type. In that face she saw intensity and earnestness and character. This was serious and must be stopped at any cost, or Jim would be compromised, and might even be dragged into a disgraceful marriage which his family would have to repudiate. She thought it over and decided that Jim must be saved. She was impetuous by nature, and always acted on impulse, fearing perhaps lest her purpose should cool on the anvil. "Strike while the iron is hot!" was her motto, and the result was that at times the sparks would fly freely in her neighborhood. She must go to Bisby, she must see the girl and reason with her, she would be reasonable; evidently from the sketches she was not of a scheming type, rather a dreamer, romantic most probably, but one who could be made to see the folly of such an entanglement. But what possible excuse could she invent for a sudden visit to such a 'jumping-off place' as Bisby at that time of year? It was miles from anywhere. The little sea-side town of Framblesea was bad enough in summer, but in winter

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

it would be impossible. She knew of no one in the neighborhood to whom she could propose a visit.

Alice had told her what a deadly dull part of the country it was. As she put it: "Everywhere was twenty miles from anywhere and the roads were vile." Alice knew people somewhere there; why not get her to go and see the place? Alice was such a dear girl she would understand the situation without too much explanation and would be able to report upon the woman if nothing more; and Alice was staying with the Johnstones of Balderwick not more than ten miles off. That settled it. The carriage was ordered for Balderwick next day and a 'wire' was sent announcing a luncheon-visit. The Johnstones were always delighted to see her, and Alice would be sure to be at home to meet her friend Beatrice. Nothing was said to Jim, who was out all the time with his brother-in-law or scouring the neighborhood in search of antiquities.

When Alice Chesterton heard the story of the sketch-book she behaved magnanimously and did not remind her friend that she had foretold this most unfortunate affair. She even went so far as to express surprise. But seeing that Beatrice really was distressed she promised to help her save the family name from such disgrace as Jim would surely bring upon them all if he were not promptly provided with a suitable wife. Once that was accomplished she felt that the family would have done all that was necessary in self-defense.

Alice became quite heroic in her desire to serve in such a good cause, and even went so far as to propose that she should go down to some friends of hers in that neighborhood and go over to Bisby to see the girl herself. She could find some excuse. She was delighted to help her friend, and was not sorry to have a chance to square her account with Master Jim for the wound he had inflicted on her vanity. So Beatrice went home satisfied that she had done her duty, feeling once more at peace with all mankind, having prepared a mine that was meant to shatter her brother's idyll and wreck the happiness of the woman who had forgotten herself so far as to love and trust a man who was not of her class.

A few days later Jim went farther north, intending, so he said, to stay some weeks and finish his work before going to London to see the publisher and revise the illustrations for the second volume of the great work that was to make him famous. He said it would be a month or more before he would be free again: and then he proposed to go to Bisby to finish pictures begun there for the spring exhibitions. So the coast was clear for Alice Chesterton.

Jim hated letter-writing and never wrote a letter if a telegram would

RURAL ANTIQUITIES

serve the purpose; so Janet never expected to hear from him when he was away, although she pined for him in the long winter evenings when her grandfather would dose in his chair before the fire; he was failing rapidly. Before Jim had been gone a fortnight the old man had passed away, and Janet was alone in the cottage that was now her own: alone and very lonely. She tried to write to Jim, but could not. She could only wait for him. Her aunt from Framblesea had been with her for the funeral, but could not stay long; she had her own family to think of, and tried to persuade Janet to go back with her. But Janet said she could not bear to leave the cottage where she had been so happy; and that seemed natural enough; besides it was her own home now. The village was sympathetic and extremely curious to know what her 'young gentleman' would do now. But Janet went about her work as usual, and dreamed of him, and waited for his coming.

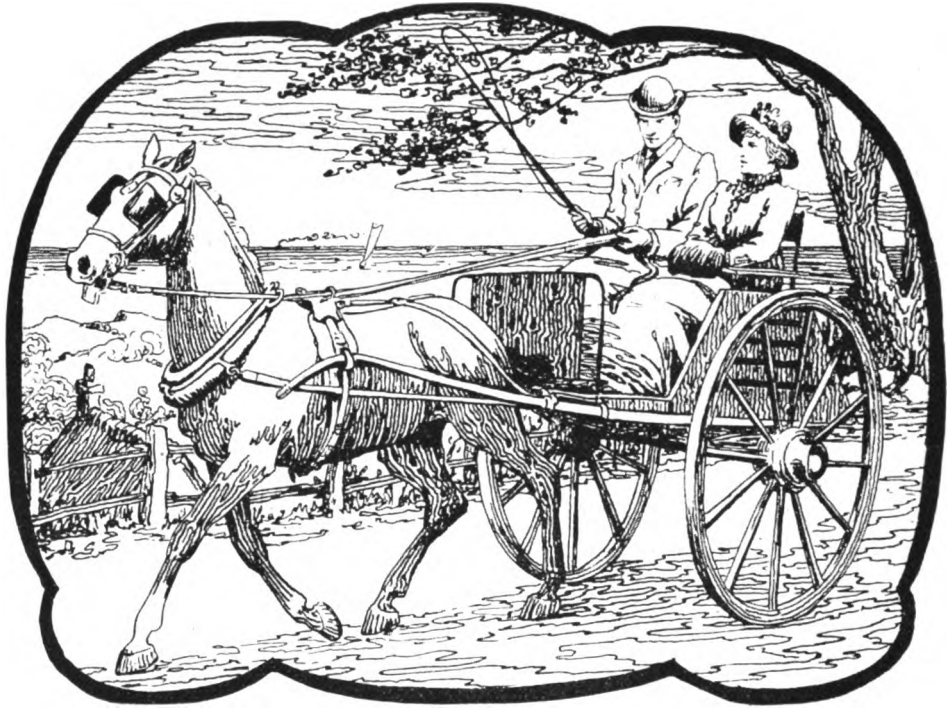
One day a dog-cart rattled up to the 'Royal George' and the landlady bustled out to receive the unusual visitors. The dog-cart was driven by young Mr. Duckworth from Righead, and beside him sat a fashionably dressed lady who asked if Mr. Alexander was at home. She seemed so disappointed at hearing that he was still away that the good woman became communicative, and told her that Mr. Alexander never wrote to say when he would be back, so that they kept his room ready for him. Would the lady come in and look at his pictures? There were two of them in the parlor; but she thought that the best must be over at Jasper Mickelthwaite's, where he was painting mostly; but Jasper he was dead, good man, and buried, and his granddaughter was all alone there now. Maybe she would know when the gentleman was coming back, if the lady would drive round that way and enquire.

Alice Chesterton thanked the good woman but said she did not think that she could spare the time. However, when young Duckworth said there was no hurry, and if Mrs. Chesterton liked to go and see the place they had time enough, though he thought she would find it more interesting to see the country, Alice decided to go as far as the lane; then she got out and left the dog-cart and her youthful escort to wait for her while she went on to the cottage alone.

Janet received her quite simply and appeared to find nothing unusual in the visit. Any friend of Jim's was naturally welcome, though she did not particularly like this fashionable woman of the world who tried to be patronizing at first. Janet explained that she knew nothing of Mr. Alexander's movements. He had been very fond of listening to her grandfather's tales. Yes! he was dead. Would Alice like to see his grave. No! Alice declined (she was not fond of graves), but she would like to see some of the pictures, she was a great admirer of Jim's

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

painting. She called him 'Jim' and talked of Beatrice in such a way as to make it clear that she was a very intimate friend of the family. She showed the greatest interest in the paintings and talked of the high hopes his family had of the success of the young artist. Then she grew confidential and told of his sister's anxiety to see her brother married



to a lady whom Alice seemed to suggest was already almost as good as engaged to dear Jim. She said that this charming girl was all that could be desired both as to her family and fortune, and excused her friend Beatrice for thinking about such things, because Jim was so dreadfully impractical. He had no private fortune, and had been brought up in a most extravagant family with a house full of servants and all that, and consequently would be miserable if he were to make a bad marriage. Then incidentally she spoke of a friend of her own who had done that kind of thing; and she made a vivid picture of the remorse of the woman who had ruined his career. She thought a woman ought to be too proud for that. She talked uninterruptedly in this strain for an hour or more, and finally talked herself out of the house and into the lane with Janet's large eyes fixed on her in a way that made her extremely uncomfortable. When she said good-bye she kissed the girl and tried to feel that she had done what was best for all. But the girl's eyes haunted her.

To tell the truth she was a little scared at what she had done. The

RURAL ANTIQUITIES

girl's eyes had a look in them that seemed to recall some tragedy that she had read or dreamed of. There was something about this village-girl that made her wonder if she would have been like that if she had been brought up away from the world. It was unusual for Alice to be disturbed by anything, but this was a new experience. She knew the women of her own class thoroughly, but in that cottage she had felt strangely out of place, and in her heart she was ashamed.

She had done her work well. The picture she had drawn of a més-alliance was no fiction, in that she was able to speak from direct observation, and what she said was true. The poor girl saw the picture and realized its possibility. It came upon her as a revelation. She had been living in a dream, this talk appeared like an awakening to real life: and yet the waking state, if this was indeed an awakening, seemed more like a nightmare than like truth. She felt as if she were a somnambulist as she returned to the cottage and stood there dazed by an awakening. Where was her home? The house was there; the things around were in their usual place; nothing was moved; and yet her home was gone; and what remained was but a dead shell in which the very air was tainted with corruption. What had this woman done to wreak such ruin? It seemed as if some horrible plague-pit had been uncovered and the fair earth defiled with death in its most hideous form. The pestilence had laid its foul touch upon her pure dream of love.

She shuddered as she stood there in the house of death. Then a ray of sunlight came peeping through a window and shone on the chair her grandfather had used so long. She watched the light grow as the clouds parted, and it seemed as if some horror was lifted from her mind, so that her thought came clearer. Gradually the air grew purer and Janet breathed more freely. She tried to throw off the blight that had fallen upon her mind and lay on her heart like a sense of shame she had never yet known, but the misery of it still clung to her. There is a terrible old proverb that says, "Throw mud enough and some of it will stick."

Alice had followed this plan and had succeeded in her purpose. She had shown the girl that her lover's future was in her hands to mar or to let go. Janet had seen the alternative just as it was presented to her; and she had made her choice exactly as she was meant to do. Her heart was generous and she did not hesitate, but the sacrifice was like death, and she stood long unconscious of anything but the awful sense of loneliness that had closed in upon her.

When she came to herself and looked round the room in search of some landmark on which to focus her mind, the silence and the darkness were all that she could feel except the loneliness that had suddenly become part of her life. Her dream had been too beautiful; this was the awakening.



WHEN Jim returned to Bisby, unannounced as usual, he found the cottage empty. Janet was gone. There were letters for him at the inn, one of which was from Janet Thorpe, and with it was the cumbersome old key of the cottage door. The letter was very simple, it merely told him she had gone away as it was best for both: but she hoped he would use the cottage just as if it were his own. It would make her so happy to think that it could be of use to him for his pictures. She thanked him for his kindness to her grandfather and for all the happy days that she had known there, and said that when his name became famous she should feel proud to have known him, and would share in his triumphs wherever she might be. There was no attempt at explanation; no reproach nor expression of regret: it was not necessary. Jim understood.

For a moment he was dazed as by a blow from an unseen enemy. His mind asked whose was the hand that had struck him treacherously, and he recalled the old saying, "A man's enemies are they of his own household."

Then he knew that some member of his family had taken this means to save him from a *mésalliance* that would discredit the family name. He had made no secret of his visits to Bisby and the whole village knew of his intimacy with Janet Thorpe; any visitor who cared to make enquiries could learn all there was to know and a good deal more from village gossip. At first he thought it was his father's doing; but the garrulous innkeeper soon cleared the matter up by his detailed description of the lady who had come in Mr. Duckworth's dog-cart. The description could only apply to one person and that was Alice Chesterton, who was a friend of the Duckworth's and his own sister's dear friend. Jim reflected bitterly that no one but a woman would have struck him in the dark in this way, and he knew that the weapon was poisoned by

RURAL ANTIQUITIES

memory of a slight. Had she been a man he felt he could have cursed her more becomingly. His indignation fell upon the one who must have planned this piece of treachery, his sister Beatrice. Oh! she would have done it for his good no doubt, and for the honor of the family. He understood all that, and could not blame her on that score; but he felt the unspoken pain in the letter that he still held in his hand. It seemed to throb like a human heart.

On the impulse of the moment he sat down and wrote to Beatrice a letter such as she had never thought to get from light-hearted Jim. It was so cold and cutting, and so scrupulously just, that Beatrice scarcely recognised the writer; and when she laid it down it was with the conviction that she had lost her brother and had failed in her design.

Such letters are like the closing of a door that cannot be reopened. Jim felt it so, and let it go. It was indeed the closing of a door; but it seemed to him as the opening of a new era in his life, in which he would free himself from the fetters of conventionality. His days of drifting with the tide were passed. He felt as if he had suddenly attained to his majority and become a man.

Alice Chesterton had freed him in a way that she had not intended; and her friend Beatrice was ungrateful to her when she realized the fruits of her interference.

Jim felt a strange sense of relief as he dropped that letter into the box at the post-office and turned down the lane towards old Jasper's cottage.

He sat down at the door where the old man used to sit to watch the sunset, and he let his mind call up for him pictures of the happy days that he had passed here listening to the endless stories and painting innumerable sketches for future pictures.

As he sat there alone the sun went down, and he seemed to hear Janet calling him to come and watch the sunset from the cliff as they so often did in the happy days that seemed so long ago. Instinctively he rose and followed his fancy up to the point from which the old church looked its best against the afterglow.

Where was she now? Watching the same sunset perhaps, but alone, nursing the dead body of a dream. Was the dream dead indeed? Perhaps: as the day dies. But the sun will rise tomorrow on a new day, and the dream of yesterday may be reborn as a reality tomorrow.

The thought came to him as a challenge from his heart to vindicate his own ideal. The scene before him took on a new dignity, and life itself seemed filled with a strange significance.

Behind him, as he stood, the sea moaned drearily, and clouds were gathering in the sky, but the glow of sunset made them glorious, and the sea's monotonous plaint was like life's undertone of suffering, in which

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

lay menace of many a storm such as may test the power of man's will.

Jim Alexander hardly had learned as yet the meaning of that word 'will.' Life had come easily to him and pleasantly, and he had gone his own way almost unconscious of effort in setting aside such opposition as he had met. Now for the first time he realized

the meaning of the

choice that lay be-

fore him; he

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all possible income or inheritance from his parents, and the certainty

that none of his family would ever recognize his wife. To balance

these considerations he had Love, Hope, and Liberty: love of a good

woman; hope of success in his career; and liberty to live up to his ideal.

There was no hesitation in his choice.

He saw the narrow path that led to the village past old Jasper's

cottage suddenly begin to shine like gold where the glowing sky was

mirrored in the pools along the muddy way. It seemed symbolical to

him of the path that he had chosen, with all its difficulties and 'mud-

holes' lighted by a glory that could transform it as the setting sun out

there transformed the muddy lane.

In that moment of choice he had seen a picture of the future as it

might be if he abandoned his ideal, and he faced it squarely. He knew

that in defying social conventions he was challenging an invisible and



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RURAL ANTIQUITIES

unassailable antagonist, that was as hard to fight as a fog that quietly envelops its victims and leaves them to blindly stumble, or fall, or find their way, with absolute indifference to their success or failure. He had seen something of the seamy side of life in his bohemian associations, and knew a little of what it means to fail on the path that he had chosen. But he had courage and faith in the woman whom he had found waiting for his coming in the little village by the sea. She was at this moment more to him than a woman; she was an emblem of his ideal in life.

She seemed involved in all his secret aspirations, as though she were created for him by his own craving for freedom, and by his yearning for comradeship. To lose her now would be to lose himself, his better self. To renounce her would be to purchase the approval of the world at the price of his own soul.

His choice was made, and in his heart he knew it was irrevocable. There are such moments in a man's life, when he alone knows the actual reality of his power of choice, and when he consciously accepts the full responsibility of his own decision. In such moments a man knows that his will is free and that his decision is binding. He may forget it later, he may repudiate it as a mere freak of imagination, he may fail to live up to it; but it is made; it is a fact in nature, recorded in his own subconscious memory ineffaceably; and one day he will remember.

Jim saw the dark clouds in the sky, he saw the muddy lane, but also with the vision of an artist he saw the glory that ensouled the scene and made it beautiful. So he went home to old Jasper's cottage with a glow in his heart that was not the glow of passion. It awed him with a sense of revelation, as if it were the seal of an initiation through which he had passed in his solitary meditation, when he had felt, if only for a moment, something of what it means to be a Man.

When the second volume of 'Rural Antiquities' appeared it bore as its frontispiece a charming painting of an old church-tower that seemed to be melting into the rich glow of a western sky; while the last picture in the book had the suggestive title "Mors janua vitae." In it was a tall and graceful girl, who was placing a wreath upon a grave.

The grave was Jasper's, and the girl was Jim Alexander's wife.

TO THE LOVED AND HONORED MEMORY OF PROFESSOR DANIEL DE LANGE

BY KENNETH MORRIS

I

I WATCHED Orion swing through heaven last night;
I knew not then what made the skies so gay;
I saw unwonted splendors sweep and play
Through the white flames of space. Oh, bright and bright
Sirius and Procyon flashed and beamed delight;
I could not think but heaven kept holiday
With paeans thrilled along the Milky Way,
And all the vast sparkling in gala white.

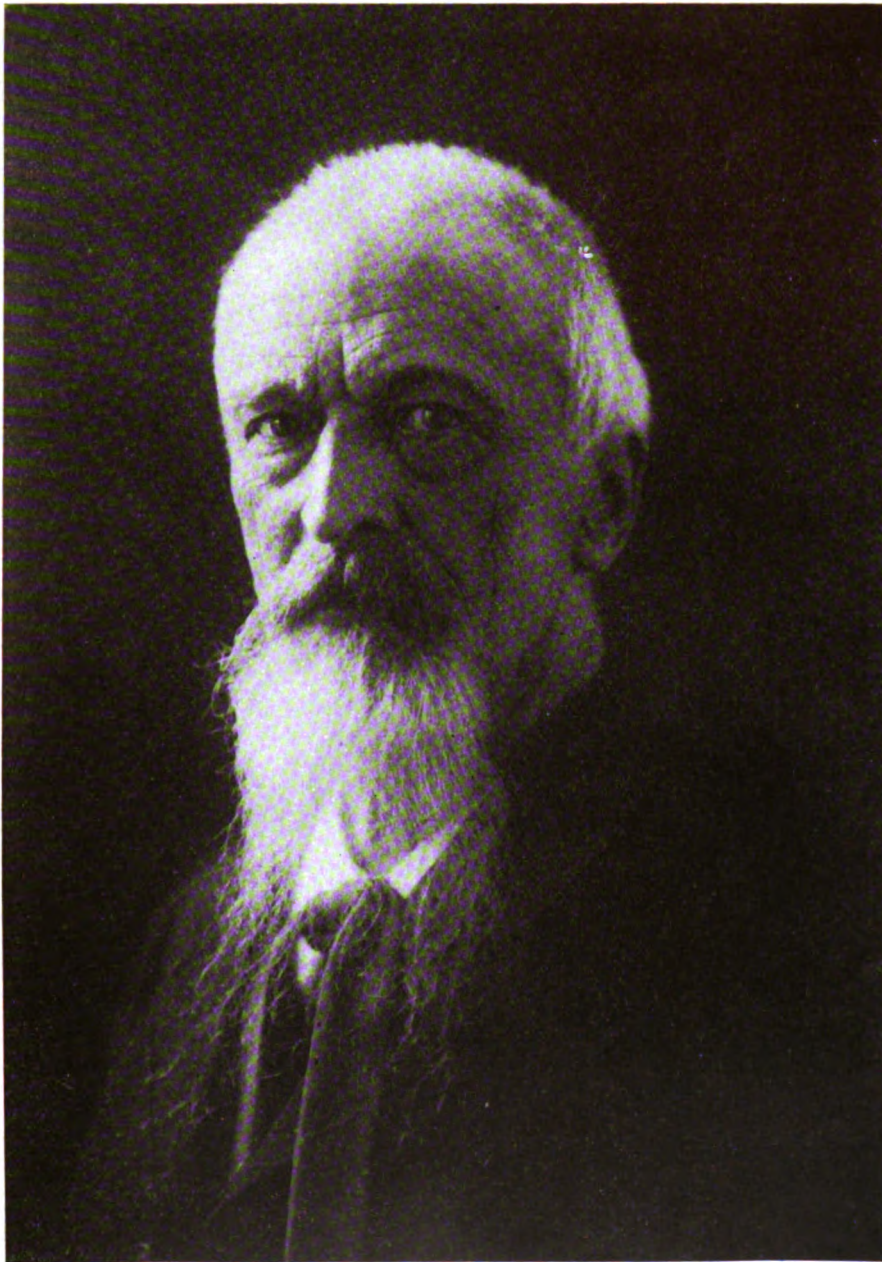
— You did foresee with clear prophetic faith
A triumph hour, when your life here should cease,
And Royal Death greet you, as king greets king.
Now — they keep festival in the Halls of Death,
With grand triumphal musics, and with Peace;
And for your sake the Starry Splendors sing!

II

The sun shines, and the sky is blue o'erhead;
Down in the palms a meadowlark's at song;
Beautiful Spirit, laughter-wise and strong,
What splendid word for you shall yet be said?
Some light from you through all this peace is shed;
You are at one with that Undying Throng
Who, all unseen, wage endless wars on wrong —
You are at one with Beauty and Peace, being dead.

Dear, royal, song-rich Spirit! Yet we know
That where you are, you still must hear the cry
Of all these millions here that mourn and die:
That you must heed Earth's and her children's woe.
Not such as you may rest. . . . Swift the years fly;
You shall return, ere many seasons go!

*International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California
January 31, 1918*



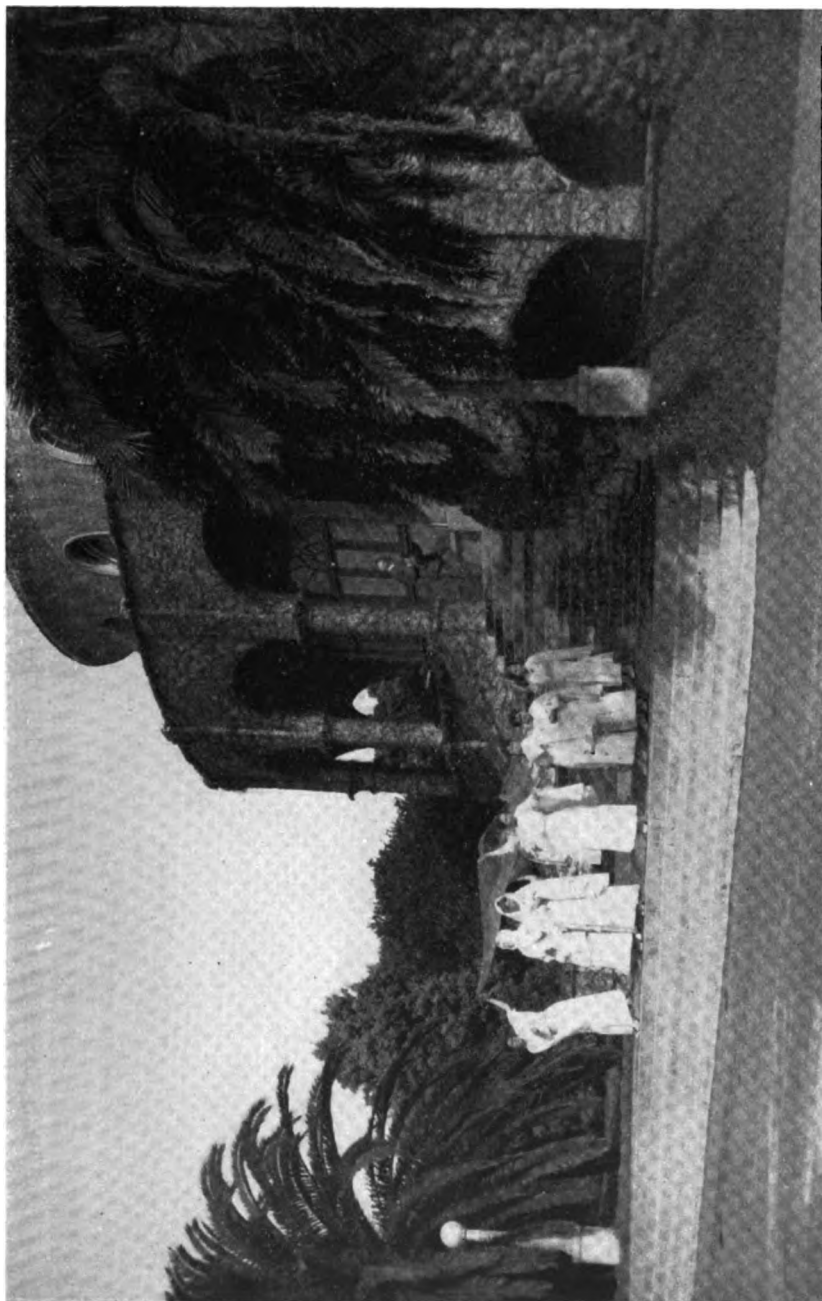
Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

PROFESSOR DANIEL DE LANGE



Lowland Photo & Engineering Dept.

PALLBEARERS AND OFFICIALS OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL
SOCIETY LEAVING THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE AFTER THE SERVICE



Lamaland Photo & Engineering Dept.

AFTER THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR PROFESSOR DE LANGE



Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.

ARYAN TEMPLE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, AS ARRANGED FOR THE MEMORIAL SERVICE
FOR PROFESSOR DE LANGE, FEBRUARY 1, 1918

AT THE FUNERAL OF PROFESSOR DANIEL DE LANGE

BY KENNETH MORRIS

YOU open doors for us within;
Beautiful worlds through you we win;
We should not guess this secret wonder
Unless Death had let you in.

Silence is there; silence is there,
And Oh, a light than heaven's more fair,
And every moment lilies blowing,
Great white blooms in the golden air.

Because you were so dear, so dear,
If we but close our eyelids here
We see you move in the Light of
the Lonely,
In a shining silence diamond clear.

If we shut our ears to outward sound
We hear your laughter in the profound
And gong-sweet deeps of the golden silence,
And golden words like yours resound:—

There indeed, indeed, *the sky is blue*,
And there's music, music dropping through;
And the *Sun is shining*—how the sun is shining!
—Is it our sun?—to welcome you.

Oh, dear Heart, dear beautiful Heart
Gone now to ponder awhile apart
Where God broods by the Wells of Music,
Our love is with thee, where'er thou art!

THE SCREEN OF TIME

DEATH OF PROFESSOR DANIEL DE LANGE

Baron Daniel de Lange, the distinguished Director Emeritus of the Amsterdam Conservatory of Music and for some years one of the Directors of the Isis Conservatory of Music at Point Loma, passed away at his home at the International Theosophical Headquarters on Wednesday January 30, at 6 o'clock from a stroke of apoplexy, which came almost without warning. His death was painless and peaceful, and he retained full consciousness until almost the end.

His death leaves a well-nigh irreparable gap in the musical life of Lomaland, in which he had endeared himself to all musicians, young or old. Musicians or non-musicians, he held a warm place in the hearts of all who knew and respected the sterling worth, coupled with the loftiest ideals, of this comrade in Theosophy. His enthusiasm was equaled by his sincerity; and both qualities were of the rarest order of excellence. In one word, he was and is a *soul*.

Funeral services for Professor de Lange, who passed away at his Lomaland home at the ripe age of seventy-six, were conducted in the Aryan Memorial Temple at Lomaland Friday afternoon, February 1st. The Cabinet

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

of the Universal Brotherhood Organization was represented in a body, with its President, Mme. Katherine Tingley; and representative bodies were also present from the Woman's International Theosophical League and the Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity. A short and simple service was held at the Greenwood Crematory later.

His Notable Professor de Lange had an extraordinary musical

Musical Career career. He was born in Rotterdam, Holland, in 1841, son of Samuel de Lange, a famous organist. At ten years of age he successfully conducted a chorus of mixed voices in a sacred composition of his own, and at thirteen began his long career as a 'cello virtuoso. After a visit to Paris and a study tour through Wallachia (the present Rumania) he went to Paris for study, and there, although not yet out of boyhood, he took a position at once as organist and choir leader and also as conductor of the then famous *Maennerchor* of that city.

The breaking out of the Franco-Prussian War made a complete change in his life, as he was confronted with the necessity of either sacrificing his position, unusual opportunities for study and the prospects of a brilliant future in the environment of his choice, or becoming naturalized as a French citizen. He chose to remain loyal to his native country, and returned to Holland, where he founded in 1871, in Amsterdam, the music school which in 1884 became the Amsterdam Conservatory of Music, with a fame that spread all over Europe. In 1895 he became its Director, a position he retained until he came to Point Loma in 1914.

Pre-Eminently Although famous as a composer, a conductor and a
a Teacher virtuoso, touring Europe many times in concert-work,

Professor de Lange was pre-eminently a teacher, and among pupils of his who have since become famous may be mentioned Mme. Julia Culp, Mme. Tilly Koenen, both well known in America, and Mme. Noordewier Reddingius, the leading Dutch soprano and one of the great Bach singers of Europe. Professor de Lange himself was famed as a conductor of Bach's *Passion-Music*, and the Amsterdam Easter festivals where he conducted were attended by students and musicians from all over Europe. Among musicians whom he encouraged and befriended before fame reached them may be mentioned Percy Grainger, now world famous, who in a recent visit to Lomaland as the guest of Professor and Madame de Lange, stated that no words could express the debt of gratitude he acknowledged toward his revered friend.

Professor de Lange was known by practically every musician of prominence in Europe during the last century. Rubinstein was his intimate friend, as was Hector Berlioz, whose brilliant symphony, the *Damnation of Faust*, was introduced into Holland by Professor de Lange as early as 1882. Among others were Stephen Heller; the great violin virtuosos and composers Vieuxtemps and Leonard; Saint-Saëns, Franch-homme, Lalo, Lübeck, Diemer, Svendsen, Madame Szarvady-Claus, Harold Bauer, and Godowsky.

THE SCREEN OF TIME

Founders Famous Professor de Lange founded the famous *A Capella*
Chorus chorus of mixed voices, all members of which were
trained singers, and which toured Europe under his

conductorship for the purpose of making known the old Dutch and Flemish music of the middle ages. As a composer his works include symphonies, overtures, sacred songs, cantatas, choruses, an opera and a requiem, classic and dignified works, and well known in Europe outside of Holland. He was conductor of the Leyden branch of the *Toonkunst*, the leading musical organization of Holland, and was general secretary for Holland of the same. He was also a trustee of the Rubinstein International Foundation of Petrograd.

For his extraordinary services to the art of music Professor de Lange received from her majesty, Queen Wilhelmina, the decoration of the Order of the Lion, the highest knightly order in Holland, and from Emperor Franz Joseph, in recognition of the same services, the Iron Crown, bestowed only upon a very limited number, and carrying with it the title of Baron. This title, however, Professor de Lange never used, preferring the simpler title which marked him as a teacher, the highest calling (he often declared) that he knew.

For a period of thirty years, until he came to Point Loma to live, he was critic for the *Nieuws van den Dag*, the leading Amsterdam paper, and Professor Godowsky, the great pianist, said recently, while visiting his old friend at the International Theosophical Headquarters, that any artist coming to Holland knew that his success or failure in that country depended upon the criticism he would receive in the columns of that paper.

His Career as Professor de Lange was unapproachable and would
Musical Critic never consent to see an artist or receive him socially
until after he had judged the music apart from the
man, and until his critique of the same was published. So widely was he known and loved that on the occasion of his seventieth birthday newspapers and magazines throughout Holland and in the leading cities of Europe published his portrait, with greetings and an account of his life.

In 1912, while on their way around the world, Professor and Madame de Lange visited Madame Tingley at Point Loma. The former was not at the time a member of the Theosophical Society, although Madame de Lange had been for some years an enthusiastic worker for Theosophy in her native country. Of this visit he wrote the following, which was widely quoted by the European press later:

"The art of Point Loma is the opening of the new school and is destined to be the art of the future." He frequently said, "Here in Lomaland is the true atmosphere of the Grail scene in *Parsifal*."

Early in 1914 Professor and Madame de Lange applied for admission to Lomaland as permanent resident students of the School of Antiquity under Mme. Katherine Tingley, and their home, Holland Crest, has been

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

since that time a center of social and musical life, where prominent musicians from all parts of the world have been entertained. Recently the professor, who was a remarkable linguist, has been occupied in the translation of Theosophical works into French and also into the Dutch language, in the latter work being assisted by Madame de Lange. He was conductor of the Point Loma Orchestra and the instructor of a limited number of pupils in voice, 'cello and composition.

Sunday Evening Mme. Tingley made a strong plea, in her address
Meetings in on Reincarnation at Isis Theater on January 20,
Isis Theater for a study of this subject from a higher point of investigation, and with the disposition to be satisfied with nothing less than real knowledge. Taking her audience with her — from the spirit of philosophy and considerations of the beautiful, to the very depths of human suffering as reflected in pessimism and despair — the lecturer declared it a travesty “to believe that a beneficent Deity could push us into this universe and then leave us to struggle here without any hope that we can finish our life tasks, and without the possibility of working out those finer aspirations that are ever calling for expression in the hearts and minds of men.”

Continuing, she said, “I know of no time in the history of modern life when a consideration of this subject is more needed than at present, for the chaos and confusion of the world are bringing about a spirit of inquiry, and I know through correspondence — and personal contact with inquirers — that very many are at the point of feeling the absolute need of studying the teaching of Reincarnation.”

Madame Tingley, in a brief historical *résumé*, showed that a belief in Reincarnation was world-wide, not only including over two-thirds of the human race today, but all of cultured antiquity; and she quoted from the writings of many of our greatest modern scientists, philosophers and poets in support of this doctrine. Tracing the growth of this belief in the modern mind, “from the first stage which is that of inquiry, on through investigation and study until one is convinced of the truth of it by a superb conviction of the justice of Deity and the Higher Law,” Madame Tingley said,

“In true research for truth, however, there must be an unselfish motive. If that exists behind the investigation, then the truth must come, and you will not have to depend upon any mortal man to direct you. Your own mind will begin to reason in a new way, and you will find the broader view. Religion, as ordinarily understood, teaches you that the soul of man is immortal, but Theosophy tells you that the soul is the man, and that, in its impetus for growth, in its aspirations and under the pressure of a spiritual urge, it is ever seeking to round out the character and bring the man to a more complete and broader understanding of life; in a word, to a more

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

complete life, until the man attains perfection. What hope in this teaching, for the discouraged and despairing! Another life, another chance! These are magic words. Even in the case of the worst criminal, I believe that when death comes, the mercy of Deity brings home to him not only the realization of his mistakes and the lessons to be gained, but it whispers to his soul of another chance! Reincarnation and cyclic law are fundamental laws of Nature. The tree which is leafless today we know will spring into bloom in the coming Spring. Is it possible that Nature can produce greater things than Deity? But do not wait for some revelation to come out of the blue. You will wait in vain: for it is only the call of the soul that can bring man to a realization of what life means, and how its problems are to be met. It is only through soul-effort that the salvation of man is to be found."

**The topic
of Reincarnation
Continued**

"Reincarnation is one of the most optimistic teachings of the age, for it brings to the human mind a quality of hope that is particularly needed by those who have lost faith in themselves or in humanity," said Madame Katherine Tingley, on January 27, in her second address on the subject of Reincarnation at Isis Theater, which was again crowded.

"Whenever I meet a person who is discouraged and out of tune, one in whose life there are possibilities of failure; prisoners, those on the street and inebriates, I have discovered that by means of the teaching of reincarnation I can reach the heart more quickly than by any other means. For the moment one thinks of another life, another chance, one realizes the wonderful compassion of Deity, the great central source of life. In this realization how delicately, how gently, how lovingly and how mercifully the philosophy of the teaching of reincarnation comes home, for there is mercy in it all along the way.

"The moment we declare that reincarnation is not a fact we undermine the idea of the immortality of the soul, and consequently we belittle man himself. We place him in a false position and leave him stranded, struggling through life not on lines of least resistance and understandingly, but on lines that carry him hither and thither and give him no results.

"Carrying this teaching into the home life, the mother would realize that her child is not her possession, a something that is 'mine,' but that it is a treasure of the gods, a soul given her to care for, to love, to protect and to instruct. Depend upon it, when a mother possesses this knowledge her love for her child will be of a quality that few know anything about, and her protection will be far more powerful."

Madame Tingley said in closing: "We are challenged — challenged by our sorrows, our disappointments, our heartaches and our discouragements — to rise in the strength of our divinity and go forth in the certainty that life is joy, and that through our own divinity true knowledge shall be ours; thus in the course of time the whole world shall know the truth."

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

April, 1918

That THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH is not just a magazine of technical Theosophy is amply shown by the contents of the forthcoming issue, which demonstrates clearly the universality of the Theosophical teachings and their relation to all departments of thought and life. The April issue will contain the following:

THE TRUE BASIS OF BROTHERHOOD: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

The writer begins by contrasting the theories of Rousseau and Plato:

"... the former starts from the assumption that the individual is a separate unit; ... and so the State appears as an artificial contrivance for preventing the (supposed) rights of different individuals from conflicting with each other ... the Platonic idea was that the individual is not really separate at all; hence, so far from needing an artificial contrivance to insure harmonious co-operation, he tends naturally to form associations, because thus only can he realize the purport of his life. Not being a separate unit, he cannot live alone; and the State now appears as the natural and logical outcome of man's instincts and requirements."

STUDIES OF CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING: by Osvald Sirén, Ph. D., Professor of the History of Art, University of Stockholm. CHAPTER IV: PRINCIPLES OF REPRESENTATION IN CHINESE PAINTING. Illustrated.

"To the Chinese painter mastery of the brush was the essential condition for the attainment of the desired expression of rhythm of life. It was a common saying: 'The spirit lives in the point of the brush;'"

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF EASTER, A MASONIC INTERPRETATION: by Joseph H. Fussell. An address delivered on Easter Sunday, 1917, before Constans Chapter, Knights Rose Croix (A. and A. S. R.) of San Diego, California.

"It has been said that the Resurrection was the most stupendous event in all history; but when, as Scottish Rite Masons, when, as students of the Ancient Mysteries from which Masonry is descended, we turn to the teachings and traditions of ancient India, Egypt, Greece, and indeed of all the great peoples of antiquity, we find it *not one solitary event*, but a recurring event, and thus *not less but more* stupendous, more inspiring, more significant: the supreme teaching given to all races in all ages."

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC — PART IX: by Professor Daniel de Lange

"In music two principles contend for supremacy, *viz.*, Counterpoint and Harmony."

Although these two principles have special reference to music, the writer shows how any man can apply them to life's symphony.

ON TWO OLD ENGLISH GARDENS: by Kenneth Morris

Mr. Morris, who is taking his place as one of the foremost essayists of the present day as well as being recognised by his own countrymen (the Welsh) as one of their leading poets, has a happy way of presenting philosophic truths in a setting of exquisite imagery that proclaims him not only a deep student of life, but a master of style. The first of these two old English gardens described by him is "in that great essay of Bacon's," and with a mere word of convincing raillery he dismisses the much-discussed theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Then seriously:

"His garden is a symbol, an image of eternal things; and therein lies its fundamental greatness. . . . Bacon the philosopher may be naught; but Bacon the Gardener — ah, that is something very different. . . ."

Of Bacon's division of his garden, Mr. Morris says:

"Your three parts are three degrees, shall I say of initiation? . . . — This green is a preparatory place, a pronaos; wherein we are to be accustomed to beauty by a wide simplicity of 'green grass kept finely shorn.' Speaking of England, and English Poetry, it is the age of Chaucer: Shakespeare's is the main garden, and Wordsworth's is the heath."

THE BUNCH TITANIA PICKED: A Fairytale of London: by Floyd C. Egbert. This is the second contribution of this talented young writer to THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH. Literary critics will, however, be apt to suspect that this is a *nom de plume*, both from the style of the prose and the verses which it enshrines as a gem in a fitting setting. To appreciate the verses fully one must, however, have the Cockney pronunciation.

"Violets, sweet violets!
Who will buy my violets?
Who'll have the flowers of Fairyland
To wear in London town?
'Ere's vi'lets, lydy! 'Ere, I sye,
Yer'd better tyke yer chawnst and buy!
Here's a bunch Titania picked,
Only costs a brown!

*Violets, sweet violets!
Who's it selling violets?
Who's it bringing Fairyland
Into London town?"*

Other short articles though full of interest are: **THEOSOPHISTS: PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE WHAT THEY SAY:** by H. Travers, M. A.; **DUTY:** by R. Machell; **ARCHITECTURAL NOTES: THE CIRCULAR FORM IN CURRENT ARCHITECTURE:** by Leonard Lester; and a further chapter of **STUDIES IN VERGIL:** by J. O. Kinnaman, A. M., Ph. D. The **SCREEN OF TIME** will contain an interesting account of some of the recent activities at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, and elsewhere.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either at 'large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California

The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



Rd. 506799

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VOL. XIV NO. 4

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

APRIL 1918

SINGLE COPY (Domestic) 30c. (Foreign) 35c. or 1s. 6d. SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00: Canadian postage \$0.35; Foreign \$0.50

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian
Monthly



Nonpolitical
Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

Edited by Katherine Tingley

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

BUT I have yet more to tell you. All intercourse, if personal, should be characterized by sincerity. If from a distance, it should be carried on in loyal terms. These terms will have to be transmitted by some one. Now the transmission of messages of good- or ill-will is the hardest thing possible. Messages of good-will are sure to be overdone with fine phrases; messages of ill-will with harsh ones. In each case the result is exaggeration, and a consequent failure to carry conviction, for which the envoy suffers. Therefore it was said in the *Fa-Yeng*:

'Confine yourself to simple statements of fact, shorn of all superfluous expressions of feeling, and your risk will be small.'

In trials of skill, at first all is friendliness; but at last it is all antagonism. Skill is pushed too far. So on festive occasions, the drinking which is in the beginning orderly enough, degenerates into riot and disorder. Festivity is pushed too far. It is in fact the same with all things: they begin with good faith and end with contempt. From small beginnings come great endings.

Speech is like wind to wave. Action is liable to divergence from its true goal. By wind, waves are easily excited. Divergence from the true goal is fraught with danger. Thus angry feelings rise up without a cause. Specious words and dishonest arguments follow, as the wild random cries of an animal at the point of death. Both sides give way to passion. For where one party drives the other too much into a corner, resistance will always be provoked without apparent cause. And if the cause is not apparent, how much less will the ultimate effect be so.—Chuang Tzu, *Man among Men*, translated by H. A. Giles.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

Published by the New Century Corporation. Point Loma. California. U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter, July 25, 1911, at the Postoffice at Point Loma, California

Under the act of March 3, 1879

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COMMUNICATIONS

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to 'KATHERINE TINGLEY, Editor THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, Point Loma, California.'

To the BUSINESS MANAGEMENT, including subscriptions, should be addressed to the 'NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, California.'

MANUSCRIPTS

The Editor cannot undertake to return manuscripts; none will be considered unless accompanied by the author's name and marked with the number of words. The Editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

SUBSCRIPTION

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, THREE DOLLARS payable in advance, single copy, THIRTY CENTS. Foreign Postage, FIFTY CENTS, Canadian, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

REMITTANCES

All remittances to the New Century Corporation must be made payable to

CLARK THURSTON, *Manager*
Point Loma, California

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Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

'VALKYRIA'

A Masterpiece of Art, by the renowned Swedish artist Julius Kronberg

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIV NO. 4

APRIL 1918

THE consequence of our soul's pre-existence is more agreeable to reason than any other hypothesis whatever; has been received by the most learned philosophers of all ages, there being scarcely any of them that held the soul of man immortal upon the mere light of Nature and reason, but asserted also her pre-existence.—DR. HENRY MORE: *Immortality of the Soul*; Bk.ii, c.14.

THE TRUE BASIS OF BROTHERHOOD:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.



CERTAIN writer, in discussing the meaning of the phrase, 'The State,' contrasts the theories of Rousseau and Plato, and consequently of the two schools of thought which they represent. Avoiding lengthy detail, we may sum up the matter by saying that the former starts from the assumption that the individual is a separate unit; and then, having made this false assumption, proceeds to devise means for the harmonious mutual adjustment of the lives of various individuals; and so the State appears as an artificial contrivance for preventing the (supposed) rights of different individuals from conflicting with each other. Between the State and the individual a contract is supposed to exist, by which the individual agrees to modify or surrender some of his rights, in return for the protection which the State affords him from the encroachment of other people's rights. On the contrary, the Platonic idea was that the individual is not really separate at all; hence, so far from needing an artificial contrivance to insure harmonious co-operation, he tends naturally to form associations, because thus only can he realize the purport of his life. Not being a separate unit, he cannot live alone; and the State now appears as the natural and logical outcome of man's instincts and requirements.

That the individual is not a separate unit in the sense required by the former theory, can be argued either by studying the nature of the individual, or by examining the consequences which ensue upon the acceptance of that theory as a starting-point. This view of the State represents it as necessarily repressive, however much we may palliate that circumstance by calling it the result of a contract. It gives perpetual recognition to individualism; the forces in operation in the com-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

munity are opposed to one another in a position of unstable equilibrium; and, as the writer we are citing points out, there is nothing in the theory to prevent an individual (or group of individuals) from doing exactly what he pleases, so long only as he can manage to do so without violating the terms of the contract. In short, the balance rests upon might rather than right.

But in the second theory the State is represented as the fulfilment of the individual's needs, and is therefore not repressive but expressive. But the best part of this view is that it allows for the indefinite development of the individual along right lines. For the inference is that, the more highly developed he becomes, the greater will be his need for union, and therefore the more perfect will be the form of the State that arises out of that need. In this way it is supposed that the bounds of family, clan, tribe, city-state, kingdom, and empire, are successively outgrown, as man the individual develops; until at last the limits of nationality become merged in a union of all mankind. If this be so, the plans for a *forcible* union of nations are wrongly conceived. There should be no need for force; nor, if it were needed, could it ever be successfully applied.

The second of the two theories above mentioned — that assigned to Plato — is the one on which Theosophy bases its teaching of brotherhood. Men are not separate units, to be brought together and made amicable by artificial inducements or restraints; they are actually united, and need only learn to realize this fact. Brotherhood is not a pooling of separate interests; it is the recognition of a common interest. To achieve brotherhood is to open our eyes and look at something that actually exists; not to try to create something which does not exist. Unbrotherliness is a failure to see our unity and to mold our acts in accordance therewith; it is the giving of undue prominence to such desires as are merely personal, and the devising of policies of conduct and theories of the State based on personal desires. For it is of course true that men are separate in some respects: they have separate bodies, and a part of the mind attaches itself to these bodies and becomes involved in their interests. Man is dual; he is a God grafted on an animal stock. The lower part of his nature, where the stem enters the ground, is apt to send out shoots of the old stock. Yet a tree is fed not only by earth and water from below, but by air and sunlight from above. The achievement of brotherhood, then, is a learning to live in the higher part of our nature. The writer quoted believes that international unity is the natural logical sequel of man's needs; and this idea Theosophy emphasizes, adding the light of its luminous teachings.

If people are asking themselves the practical question, 'What shall

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we do?' — a large part of the answer may be given by saying, 'First turn your eyes in the right direction.' If this idea of the nature of brotherhood, this better idea of the nature of the State and of the relation of the individual thereto, can gain ground; if thereby it can replace unworthier ideas, individualistic, animalistic; much will have been gained; humanity will begin to move in the direction its eyes are fixed in. As for one's individual conduct — what is it but to strive more earnestly than before to realize one's place as a member of the human family (or, better, of the family of all that lives); to set aside personal aims as of small value; to transfer one's hopes and happiness from these personal aims to larger aspirations; to try to make duty govern one's feelings, instead of defining duty by one's feelings? Not that it is necessary for everybody to blossom forth into a social reformer; the principle can and should be applied in what are perhaps considered small affairs. A man may marry a woman because he loves her; he may also love her because he has married her. We can find out what is our duty, and then throw our whole enthusiasm into it; in which case we are director of our emotions instead of being lured by them.

In weighing the respective merits of the various kinds of government, one feels disposed, in the light of the above considerations, to distinguish all corporate unions into the natural and the artificial, rather than into the hackneyed types of democracy, oligarchy, and autocracy. Artificial governments would thus be defined as those which aim to bring about by constraint and devices a unity which does not actually exist among the elements to be governed; and such governments are unstable, whichever of the forms they may be classed under. But the natural or spontaneous governments, of which we have abundant examples in history and contemporary annals, arise out of some urgent common need and are voluntary; they assume whatever form of organization is found best suited to the exigencies of the occasion. Unity of control is usually found to be a requisite condition; but this is not based on force, precedent, or heredity, but on trust and confidence. It may be said that the spontaneous unions recorded in our annals are not usually based on very exalted motives; and this is true. The history of Greece provides us with a story of one little state after another coming to the supremacy by means of a civic unity based upon opposition to the other little states; and often we find two unfriendly powers drawn together by their common jealousy of a third. The several lower estates of the people unite in a revolution to overthrow the higher power which they deem their common enemy. All classes in a nation are united, and sectional jealousies laid aside, but merely in the interests of the national side in a destructive war. All the same, the principle is good, though its application in these

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cases may leave cause for regret; and we must endeavor to give it its right application.

It has often been pointed out that mankind has been drawn together naturally by its own development in material resources. In other words, commerce and science have become internationalized. Thus the beneficent law of human evolution works ever onwards towards its goal, even when its path leads through the slime of earth; just as a selfish man may find higher responsibilities forced upon him when his natural desires have conducted him into the position of father of a family. We find that our individual requirements have waxed so great that we can no longer live without one another. We must have sugar from here, rubber from there. Our brother will send us his cotton, and we will return it made up. If we are interested in music, it would be a pity to docket it with national names and choose our répertoire by national prejudices. The expansion of my own mind demands that I shall study Indian philosophy and Chinese metaphysics.

Speculation about international unity has usually confined itself to economical considerations. But man is *essentially* a spiritual being. His higher faculties are not a mere efflorescence of his lower nature; they are attributes of the divinity in him. Again, it is not a question of creating a spiritual unity, but of recognising one that already exists. It is this spiritual unity that is the true basis of solidarity; and solidarity will arise spontaneously in proportion as individual men recognise their spiritual nature and cultivate their spiritual needs. Man has to *outgrow* his limitations. Those who hunger to live more truly, more earnestly, but do not see a way, will find it in Theosophy; for Theosophy does not impose upon man anything artificial, but points to realities and interprets life as it is.

Life as it *is*, — contrasted with life as it is supposed to be. The latter is a conglomeration of wrong theories, the chief of which is that theory which persists in regarding all wholes as nothing more than fortuitous aggregations of separate units. We have just been considering this theory in its application to social science, and it is familiar enough in the natural sciences. Theosophy proposes to regard wholes as the essential existences, and the parts into which they may be separated as being of altogether minor importance. A brick gains its importance from its being part of a house; a house is not a mere agglomeration of bricks. In the same way with man. We have been suffering from economic theories based on the false assumption that, if the desires of the individuals are consulted and given rein, the welfare of the community will necessarily ensue by the working of some mysterious law. This law, we are now being told, is not true. The welfare of the community

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is paramount, and the welfare of the individual conditional thereupon. This likewise applies in an international sense. Another capital error was the regarding of a single earth-life as the whole of a man's existence and the consequent attempt to adjust ideals and policies to that theory. But in view of reincarnation, things wear a totally different aspect. It is such ideas as these — which, as said, are not new, but are revivals of ancient knowledge — that give Theosophy a power where other resources fail.

It may be argued that progress is due to the assertion of individuality, and that uniformity can be secured only by the suppression of individuality, and therefore at the expense of progress. But we are not proposing to level men *down* by a process of pruning that would reduce them all to stumps; it is to level them *up* that we aim. Curious inquirers may have expected to find that the resident workers at the International Theosophical Headquarters would be of the colorless and uniform kind that is wont to be found in communities organized by pressure from above rather than by innate strength. And these inquirers may have been surprised to find that such is not the case at Point Loma; but that, on the contrary, union and harmony have been secured without the suppression of individual character and initiative. The explanation however is simple; the concrete result thus attained merely follows the abstract principle. The people are co-operating voluntarily in the working-out of a common purpose; and so, instead of shrinking into a mold, they are expanding symmetrically in accordance with natural laws recognised by all. Mutual adaptation is of course necessary, but this does not mean suppression or enforced conformity to dogmas and artificial rules. Those who adhere to their original purpose, which caused them to become workers for Theosophy, find ample room for the expansion of their nature; and, if anyone finds himself cramped, it is because he has fallen away from that purpose and no longer finds himself willing to pursue it.

The same thing is observable in the Râja-Yoga College and School, where the pupils show marked individual differences of character, and not that monotonous likeness that is so apt to be produced among children in institutions. This proves that Theosophy does not suppress individuality but merely directs its growth and thus preserves it from running to excrescences on the one hand or from yielding to some conventional mold on the other hand. Presumably it would be the same in the world at large. Common notions of individuality and personality are of course much confused and often topsy-turvy. People rebel at the idea of following a high principle of conduct, calling it slavery and convention; but yet they slavishly obey the conventions of fashion,


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whether it be in the symbolical form of wearing precisely the same kind of necktie and socks as other people, or whether it be in those minute points of conventional behavior and habit thus symbolized. In a word, the more people clamor for individual freedom, the more they run into a mold. Given their individuality, they exercise it, as they needs must, in following some law; and choose the conventional rules. Theosophy does not hamper the power of choice or the right to choose; it simply offers us something to choose that is worth choosing.

The distinction made by Theosophical writers between individuality and personality needs emphasis. Personality means personal desires; and to give rein to these would mean chaos; but individuality means the real character — freedom to follow the right. Theosophy aims at the development of the individuality, and seeks to produce a type of man who will choose the right, believing that a harmonious community is the natural outcome of harmoniously developed individuals.

As to government — the final authority is the *principles* accepted and venerated by the people; and the visible administrators are those who represent these principles. We have already seen that unanimity produces efficient government — even in such matters as war and business. What is needed therefore is unanimity in higher ideals. A knowledge of the truth makes for harmony; because truth is single, and error manifold; and Theosophy proclaims old and well-tried truths which always have made for harmony wherever their influence has prevailed.

THEOSOPHISTS: PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE WHAT THEY SAY: by H. Travers, M. A.

T was recently the writer's experience, while assisting in the conduct of a meeting of a local Branch of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, to hear a young and new member say, with much earnestness and sincerity, that he had found among Theosophists what he had never found elsewhere or before — that they were people who *really* believed what they said — people who, one felt, had been through so much experience that their words were not idle but vivified with the force of conviction that comes from putting Theosophy into practice. This, said the young member, was a great inspiration and comfort to neophytes, making them feel that they had at last found something genuine, and presenting a marked contrast with so much that is empty, specious, and merely verbal in this

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world. And speaking of contrast, he drew a special one between Theosophy and its counterfeits, illustrated by a laughable description of the performances of certain votaries of one of these pseudo-theosophical coteries, with which he had had the misfortune to come into contact. He said their teachings reminded him of feeding infants with a six-course dinner — they unloaded the whole thing on you at once and overwhelmed you. And, as to their practices, they were foolish, and some of them dangerous. Theosophy itself, however, as he had found from his experience of it and of its adherents, was sane and practical, not embarrassing the inquirer with a mass of useless verbiage, but giving him just the help he needed; while at the same time one felt that Theosophy was a boundless ocean, holding in reserve, for those who faithfully follow its path of duty, all the wisdom they can need in a life of service to the truth.

Expressions of feeling, like the one we have just cited as an example, are a tribute to the genuineness and to the good services of Theosophy; and of course they have a heartening effect on older members, enabling them to realize better the results of their own efforts. This atmosphere of genuineness is what most frequently strikes visitors to the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California. They come, in many cases, expecting to find something exotic or even cranky, something reserved or perhaps supercilious; and find instead an atmosphere of naturalness.

And this reminds us of another remark that was made at the meeting just mentioned — also a remark that is frequently made — namely, that there is an atmosphere of *joy* about Theosophy, so different from the air of solemnity or austerity that many expected to find, owing to their unfortunate experiences with cults 'psychic' and 'occult.' Life ought to be joyous, as with the songbird; so Theosophy, teaching naturalness, promotes this joyousness. Many people have to keep themselves occupied with external affairs, amusements, eating and sleeping, because they have no refuge in their thoughts; which of course gives an effect of restlessness. The word 'joy' must not be confused with hilarity and frivolity, for these are the opposite extreme of moroseness and gloom; whereas the state to be aimed at is one of even-minded contentment. The latter is promoted by Theosophy because it reconciles the man with his life, makes him feel that he has an aim which makes life worth while, and lifts from his heart many burdens of doubt and fear.

Theosophists would not like to set themselves up as superior persons; but it does seem to be true that, when a body of people work in harmony together for the carrying out of Theosophical principles of conduct, an atmosphere is generated of a kind that makes itself felt in a welcome manner by inquirers and new members. Not that the Theosophical

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life is one of ease and self-satisfaction; that would not be a very worthy ideal and would not produce the effect described. A man earnestly devoted to the realization of high ideals of conduct and work must necessarily encounter obstacles; he brings them upon himself. But there is all the difference between encountering obstacles in this spirit of valiant understanding, and encountering them with resentment like one who does not understand the reason for them.

Another important element in the production of a state of tranquillity is a firm and constant belief in the efficacy of right motive. A Theosophist believes that good, pure, true thoughts are real powers that must yield their results in peace and harmony; in other words he has *faith* and believes that it is worth while to follow conscience, for conscience is an inner guide working for our welfare. By accepting and studying the law of Karma, he soon learns to perceive its working in his own life and those of his companions; and thus his faith is gradually turned to knowledge. And so he is no longer at odds with destiny, like so many who have no true philosophy of life; for he begins to realize that man makes his own destiny, and that the Soul, or real man within, decrees whatever fate is best suited to the real needs of the individual. We must all pass through experiences pleasurable and painful, but our happiness depends on our attitude towards them; and if, instead of resenting unpleasant circumstances, we accept them as necessary lessons, we can thereby convert them into advantages.

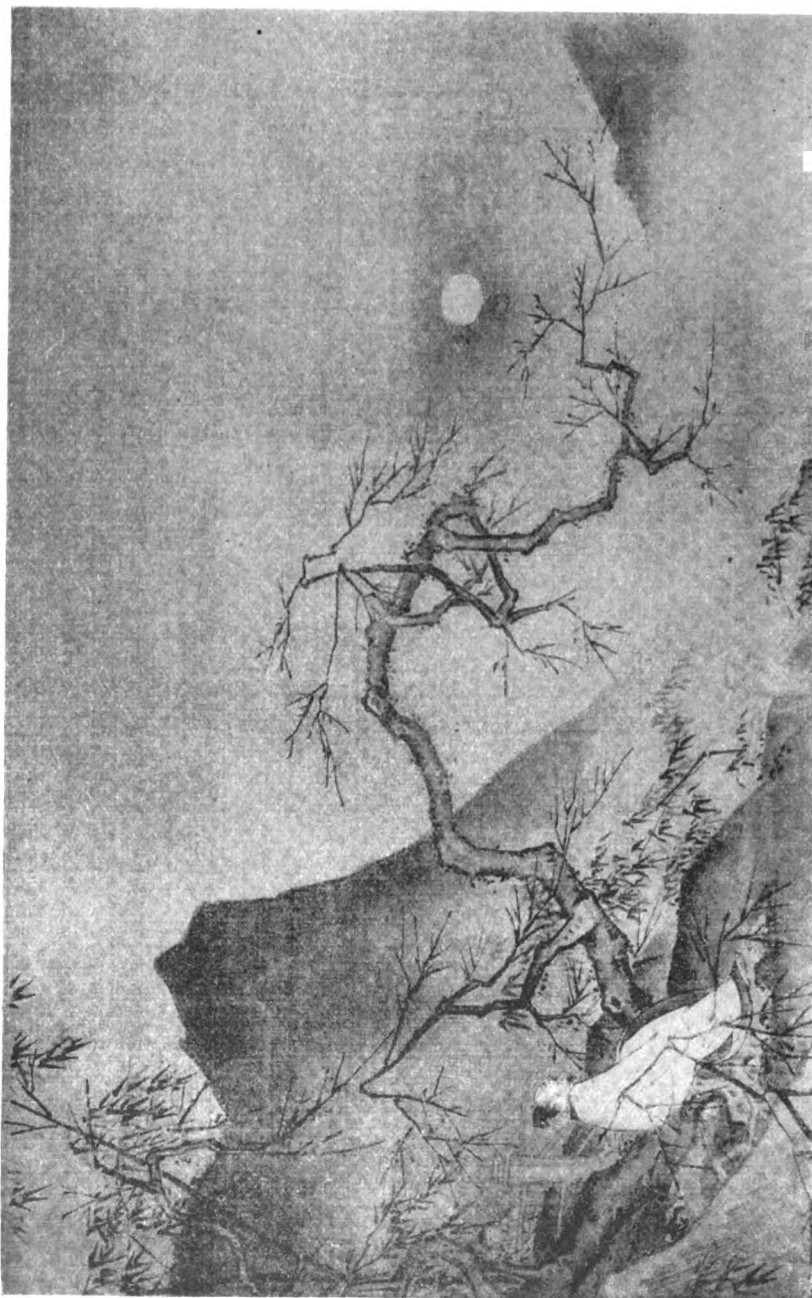
Must it not be said that religion is essential both to the welfare and the happiness of mankind? Surely, for religion is the covenant between man the wandering pilgrim and that light which he knows must exist. One of the ancient truths which Theosophy teaches is that one which Plato taught — that the Soul's proper sphere of existence is one of light, beauty, and knowledge, and that by incarnation in the flesh it becomes a prisoner. The mind of incarnated man, filled with images of terrestrial life, has forgotten its original home. Nevertheless that Soul is always there, however dimly perceived; and stands ready to respond to any calls made upon it by the yearning heart of man. The Truth has to be sought within, and by harmonizing our life we can attract to it those influences that stand ready to inspire. Theosophists have religion — not as a formal creed, but in the real sense; that is, they have faith and trust in a source of light and strength from within. They believe in the reality of moral and spiritual laws, and this gives them a background to their life.

The unity subsisting between people of diverse characters in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is another striking proof of the existence of a strong binding power; for the members do



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**SUNG PAINTER
TYPICAL MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE**



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MA YUAN: MAN LOOKING AT THE MOON



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FOUR SCHOLARS UNDER A TREE
Chinese painting of the Ming period



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**BIRDS AND PLUM BLOSSOMS
BY PIEN CHING CHAO**

Ming Period


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not consist of neutral people made in the same mold, but persons of strong character and individuality. Yet they have found a common purpose and a common view of life sufficient to unite them. This constitutes a real union — a voluntary one, not a forced compliance. Such a condition must necessarily constitute a great power, and this it is which is felt by the inquirer.

As another example of the efficacy of Theosophy, when applied under wise direction, one can point to the children and young students of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy, as remarkable examples of poise and self-control; and many of the children have now attained maturity and are setting examples of a higher ideal in the marital state. All these things, and many more not recounted, have availed to attract the attention of competent and thoughtful observers in all countries, to a movement which has now shown itself unmistakably to be a great power and one which must be reckoned with in the future welfare of humanity.

STUDIES OF CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING: by
Osvald Sirén, Ph. D., Professor of the History of Art, University
of Stockholm

CHAPTER IV — PRINCIPLES OF REPRESENTATION IN CHINESE PAINTING

LL attempts to define this which we have called rhythm must be unsatisfactory; it is something which almost eludes intellectual analysis. The pulse of life must be felt to be understood, yet we may observe its varied expressions in art and describe them with reference to their mode of operation. If we would understand the importance of rhythm we could hardly choose better material for study than the works of the old Chinese masters. Their life does not depend upon their illusive likeness to nature, nor on any attempt to reproduce the form and function of material organisms; their life-principle is that rhythm of feeling or movement which the artist suggests by his use of line and tone. The artistic process of abstraction has been carried much further and employed more freely in China than in Europe; there the principal object of interest was never form as such, but rather the idea of form, the inner reality.

An indication of the fundamental importance of rhythm to the Chinese painters is to be found in those general principles of artistic creation which were formulated in the sixth century by the painter Hsieh Ho.

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They may serve as a point of departure for the study of the aims and methods of the old Chinese masters, for even if they cannot be taken quite literally, yet they indicate the general direction and spirit of Chinese painting during its classic periods.

The first is Rhythmic Life, or "the life-movement of the spirit through the rhythm of things" (as expressed by Okakura).

The second: Anatomy, or organic structure.

The third: Representation of form in accordance with nature.

The fourth: Right disposition of color.

The fifth: Composition, or the arrangement of things according to hierarchic order.

The sixth: The study of classic models.

The order in which these different principles are enumerated seems to indicate their relative importance. The essential stands first, namely, the rhythmic expression of the living soul or inspiration. In the second and third place come principles concerning structural and formal correspondence with nature. Then follow indications as to the importance of decorative requirements, although coloring and grouping often had a symbolic value as well; finally the general recommendation to study and copy the works of the old masters which could be done in two ways — either by actually reproducing their designs or by catching the spirit of their creations. These sayings of Hsieh Ho do not constitute a complete artistic program; it is hardly a set of rules, but rather an enumeration of principles considered necessary by the old Chinese painters. Their practical value of course depended upon how they were applied.

The application naturally varied with the master and the time. Chinese art passed through an evolution, although of a different kind from that which we can trace in the history of European art. The highest point was reached in China in the early Sung time; it is the art of this period and what little remains from the Tang dynasty or earlier times that we have in mind when we speak of old Chinese painting. Nothing new of importance has been produced since those days in China, and broadly speaking also the best art of Japan — that which flourished during the Ashikaga period — was only a revival of the Chinese Sung ideals.

When we come to a consideration of the artistic methods employed in old Chinese painting, we are at once impressed with the close connexion between the arts of painting and calligraphy. A large part of the old Chinese pictures are, as well known, monochromatic and when color is employed it is used more for flat washes than for modeling. The

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principal material employed in painting as well as in writing is India ink. The play of light, the modeling of the forms, and other pictorial effects which may be aimed at, are attained by different tone values of the ink applied in varying intensity with strokes of the brush, every one of which has a definite significance. This technique demands a swift and sure hand. It affords no possibilities of successive alterations and improvements such as may be employed in oil painting. When the artist goes to work he must have full knowledge of the power of his medium and absolute certainty of touch as each stroke is decisive. Significant in this respect is the saying of the Sung painter Chou Shun: "Who ever heard of a good writer who began by making a sketch?"

To the Chinese painter mastery of the brush was the essential condition for the attainment of the desired expression of rhythm of life. It was a common saying: "The spirit lives in the point of the brush"; it seemed to them that the spiritual or emotional impulse that inspired the painter could be traced in the flow of the line or the stroke of the brush, and in the same way it seemed to them that the character of the writer was revealed in the form of his written figures. Decorative and expressive writing was often valued as highly as a precious painting.

For the Chinese artist in a far higher degree than to his European colleague, painting was pictorial writing of poems, transferring to paper the abstract conceptions of the creative imagination. In order to facilitate swiftness and sureness of execution many rules and formulae founded on the experience of generations were developed, which often may appear to us pedantic and inartistic, but we must remember that these rules did not mean more to the great masters of China than, for instance, do the rules of prosody to real poets. They may prove useful, but are not compulsory. It must however be admitted that repetition and scholastic conventions constituted the 'heel of Achilles' in Chinese painting, at least from the Western point of view. The later Chinese painters had a tiresome way of saying over and over again that which the great masters had once said in a living and original manner. In fact this applies not only to painting but to every department of life in China and Japan where rules and conventions are rigidly adhered to. A good example of this is to be found in the methods and formulae laid down for landscape painting. Sixteen different ways of drawing the curves and lines of mountains were formulated and each one had its particular descriptive name. Some strokes are said to be like hemp-fibres, others are like the veins of the lotus blossom, others again like marks of raindrops, some resemble scattered twigs, some alum crystals, still others are like the strokes of a large axe or of a small one, and so on.

Thus methods of expression were systematized with reference to

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different subjects and motives. An artist was not expected to confine himself to any one of them, his task was to master as many as possible in order to be able to use the one most appropriate to the special occasion. The famous Kuo Hsi of Sung, whose valuable notes on landscape painting reveal the characteristic Chinese point of view, writes thus:

"A great thoroughgoing man does not confine himself to one school, but combines many schools, he also reads and listens to the arguments and thoughts of many predecessors, thereby slowly forming a style of his own; and then, for the first time, he can say that he has become an artist. But nowadays men of Sei and Ro follow such men as Ysikin only; and men of Kwankio follow Han Kan only. The very fact of following one master only is a thing to be discouraged; added to which is the fact that Sei, Ro, and Kwankio are confined regions and not the whole empire. Specialists have from the oldest times been regarded as victims of a disease, and as men who refuse to listen to what others say."

Further on Kuo Hsi makes the following interesting remarks as to the methods of Chinese landscape painters:

"To always make one kind of stroke, is to have no stroke at all; and to use but one kind of ink is not to know the use of ink. Thus, though the brush and ink are the simplest things in the world, yet few know how to manage them with freedom. . . . With regard to brushes, many kinds may be used — pointed, rounded, coarse, delicate, needle-like, and knife-like. With regard to inking, sometimes light ink is to be used, sometimes deep and dark, sometimes burnt ink, sometimes preserved ink, sometimes receding ink (that is, drying rapidly from the ink-stone), sometimes ink mixed with *sei-tai* (blue), sometimes dirty ink kept in the closet. Light ink retraced six or seven times over will make deep ink, whose color is wet, not dead and dry. Dark ink and burnt ink are to be used in making boundaries, for unless it is dark the form of pines and rock angles will not be clear. After making sharp outlines, they are to be retraced with blue and ink. Then the forms will seem to come out of mist and dew."

It is also significant that there are a number of stories about Chinese painters who were unwilling to work except under the influence of a mood so intense as to render them indifferent to outer conditions. Some of them retired to absolutely secluded and silent work-rooms where they burned incense and wrapt themselves in meditative ecstasy, like Kuo Hsi, who wrote:

"Unless I dwell in a quiet house, seat myself in a retired room with the windows open, the table dusted, incense burning, and the ten thousand trivial thoughts crushed out and sunk, I cannot have good feeling for painting, or beautiful taste, and can not create the *yu* (the mysterious and wonderful)."

Others lived in remote tracts, in the woods or mountains, sitting from morning till evening out in the open sunk in the contemplation of nature's mystery until the inspiration began to flow. Others again intoxicated themselves by drink in order to reach the condition of ecstasy necessary for the liberation of the creative energy. It is told of the Tang painter Ku Shang that he began by spreading his silk on the ground and mixing his colors. Meanwhile he had men blow horns, beat drums, and produce a terrible noise. While this was going on Ku put on an embroidered

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robe and turban and drank himself half tipsy. Then he began to sketch the contours of his painting and to lay on his colors with a broad brush. . . . Peaks of mountains, islands and other forms appeared in a wonderful way.

It was the fleeting vision, the indescribable, the infinite that was to be seized and rendered in a few living strokes. The artist could not stand apart describing and fashioning an appearance of something that could be held and bound by material means. His own personality should dissolve and melt like a tone in the great harmony of nature; his work should unveil the immeasurable depths of universal life.

The Chinese painters while imbued with a full appreciation of harmonious arrangement and balance usually avoid the rigid symmetry which requires repetition of corresponding forms and movements. Such a limited conception of symmetry was foreign to their nature, it conflicted with the very life principle of Chinese art. Even in the obviously centralized compositions of a hieratic order, where the motive depends upon the emphasis of a certain figure or central idea, the principle of variation comes into play, and while the corresponding parts may be harmoniously balanced there is no actual repetition. This relative avoidance of strictly symmetrical arrangement becomes more apparent to us if we recall the rigid symmetry that prevailed in the religious paintings of the early Western artists which were composed in a more definitely architectonic sense and relied upon absolute equipoise for their decorative effect. This is exemplified by so many well known altarpieces executed in Italy and elsewhere before the Renaissance that we hardly need to quote single pictures. Some of Orcagna's compositions are very characteristic in this respect.

It may also be noted in this connexion that although Chinese critics praise many of the old painters for their successful representation of nature, yet it is evident that they never regarded this as an end in itself or as the aim of art. Their stories do not so much tell of paintings in which natural objects were illusively reproduced as of paintings so magically imbued with life that the creatures represented in them would actually come to life and disappear, such as the celebrated dragon of Wu Tao-tzu.

Many of the early pictures known to us show that the artists had a complete mastery of reproduction or representation of material objects as well as knowledge of perspective but neither of these scientific accomplishments was allowed to interfere with the purely aesthetic purpose of the work.

It is evident that the feeling for symmetry and centralized composi-

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tion is closely associated with the demand for the accentuation of form and for the indication of space. They are interdependent modes of conception directly or indirectly derived from our practical acquaintance with the human figure, its organism and proportions, the standard to which we unconsciously refer all our ideas of proportion, size and shape. This consideration brings us to one of the most marked differences between the painting of the East and of the West.

In European art the human figure has been considered the highest symbol of expression. Perfect bodily beauty, whether as a symbol or for its own sake, was the ideal sought throughout the classic periods. According to the Western conception beauty as well as deity seem to demand expression in anthropomorphic form in order to satisfy emotion and intellect. No account is taken of the infinite which makes man appear but as a vanishing factor in the great organism of nature. This anthropomorphic tendency has played so important a part in Western culture that it could be taken as the foundation for a complete philosophy of art; it indicates at the same time the limitation and the greatness of Western art. We shall have occasion to return to this question in speaking of Chinese landscape painting: here a few words only may be added as to its significance for pictorial composition in general.

We have a natural inclination to make our own body the standard for artistic creation as well as to some extent for ideal concepts, though this habit through long use has become almost unconscious. Our own corporeal form constitutes a prime factor for the understanding of the appearance of exterior objects in nature and art. Impressions that wholly or partly are communicated by our sense of touch as well as those communicated by sight are naturally dependent upon our familiarity with our own body. Its symmetrical and clearly centralized character inclines us to look for something similar in a work of art, a symmetry or a balance which depends upon the equipoise of the parts. When we do not find it we experience a sense of dissatisfaction; the work appears incomplete or fragmentary, a caprice, or a suggestion of something lying beyond the limits of that which is actually represented. The Western mind is so permeated with the conviction of the superiority of the human figure over all other forms and organisms that it is impossible to avoid referring to it as an ultimate standard for the estimate of the creations of art.

In the old Chinese art conditions are quite different. There the human figure does not hold such a privileged position and consequently it has not anything like the same importance as a standard of appreciation. The beauty of the body or the perfect nude was never an ideal


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for Chinese painters; on the contrary they avoided it. As already stated, they did not seek to represent the material form for its own sake but the spiritual or emotional values that lie behind. The Chinese artist to a certain degree freed himself from the tyranny of bodily limitations and centered his consciousness in spiritual nature, and he was thus free to express abstract conceptions in a less conventional form. He withdrew himself from his lower consciousness and from subservience to the forms of nature through a process of abstraction which indeed to some extent is operative in all artistic creation but which is carried much further in Chinese art than in that of the Western nations.

It may be objected that fundamentally the original Christian art was inspired by similar concepts, but these had little influence on the evolution of Western painting in general. Only in the Byzantine world did abstraction in art reach an importance similar to what it held in China; in Western Europe the evolution was as a whole controlled rather by pagan classic traditions than by specifically Christian concepts. Thus it happens that though there is a mass of ecclesiastical art in Europe, very little of it can be called religious in a truly Christian sense.

Chinese art has more consistently devoted itself to the representation of religious motives and ideas of a kind that belong alike to Christianity and Buddhism. It has indeed dwelt upon the importance of that which lives in the form rather than upon the beauty of the external proportions. It does not exalt isolated figures or parts of figures to independent importance, as is often done in European art; it seeks rather the relationship between the different parts, the rhythmic movement that blends the figure with its surrounding. The essential is not a beautiful face or a perfect figure, but the relation between the figure and the surrounding space, whether this is formed by a landscape or an interior view. When single figures are presented in Chinese paintings they are not ideal representations such as often form the motive of European painters, but portraits or personifications of religious ideas, and their significance depends less upon the individual figure than upon its relation with other elements of the composition. The Chinese painters did not seek to exalt the personality, nor to emphasize its limitations, but to blend it with something greater. Man interested them less in his individual isolation than in his relationship to other men. He was to them a unit in a spiritual organism which they tried to reveal through their paintings by centering their consciousness on something higher than the material form.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA: by R. L.

O the Great Wall all other monuments of China, and for that matter of the world, are as pygmies to a giant. It is by far the most extensive and formidable single structure ever devised by man," is the opinion of Frederick McCormick in *The National Geographic Magazine*.

For the most part of its extent this awe-inspiring legacy of China's past greatness is an artificial barrier fifteen to thirty or even fifty feet in height, twenty-five feet thick at its base and fifteen at the top. It consists of an earthen core faced with immense bricks weighing from forty to sixty pounds each, built upon a stone foundation. In some places these facings are of granite. The earth-filled core is protected on the top by a pavement of bricks laid in lime and carefully drained. Its fortifications consist of crenelated parapets and fortress towers at frequent intervals. There were 25,000 of these towers, of which 20,000 are in fair repair.

This 'Wall of Ten Thousand Miles' was originally much longer; at its height of usefulness it stretched over 15,000 miles of the mountains and valleys of China, not counting occasional loops that amount to another thousand miles. It extends from the tempestuous Yellow Sea to the westernmost corner of the province of Kan-suh on the Desert of Gobi north of Tibet. Starting from sea-level, it takes no account of natural difficulties but climbs the highest and steepest barriers, reaching an altitude of 10,000 feet between Liangchow and Lanchow. One section ascends a peak of 5,225 feet elevation. "Irregular in direction and altitude, it has been regular only in purpose," says one writer.

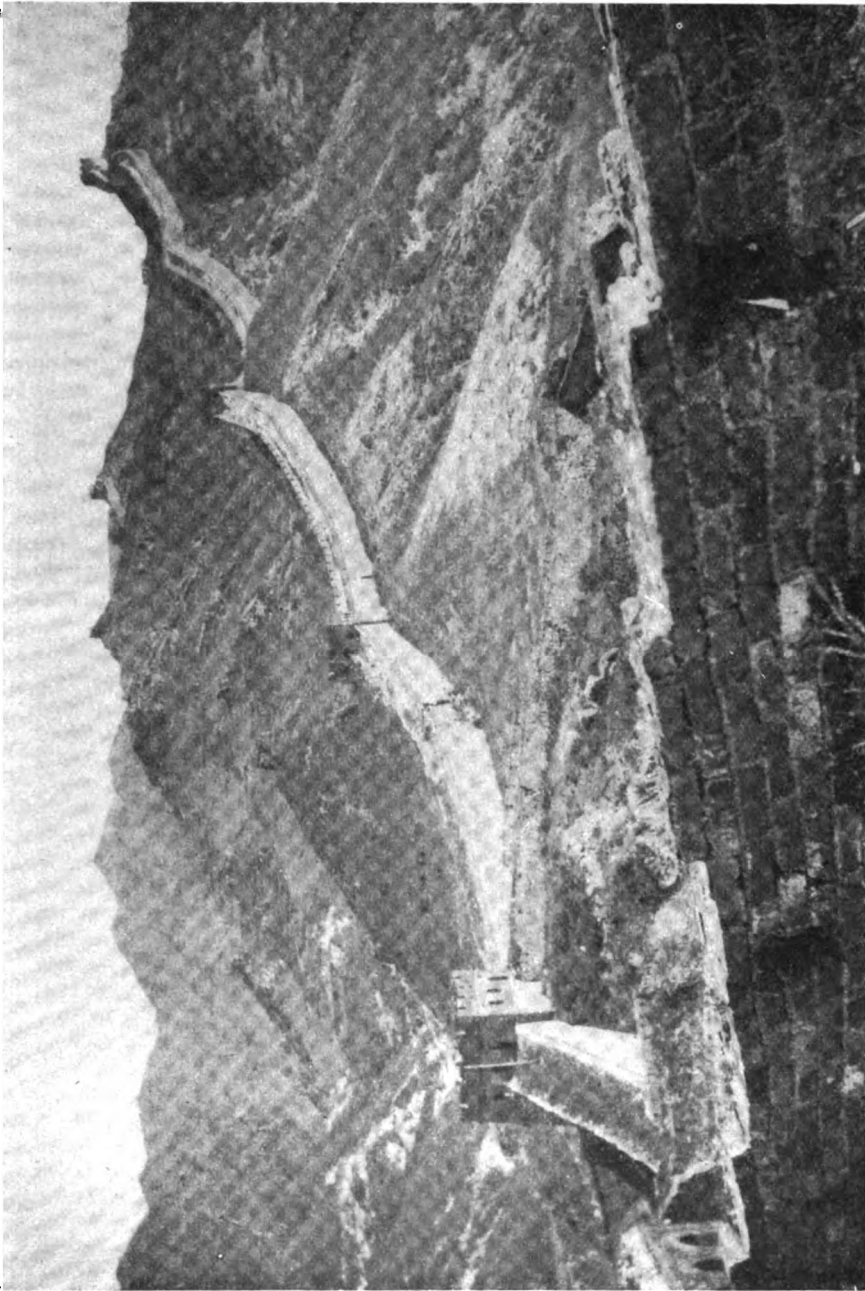
The Great Wall of China is twenty-one centuries old, having been built in the third century B. C. by Yin Cheng, Prince of Tsin, better known as Che-Hwang-tze, first Emperor of China. The actual construction, however, was directed by Ming T'ien, a military officer. But in consequence of a caprice of Fame, this precursor of our modern construction engineer is remembered principally as the inventor of the hair-pencil.

A certain beholder describes this greatest of China's legacies as that "wonderful coiling, climbing, leaping thing!" and Mr. S. W. Williams says:

"The impression left upon the mind of a foreigner, on seeing this monument of human toil and unremunerative outlay, is respect for a people that could in any manner build it. . . . The crumbling dike at their feet may be followed, winding, leaping across gorges, defiles, and steeps, now buried in some chasm, now scaling the cliffs and slopes, in very exuberance of power and wantonness, as it vanishes in a thin, shadowy line at the horizon."

And another traveler adds:

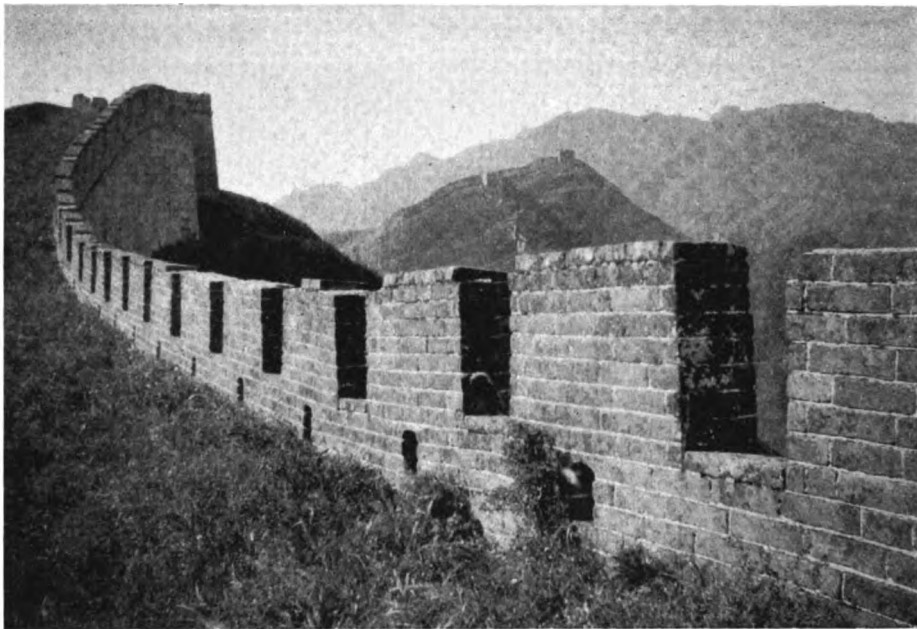
"Its endurance tells much of the thought that was put into it; thought symbolical of protection, unity, strength."



Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.

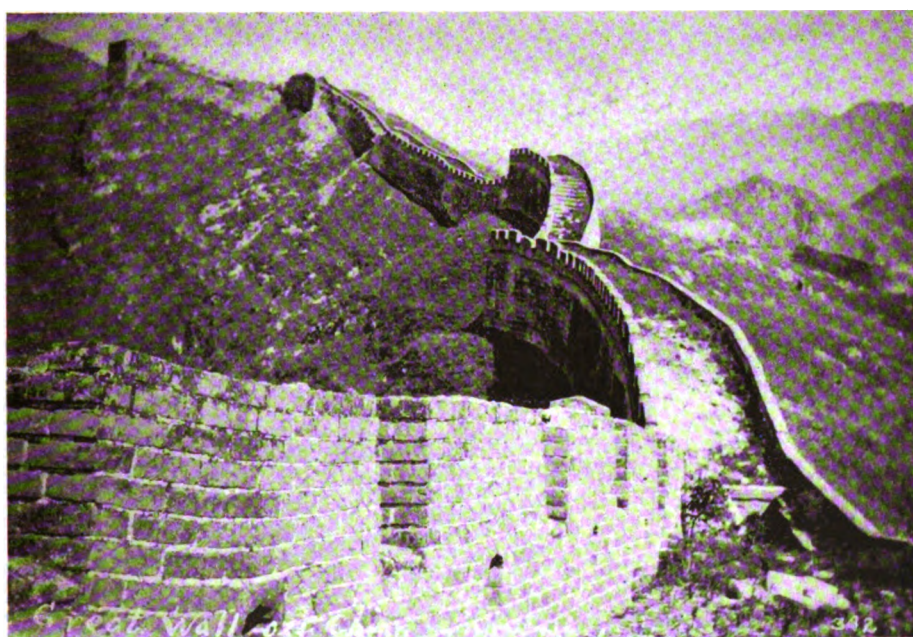
HOW THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA FESTOONS THE MOUNTAINS FROM PEAK TO PEAK

"Standing on the peak at Ku-peh Kau (Old North Gate), one sees the cloud-capped towers extending over the declivities in single files both east and west, until dwarfed by miles and miles of skyward perspective as they dwindle into minute piles, yet stand with solemn stillness where they were stationed twenty centuries ago." — *S. Wells Williams*



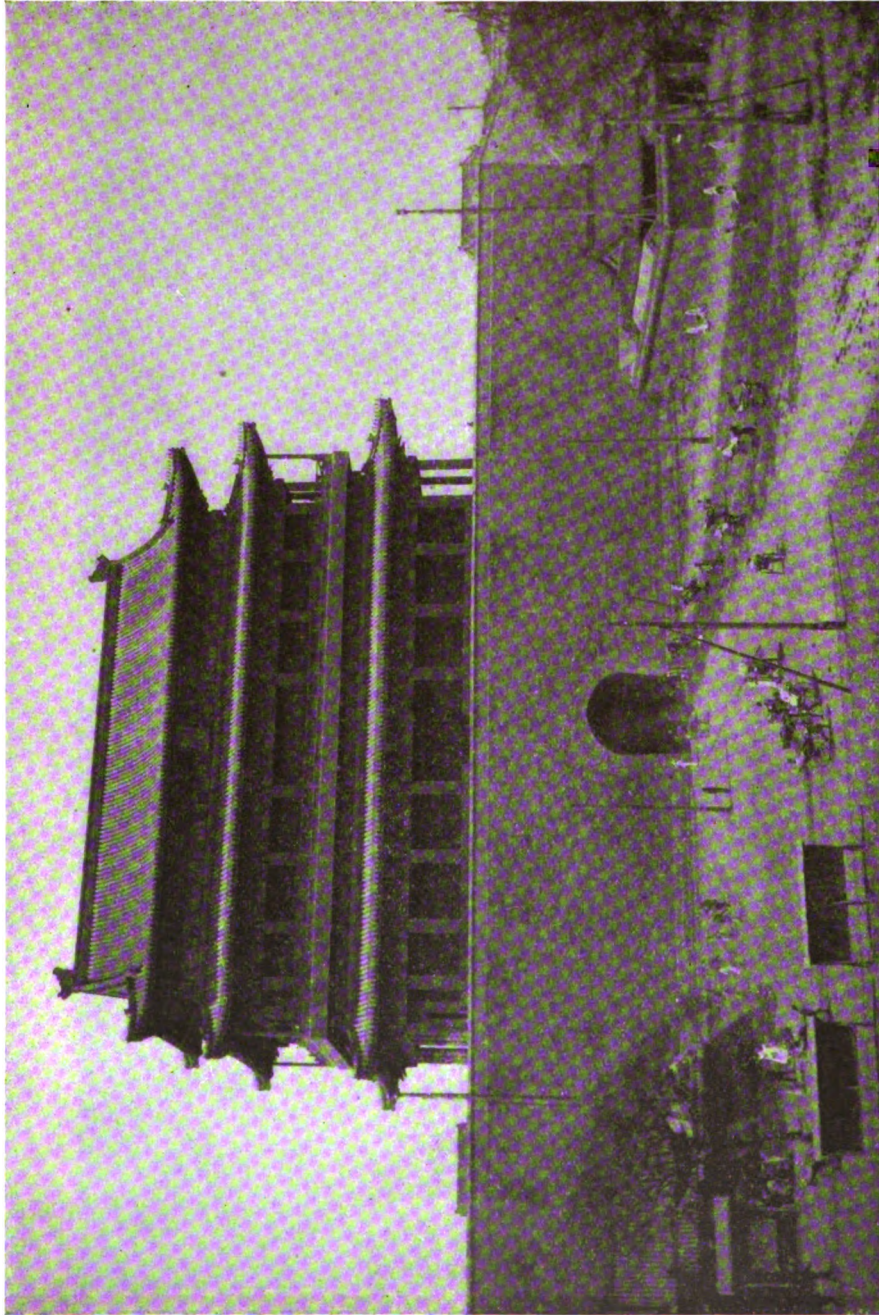
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ALONG THE TOP AND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GREAT WALL



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

ONCE SEEN, THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA
CAN NEVER BE FORGOTTEN



Lameland Photo & Engraving Dept.

THE AN-TING GATE, PEKIN

Pekin is a city of walls within walls. Those surrounding the Tatar and Chinese Cities measure twenty-five miles in length and are pierced by sixteen gates, above which rise lofty watch-towers.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF EASTER — A MASONIC INTERPRETATION:* by Joseph H. Fussell



IN his volume of verses, under the heading *Portals*, Walt Whitman asks:

"What are those of the known but to ascend and enter the Unknown?
And what are those of life but for Death?"

To which, may we not add: And what are those of Death but for Rebirth and Resurrection?

* * * *

One of the first things brought to the attention of the E. A. is that no important undertaking should be begun without first invoking the blessing of Deity. The ancient Aryan, as also the devout Hindû today, began and ended every important discourse and undertaking by repeating the Sacred Word. Socrates, in the *Timaeus*, says: "And now, Timaeus, I suppose you are to follow, first offering up a prayer to the god as is customary." To which Timaeus replies:

"All men, Socrates, who have any degree of right feeling do this at the beginning of every enterprise, great or small — they always call upon the gods. And we, too, who are going to discourse of the nature of the universe, whether created or uncreated, if we be not altogether out of our wits, must invoke and pray the gods and goddesses that we may say all things in a manner pleasing to them and consistent with ourselves. Let this then be our exhortation to the gods, to which I add an exhortation to myself, that I may set forth this high argument in the manner which will be most intelligible to you, and will most accord with my own intent."

And let me say the same, for there is no higher theme than that which is our subject tonight. It is not only the very heart of the Rose Croix degree, but the heart of Freemasonry, the culmination of all existence, the supreme and last lesson of life.

* * * *

Every season of the year has its marvel of beauty, its significance. The promise of Spring, the full glory of Summer, the fruitage of Autumn, the rest of Winter: each has something that the others have not, some lesson to teach, some mission to fulfil, some symbol to reveal. Birth, childhood, and youth for Spring, full manhood for Summer, ripe and vigorous old age for Autumn, and death for Winter; each of these is a step on the pathway of Life's infinite journey.

Night is dispelled by day, and day again fades into night; Spring follows Winter, and year succeeds year; so, surely, had we but faith in Universal Law which overrules and guides all, we might know of a certainty that death is not the end of all, but that there is Resurrection,

*An Address delivered on Easter Sunday, 1917, before Constans Chapter No. 5 of the Knights Rose Croix (A. & A. S. R.) of San Diego, California, part of which was published in *The New Age Magazine*, June, 1917.

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Rebirth; that these are also in accordance with the Law: a new life, and life after life. Is not this one of the lessons of the ever-recurring seasons?

Sweet beyond words to express as is the thought of rest at the close of day, after duty well done; radiant and beautiful as is the angel of death after a life well lived, its soothing hand leaving a happy smile upon the lips; yet neither sleep nor death is the end, each is but a doorway into other realms where we sojourn for a while and then return. This, we know, is true of sleep with its bright dreams, or with its deep dreamlessness from which we awake with no recollection, but with a feeling of perfect happy rest. We do not fear to sleep, nor could any evil dreams trouble us, if the day has been well lived; and so, too, no fear of death can come to one who has lived his life honorably, nobly and well. Why then should it not be with death, twin brother of sleep, that from it too we awake into a new day? It is this, this awakening, this resurrection, that is the message of Easter, it is this that is the heart of the teaching of Freemasonry.

* * * *

There is a very close connexion between the Third or Master's degree, the Eighteenth or Knight Rose Croix, and the Thirty-first; all have reference to Resurrection, which is the great lesson of Easter. It has been said that the Resurrection was the most stupendous event in all history; but when, as Scottish Rite Masons, when, as students of the Ancient Mysteries from which Masonry is descended, we turn to the teachings and traditions of ancient India, Egypt, Greece, and indeed of all the great peoples of Antiquity, we find it *not one solitary event*, but a recurring event, and thus *not less but more* stupendous, more inspiring, more significant: the supreme teaching given to all races in all ages.

For each of the great races of the past has had its Savior who taught the people and showed them the true pathway of life. Of many of them the same legends and traditions are told; and many were the 'Christs' of pre-Christian ages, said to have been, like Him, born of virgin mothers, and revered as Saviors of men. India had her Krishna, and her Gautama-Buddha; China, her Fo-hi and her Yu; Egypt her Horus; Persia had her Zarathustra; Greece, her Apollo and her Dionysos; ancient America her Quetzalcohuatl; and many others might be named, all of whom were of divine birth, born of virgin mothers.

And many of the most sacred rites and ceremonies which today are practised among Christians and by many held to be purely Christian had their origin ages ago among the so-called pagans. Listen to what Rev. Robert Taylor says of the Eleusinian Mysteries (*Diegesis*, p. 212):

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"The Eleusinian Mysteries, or Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, was the most august of all the Pagan ceremonies celebrated, more especially by the Athenians, every fifth year, in honor of Ceres, the goddess of corn, who, in allegorical language, *had given us her flesh to eat*; as Bacchus, the god of wine, in like sense, *had given us his blood to drink*. . . . From these ceremonies is derived the very name attached to our *Christian* sacraments of the Lord's Supper — 'those holy Mysteries'; — and not one or two, but absolutely all and every one of the observances used in our Christian solemnity. Very many of our forms of expression in that solemnity are precisely the same as those that appertained to the Pagan rite."

Can we doubt that the ancient Greeks worshiped the true God? Listen to the following Orphic Hymn, quoted by Justin Martyr (*Exhortation*, XV):

"Now rather turn the depths of thine own heart ·
Unto the place where light and knowledge dwell,
Take thou the Word Divine to guide thy steps
And walking well in the straight and certain path,
Look to the One and Universal King —
One, Self-begotten, and the Only One,
Of whom all things and we ourselves are sprung.
All things are open to His piercing gaze,
While He Himself is still invisible,
Present in all His works, though still unseen.

And other than the great King there is none.
The clouds for ever settle round His throne
And mortal eyeballs in mere mortal eyes
Are weak, to see Zeus reigning over all.

"There is one Zeus, one Sun, one Underworld,
One Dionysus, one lone God in all."

Or listen to the Hymn of Cleanthes, the Stoic, (Version given by James Freeman Clarke in *Ten Great Religions*):

"Greatest of the gods, God with many names,
God ever-ruling, and ruling all things!
Zeus, origin of Nature, governing the universe by law,
All hail! For it is right for mortals to address thee;
For we are thy offspring, and we alone of all
That live and creep on earth have the power of imitative speech.
Therefore will I praise thee, and hymn forever thy power.
Thee the wide heaven, which surrounds the earth, obeys;
Following where thou wilt, willingly obeying thy law.
Thou holdest at thy service, in thy mighty hands,
The two-edged, flaming, immortal thunderbolt,
Before whose flash all nature trembles.
Thou rulest in the common reason, which goes through all,
And appears mingled in all things, great or small,
Which filling all nature, is king of all existences.
Nor without thee, O Deity, does anything happen in the world,
From the divine ethereal pole to the great ocean,
Except only the evil preferred by the senseless wicked.
But thou also art able to bring to order that which is chaotic,
Giving form to what is formless, and making the discordant friendly

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So reducing all variety to unity, and making good out of evil
Thus throughout nature is one great law
Which only the wicked seek to disobey —
Poor fools! who long for happiness,
But will not see nor hear the divine commands.
In frenzy blind they stray away from good,
By thirst of glory tempted, or sordid avarice,
Or pleasures sensual, and joys that pall.
But do thou, O Zeus, all-bestower, cloud-compeller!
Ruler of thunder! guard men from sad error.
Father! dispel the clouds of the soul, and let us follow
The laws of thy great and just reign!
That we may be honored, let us honor thee again,
Chanting thy great deeds, as is proper for mortals,
For nothing can be better for gods or men
Than to adore with hymns the Universal King."

So, too, behind the bewildering array of the divinities of the Egyptian Pantheon we find there also One Absolute Deity, and that the "many gods" do but represent aspects, manifestations, or attributes of that One. That they believed in One God, Divine, Eternal, Infinite, is clearly shown in the following selections from their hymns, quoted by Dr. Alexander Wilder in *Egypt and the Egyptian Dynasties*:

"God is One and Alone, and there is none other with him:
God is the One, the One who has made all things:
God is a Spirit, a hidden Spirit, the Spirit of Spirits.
The Great Spirit of Egypt, the Divine Spirit."

"Unknown is his name in Heaven,
He does not manifest his forms!
Vain are all representations of him."

"He is One only, alone without equal,
Dwelling alone in the holiest of holies."

"He hath neither ministrants nor offerings:
He is not adored in sanctuaries
His abode is not known.
No shrine is found with painted figures,
There is no building that can contain him!"

"God is life and man lives through him alone:
He blows the breath of life into their nostrils."

"He protects the weak against the strong;
God knows those who know Him;
He rewards those who serve Him,
And protects those who follow Him."

And in the so-called *Book of the Dead*, 'The Ritual of the Coming Forth by Day,' we read the following:

"I am Yesterday, 'Witness of Eternity' is my Name."

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"A moment of mine belongeth to you, but my attributes belong to my own domain.

"I am the Unknown One.

"I am Yesterday and I know tomorrow; for I am born again and again. Mystery of the soul am I.

" 'I who know the Depths' is my Name. I make the cycles of the shining millions of years; and billions are my measurement."

Along with such conceptions of Deity, unsurpassed in any age, is it any wonder that we find the sublimest truths taught regarding Man and Nature, and the supreme truth of all, the divinity and immortality of the soul, and its resurrection? But the ancient Egyptians as well as the Wise Ones of other ancient peoples had a conception regarding the resurrection which is not generally taught today. It is, however, taught in Freemasonry, and particularly in the 3rd degree, though it is not always so interpreted. The conception of the Resurrection usually held among Christian peoples is the one given in the story of the Nazarene, the Great Teacher and Most Wise Master whose name we honor and revere in the Rose Croix, namely, that he suffered for the sins of the whole world, was crucified and was laid in the tomb, and that after three days he rose again, conqueror over death, savior of the world, and that henceforth, through his passion and death, all men who believe in Him, who partake of the Mystic Sacrament of the Eucharist, become one with Him and share in the glory of His resurrection after death.

But so, too, was it taught in the Orphic Mysteries of the Greek Savior, Dionysos, and the Rite of Baptism and the celebration of the Eucharist were essential features of the Greek Mysteries; and the poet Euripides (*Bacchae*, — Murray's translation) thus describes the latter as it was celebrated five hundred years B. C. He is speaking of Dionysos as the Mystic Savior:

"In the God's high banquet, when
Gleams the grape-blood, flashed to heaven
To all that liveth His wine he giveth,
Griefless, immaculate.

.

"Yea, being God, the blood of Him is set
Before the Gods in sacrifice, that we
For His sake may be blest.

.

"Then in us verily dwells
The God Himself, and speaks the things to be.

.

"The Lord of Many Voices,
Him of mortal mother born,
Him in whom man's heart rejoices,
First in Heaven's sovereignty."

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And going further back to Egypt; 'as Marsham Adams declares, in *The House of the Hidden Places*:

"We read in the Ritual of an incarnate, and not only of an incarnate, but of a suffering and a dying God. We are confronted with the tears of Isis, and with the agony of Osiris — an agony so overwhelming that gods and men and the very devils, says the Ritual, are aghast."

I know not how old is the story of Odin, as told in the Scandinavian *Edda*, perhaps older than that of Osiris. He too though 'Father of the Gods,' 'Divine Wisdom,' 'Creator of men,' suffered and was crucified, and through his sufferings became the 'Savior of mankind.' In Odin's Rune-Song in the *Edda*, Odin himself says:

"I know I hung on a wind-rocked tree, nine whole nights with a spear wound, and to Odin offered — myself to myself — on that tree of which no one knows from what root it springs."

In fact, the story that is told of the Passion and Death and Resurrection of the Nazarene Teacher is the same in its essentials as was told ages earlier of Dionysos-Zagreus, of Osiris, of Krishna and of other Saviors. This story it was that formed the basis of the Mysteries of Antiquity, which in their latest form, as the Isiac Mysteries, existed in Rome side by side with the early Christian teachings for nearly five hundred years, becoming lost, submerged, we might say, only with the advent of the Dark Ages. The same teachings, the same rites and ceremonies and sacraments, the same hope of Resurrection, that are taught and celebrated today in the Christian Church, were taught and celebrated among the Pagans ages before our era. Let me read to you what St. Augustine, one of the early Church Fathers, wrote of the Christian religion; he says (*Augustini Opera*, Vol. I, page 12):

"The very thing which is now called the 'Christian' religion, really was known to the ancients, nor was it wanting at any time from the beginnings of the human race up to the time Christ came in the flesh; from which time the true religion, *which had previously existed*, began to be *called* 'Christian,' and this in our day is the Christian religion, not as having been wanting in former times, but as having in later times received that name."

In the 31st degree is given a glimpse of the teachings of the Mysteries of Osiris, the Isiac Mysteries, but only a glimpse is given and it is left to the student to search out their meaning and import. Certain it is that these teachings are among the greatest of the heirlooms that have come down to us through the ages from the very dawn of time. And one of these teachings is that every race and every age has had its Divine Savior who has given his life for the race, for all Humanity.

There is however, as just said, another conception of Resurrection which was taught in all the Ancient Mysteries, and is taught or at least hinted at in Freemasonry, especially in the 3rd degree. It is the supreme goal of Initiation; it is the resurrection, which each must achieve for

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himself, of the spiritual life, the resurrection of the soul while in this life, the attainment of self-knowledge and of the knowledge — not faith nor belief — of immortality. To attain this resurrection there must be a mystical death, there must be the conquest of the passions, there must be a mystical descent into the Underworld, one's own soul must triumph over all the Powers of Darkness, and become one with the 'Father in Heaven.'

Speaking of the 'descent into hell,' H. P. Blavatsky writes that

"mystically it typified the initiatory rites in the crypts of the Temple, called the Underworld. Bacchus, Herakles, Orpheus, Asklepios and all the other visitors of the crypt, *all descended into hell and ascended thence on the third day*, for all were initiates and 'Builders of the lower Temple.' . . . To speak, therefore, of anyone having descended into Hades, was equivalent in antiquity to calling him a *full Initiate*."

The greatest of all the known Temples of Initiation was the Great Pyramid. It was not built as a tomb for the dead, as were the other Pyramids, but was verily for the dead in life. In the last and highest Initiation after passing successfully all the trials in the various halls and passages, the body of the Candidate lay for three days in the sarcophagus in the King's Chamber while the soul descended into the Underworld to meet the temptations of the Hosts of Darkness and to face Death. If he conquered, then followed Illumination and Resurrection and he returned to the outer world as 'a Master of the Royal Secret' to be a teacher and helper of men.

According to Ragon, one of the most learned of the Masons of the last century, our present form of speculative Masonry, and particularly the 3rd degree, is due to Elias Ashmole, the celebrated antiquary and alchemist, and other brothers of a society of Rose Croix in the middle of the seventeenth century, a fact which is of special interest in our present celebration. The methods of initiation, Ragon says, which these Rose Croix brothers then introduced, in place of the ceremonies up to then used by operative masons, were "based upon the ancient Mysteries, upon those of Egypt and Greece." And further on he states that

"Ashmole undertook to regenerate, under this architectural veil, the Mysteries of the ancient initiation of India and Egypt, and to give to the new association an aim of union, of fraternity, of perfection, of equality and of science, by means of a *universal bond*, based on the laws of nature and on love of humanity."

"In Egypt," Ragon declares, "the 3rd degree is named the Gate of Death"; and then after reciting the main points of the ceremonies of this degree, he says:

"We recognise, in the modern rite, the reproduction of the Egyptian fable, only instead of taking the name of Osiris, inventor of the arts, or the Sun, the neophyte takes that of Hiram,

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which signifies *raised*, (an epithet which belongs to the Sun) and who was skilful in the arts."

* * * *

The return of Spring is Nature's proof, as the Resurrection of Easter-time is a divine proof that there is no death for the soul. "There is no death; what seems so is transition," says the poet Longfellow. The seed falls into the earth, and soon upsprings a flower, or a stalk of wheat, or a tree. Yet the outer form had to die e'er the life-force within could spring upwards into the light. Death always precedes Resurrection.

How beautifully Walt Whitman speaks of Death in his *Song of Myself*. Listen:

"I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young men and women,
And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken out of their laps.

What do you think has become of the young and old men?
And what do you think has become of the women and children?

They are alive and well somewhere,
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest it,
And ceas'd the moment life appear'd."

Truly, what we call death is but a gateway, a transition, a crossing over, an initiation. But Resurrection, as it is taught in Freemasonry, as it was taught in the ancient Mysteries, is something more than a coming to life again, it is something more than what we witness in Nature, wonderful and inspiring as that is. Resurrection in Freemasonry, in the Mysteries, is the Resurrection of the Christos which dwells in the heart of every man, it is a triumph over death, a conquest over Nature, it is the entrance upon Eternal Life. Nature's method is a constant succession of day and night, summer and winter, life and death, reincarnation after reincarnation, until all the lessons of earth-life have been learned. The method and purpose of Initiation, for those who have the strength to undertake the stupendous task, is to learn the lessons *now*; it is, as Paul the Initiate said, a "taking of the Kingdom of Heaven by violence"; it is the conquest of one's self, it is the Resurrection of the Divine Spirit of Man.

Consider for a moment what it really means to be a Master Mason. To pass through the degrees gives one the title of Master Mason, but does not constitute one such in reality. Necessary proficiency in ancient times when the Mysteries were enacted in their purity meant more than the possession of a fair memory, it meant more than living a moral life as judged by the standards of the world. To have attained proficiency as E. A. meant, in very truth, that one's passions had been subdued. Proficiency as F. C., meant that one had studied and understood science,

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philosophy, and art, and had learned to apply these in daily life and conduct; it meant complete control and mastery of the mind. To attain such proficiency in these degrees was not therefore a matter of a few weeks, but of years, perhaps of lifetimes; but when attained then indeed did one become entitled to receive initiation in the 3rd degree, which symbolizes this Resurrection from the tomb, and the recognition and realization of the Divinity that is hidden in the heart of every man.

How is this accomplished in the 3rd degree? You know the reference to the Lion of the Tribe of Judah; but here again we have another proof that the foundation of Masonry is to be looked for in Egypt and India; for in the ancient Mysteries of those lands the same ceremony was enacted by the Lion of Egypt in the one case, and by the Lion of the Pañjāb in the other. And it should be borne in mind that the Lion as also the Eagle represents the Sun, which again is the emblem of spiritual life, and of the Divine Spirit in the universe and in the heart of man. The Sun is the heart of the Universe, the Lion is emblematic of the power that resides in the Sun, and hence is emblematic of the divine power that resides in the heart of man, and only through that power can man achieve his Resurrection.

* * * *

This then, I take it, is the Masonic interpretation of the significance of Easter, the significance of the Resurrection, the At-one-ment with Divinity Itself. It is the acquirement of the Royal Secret, the Mystery of the Balance, the Secret of Universal Equilibrium. It is the acquirement of that power by means of which man becomes co-worker with Deity, co-worker with all the great ones of the Past and the Present and throughout all coming ages, — until all Humanity shall indeed become one Universal Brotherhood and so achieve its Divine Destiny.

Is not this one of the most significant teachings of Scottish Rite Freemasonry, in that we thus learn to reverence all who in past ages have been Helpers and Saviors of mankind, learn to see in each of them the manifestation and incarnation of the Deity, appearing under many names in many lands? And of these Great Ones, Walt Whitman speaks in those wonderful lines which he inscribes:

TO HIM THAT WAS CRUCIFIED

"My spirit to yours dear brother,
Do not mind because many sounding your name do not understand you,
I do not sound your name, but I understand you,
I specify you with joy O my comrade to salute you, and to salute those
who are with you, before and since, and those to come also,
That we all labor together transmitting the same charge and succession.
We few equals indifferent of lands, indifferent of times,

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We, enclosers of all continents, all castes, allowers of all theologies,
Compassionaters, perceivers, rapport of men,
We walk silent among disputes and assertions, but reject not the disputers
nor anything that is asserted,
We hear the bawling and din, we are reach'd at by divisions, jealousies,
recriminations on every side,
They close peremptorily upon us to surround us, my comrade,
Yet we walk unheld, free, the whole earth over, journeying up and down
till we make our ineffaceable mark upon time and the
diverse eras,
Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women of races, ages to
come, may prove brethren and lovers as we are."

Today we are witnessing events that are appalling in their significance: a World War! Is it the closing of one age and the beginning of another? The old civilization of Europe is in its death struggle. Can it emerge? Is there for us and for the nations of Europe a Resurrection, an Eastertime, a return from the very depths of Hell?

And what part are we playing in this World-Tragedy — we Masons? The Past is past; it is irrevocable; yet the Present is ours, and out of it shall grow the Future. What therefore can we do as Masons; what is the duty and opportunity of the present time? If Freemasonry is heir to the Wisdom of the Ages; if it holds in its keeping the great truths that have been handed down from the days of the Ancient Mysteries — truths that are for the healing of the Nations and the guidance of the people; if indeed we have a knowledge of these truths, are we not called upon as Masons to herald a Resurrection, an Easter time such as the world has never yet seen, a Resurrection of the Spirit of Brotherhood which has suffered death and lain so long in the tomb?

That, I think, is the message of this Eastertime; that, I think, is the challenge of the Christos to us Masons today — to see to it that the Masonry which we profess is not a dead letter, but a living power. And if we make the Spirit of Masonry, which is the Spirit of Brotherhood, a living reality in our own lives, we shall make it also a living reality in the life of Humanity; so great, I verily believe, is the potential power in our Masonic Fraternity. For true Brotherhood is not alone for the few, not alone for the Initiated, but for all Humanity.

Events are moving so rapidly, the times are so crucial, we cannot remain passive. Either Freemasonry must become an active factor in this Resurrection or be left a derelict, a lifeless ritual from which the soul has fled.

Never before has Freemasonry had such a glorious opportunity as it has today. The Christos Spirit is waiting to be born anew in the life of Humanity; it is pleading with us to do our part, and if we will but do our part in the Resurrection which must take place, first in the life of

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each of us, then, truly, truly, the Christos Spirit shall be born again in the life of all Humanity.

As Robert Browning makes Paracelsus say:

" 'Tis time
New hopes should animate the world, new light
Should dawn from new revealing to a race
Weighed down so long, forgotten so long."

That new hopes will animate the world; that new light will dawn, that a new revealing of the Truth has been made, I, for one, feel assured. What part will Freemasonry play in the new Resurrection?

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC: by Daniel de Lange*

PART IX

IN music two principles contend for supremacy; *viz.*, Counterpoint and Harmony.

As we shall see, it is certainly of interest — and not for musicians only — to study the differences between these two principles, for in their inmost significance they represent the two principles which since time immemorial have divided all humanity. These two principles are: Humanity guided by a Spiritual motive from within, in absolute freedom; or, Humanity guided by compulsion or an arbitrary power from without, in absolute submission to that outer will.

Counterpoint represents the first of these two principles, while Harmony is related to the second.

In Counterpoint we find every part acting for itself, as if no outer rule existed. As long as the various parts are in harmony with the character of the whole there is nothing that can disturb their freedom in forming new melodies; for all is polyphone and polyrhythmic.

In Harmony, on the contrary, all is subjected to one predominant melody, to which the other parts are merely subservient. All is regulated by severe rules from which no parts can deviate without causing disturbances. The two principles can be compared with two gardens, the one (counterpoint) in English style, the other (harmony) in French style (Lenôtre).

If we examine human life we find a similar difference of principles.

*Founder and ex-Director of the Conservatory of Music, Amsterdam, Holland, and later till his passing away on January 30, 1918, one of the Directors of the Isis Conservatory of Music, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

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A look at mankind will suffice to show the truth of this contention; and moreover we shall see that true music is one of the most profound and lofty expressions of human inner life.

Every human being has a physical envelope that hides his real spiritual being. Upon the condition of this body and upon the way in which the spirit has trained it, depends the impression which a personality makes on its environment, and the influence it exerts. If the spirit has been able to conquer and subject the lower passions, and has trained them so that they become vehicles of the individuality, the influence will be a mighty one, and unconsciously such a person will dominate others who have been less fortunate in the training of their mental and physical faculties. Such a man does not necessarily occupy a prominent position; many times the most influential individuals occupy very modest places in everyday life. Take, for example, the social position of Jesus; if we compare it with that of the High Priests we find that apparently the High Priests occupied much more important positions than Jesus; and yet, no one name of them would be known to us had they not been instrumental in bringing about his death. But let us not think only of people of extraordinary importance. Life, like man's body, needs besides a heart and brain, arms, hands, etc.; why wonder then that in humanity every faculty must be represented? This, however, is only the outer aspect of what man really is, for the real man is the spark divine, shining within the soul, and vivifying the whole being. True, the outer appearance is but a reflexion of the disposition of man's soul-life; and so it gives to his fellow-men but an incomplete image of what the true life of the real man is. The real man is constantly hampered in his efforts to express his inner feelings by the imperfections of his physical frame, so that as long as he lives on earth his spiritual self is engaged in a constant struggle with the weaknesses of his lower self. This struggle is, so to say, a *conditio sine qua non*, of life on earth; for, as soon as the struggle ends, in other words, as soon as all weaknesses have been overcome, Life's Symphony is near its close. So it is but natural that other men can never have an insight into what constitutes an individual's real nature, unless their own spiritual development has reached a level high enough to look through the enveloping matter at the divine self. Not until everyone has reached such a point of development will the unity of mankind, or rather the unity of the whole Universe, be consummated, and become a reality.

Unity can only exist on the spiritual plane; never may we find two persons, two animals, two plants, two leaves, or even two blades of grass, which do not show some difference; and so it is with men. This proves also that every individual is compelled by his material condition to

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search for spiritual deliverance, for recognition of truth, for revelation of the divine, along the lines which his personality necessitates. It is of no use to look to other individuals for help; they may love you beyond expression, they may be willing to remove from your path every stumbling-block and difficulty; yet they can be of no real help to you; you must find your own way through life. It is not until you have conquered your personal self that you can begin to follow the path, and to profit by the way others have trodden before, and thereby prepared for you.

After what has been said we may take for granted that no unity, not even any outward union between human beings, can be brought about as long as the human mind is not cognisant that only spiritual supremacy can guide us along the path; that without spiritual supremacy, separateness and selfishness will always prevail, because matter, if not guided by *spiritual* intelligence, cannot but produce thoughts of desire passion, and greed.

We know there is another power, the power of might, that apparently can guide us, but it is along a path on which we meet with compulsion or arbitrary power, even if it looks as if spiritual force were at work. Compulsion, however, can never be a trustworthy guide in spiritual questions, because it includes the idea of principles that must be forced upon humanity. How can a principle ever be forced upon someone? Surely, people can be forced to act as if they do accept a principle, but, as long as their hearts are not in accordance with it, their acts are of no value at all; if, on the contrary, their hearts have spoken, compulsion is no more needed, for man, acting intuitively, will find the right way. To attain the former end the involved principle must be expressed in a form that suits everyone's character (perhaps it were better to speak of everyone's desire or greed, instead of character). Now, although the principle is the same for everyone, we know that the form cannot possibly be similar, because, as has been said before, every personality shapes the common principle in a manner different from that in which others do; and so unity acquired along lines enforced by compulsion or arbitrary force, is nothing but an external show. No intelligent and right-minded individual can possibly submit willingly to this force; while, on the other hand, he yields whole-hearted obedience to the inspiration of the Higher Self.

In accordance with all that has been said it is obvious that any expression of might, either on a physical or on a spiritual plane, must be avoided as the greatest possible evil. Now, what is going on in the world? We have been taught that a personal God rules the Universe. Do we understand what this means? A personal God! This means the materialization of an intuition that man, even in the moments of highest

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ecstasy, cannot grasp. Besides, the idea of a personal God includes the idea of separateness from the Universe. We all remember how in moments of ecstasy, in which we *feel*, *see*, and *know*, we try to find a means of expressing these certitudes and visions of the soul, and to give them form. Alas! we find none; we have to be satisfied with the memory of them. But our mind, fructified by those soul-visions, is sure that the only way to foster the feeling and knowledge of the divine in man's life is to cultivate the higher potentialities which are latent in every individual, and to develop them in harmony with our inner, spiritual life, so that, guided by divine inspiration, we can use them in accordance with the divine principle that exists behind everything in the Universe, and which the spiritual eye perceives in moments of ecstasy.

It is surely impossible to admit that such an intuitive inspiration reaches us from outside. He who would maintain such a point of view would simply prove that he has never tasted the wonderfully pure joy of true ecstasy. How many think they have it, but how few know it in reality! What men mostly experience is only fictitious. Perhaps physical excitement, a mere parody of the real feeling; he who knows what true ecstasy is, cannot mistake the one for the other.

True divine ecstasy cannot be attained by following the rules either of a church, or of any other community, or even by following the commandments of a so-called God. It is awakened in our spirit; we do not know how and why; but it is there; we feel and know it. We also know that in such moments we are all-powerful, that we can act spiritually, because — we are working in harmony with the Great Law, which dominates all in nature and in the Universe. This Great Law is not only the all-dominating power, it is also the all-vivifying force; it is everywhere; it is in the atmosphere and pervades everything. Who knows whether it is not the Great Law itself which procures to man's spirit such moments of ecstasy, using man simply as its instrument? Is not really everything in the Universe the natural consequence of that great, marvelous, and beautiful Law? Does not the recognition of this Great Law make us feel that our life and actions are of immense importance, notwithstanding the fact that we notice more than ever before that we are but small springs in the tremendous mechanics of the Universe? Man can only realize the meaning of life when he has developed his own soul-life in accordance with the life of the Universe, and it is only the Divine spirit within which can teach him to do this. He becomes then a symbol, an image, or, so to say, a reflexion of the Divine. Yet we must not forget that a plant, an animal, a man, and even beings superior to man, do not represent the Divine themselves; it is only by co-operative not by separate action that they become symbols, images, or reflexions

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of the Divine. Indeed, as we know that the whole Universe is linked together, action in isolation is impossible. And thus every action, even the smallest, has an influence, if performed in harmony with the Great Law; if not, it will disturb that harmony and cause distress. Besides, we cannot believe that compulsion or arbitrary force could ever bring about a co-operation that would be in harmony with the Great Law.

We all realize that the pernicious thought of an 'external' force, ruling the Universe, certainly has disturbed the minds of mankind; it has given birth to the feelings of hatred that rule the world nowadays. Indeed, no strong character can ever submit to an outer force, be it material or spiritual; while, on the other hand, every noble-minded man will immediately follow the spiritual inspiration of his inner self. Perhaps it may be difficult for many people to see that spiritual inspiration is the only reality, the only power in the whole Universe, because man's mind has been led astray; so, today, it is quite exceptional to find a person who is acquainted with this potentiality, and who knows how to use it, and whose soul is pure enough not to misuse it. Such a person is unconquerable; and knows well that as soon as this power is misused, it becomes a destructive force, especially for him who believes that he can use it for purely selfish ends. We cannot even imagine a personal God using such a power unless he has made obeisance to the — UNKNOWABLE!

In our best moments, we realize that the 'Unknowable' is the only real potency in the Universe. This knowledge teaches us that if we would use that potency we must act in harmony with the Great Law, lest we lose the power to use it. It teaches us also that true liberty can only be obtained by subordination to the Great Law, for this Law never demands anything that our personality cannot perform.

Were not this article intended to show the difference between Counterpoint and Harmony in Music, we might avail ourselves of the opportunity to demonstrate that in every incarnation man possesses the personality he exactly needs for the task he has to fulfil on earth; but for our musical argument this question is of no further importance. Therefore, we leave it aside, and turn our attention to the musical question. We find, then, that in Counterpoint all parts are equally important, and that every detail has its significance, small as it may seem. In Harmony, on the contrary, we find that in general only one part is of importance, that is, the part which at a certain moment carries the melody, while all other parts are subordinate to it. It is not difficult to understand the question if put in this way. But there are a few complications; first, man can only hear one sound at a time; secondly, a melody always implies its own natural harmony; and thirdly, as in

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ordinary human life so in music, there always will be some parts that are more important than others, and which therefore will exert a more powerful influence.

The third complication is the most important, for never will an inferior part admit that in the end, and in connexion with the whole, it is not as important as the most striking part. It is the same with man, until he has built up a character pure enough to comprehend the Universe of music as a whole. Elucidating this idea by a recent musical example, we notice that in Berlioz's 'Hungarian March' the return of the first motive is prepared in such a way that the big drum (*grosse caisse*) becomes the most important part, although it has but one note from time to time. This idea is also interesting from another point of view. The struggle among the different parts in a musical work is not unlike the struggle in human life. A start is taken, represented in music by a single sound, or by a sound accompanied by a few of its harmonies. Immediately afterwards other parts arise and claim the place of the initial sound. During the whole piece the conflict continues; at certain moments the struggle is so keen that a break seems almost inevitable; but the influence of what is really great and noble, true and therefore powerful, makes itself more and more felt, until, at the end, it conquers all resistance and appears before our imagination as the glorious conqueror of all the propensities that tried to subjugate the divine. Every musical work is a picture of what is going on in the life of Humanity, and is more or less a prophecy of the future of Humanity. In that future we cannot imagine a harmony produced by might; harmony must be the result of that unity of feeling, thinking, and knowing, which is produced by the divine in man; what is external becomes only of importance after one has realized in one's self the divinity that relates one's individuality to everything in the Universe. Then the personality disappears entirely, and we begin to realize what place is ours in the great scheme; then happiness and freedom arise before the spiritualized soul, and all becomes joy; and this is the case even when our part is nothing more than the marvelous preparation for the return of the principal motive by one single note.

If it is shown that in those ages which are shut out from our sight by the exuberant growth of tradition, human religious thought developed in uniform sympathy in every portion of the globe; then, it becomes evident that, born under whatever latitude, in the cold North or the burning South, in the East or West, that thought was inspired by the same revelations, and man was nurtured under the protecting shadow of the same TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.—*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 341



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SYLVAN ROAD, CLYDE MOUNTAIN, NEAR BRAIDWOOD
NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA



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THE BARRON FALLS, NORTH QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA

DUTY: by R. Machell



UTY, the watch-word of all honorable men, the guardian and comforter of faithful hearts, the 'bug-bear' of the hosts of restless mortals who live in their emotions, is to a few a star that eternally floats overhead high up in heaven, and which from that untroubled altitude looks down on earth to lead souls wandering in a wilderness of man-made misery up to a purer region, in which Law is rhythm, Order is Harmony, and Life the voluntary and spontaneous response of beings to the call of their own souls.

To such as these Duty is *what is Due*; that which is necessary to be done on every plane of the universe. It is the voluntary recognition of Cosmic Law, which knows no limitation, being the impulse that inheres in every part or particle of the entire universe to manifest in its own form the cosmic energy with which it is ensouled.

Those who see Duty so are bound by obligation absolute, eternal, immediate, and inevitable. To them there is no question as to the possibility of evasion, for nothing can ever evade the law of its own being. To them Duty is the inevitable.

But this interior recognition of the essential character of Duty does not of necessity imply either cultivated reason or high intelligence. These faculties as yet are only partially developed in our race, and being so are just as liable to interfere with the exercise of right judgment as to establish it. The intuition by means of which a man may recognise essential truth is different in character from the intellectual faculty of reason which men use in the interpretation of fundamental principles and for determining the right manner of their application to the practical problems of daily life.

Thus it may happen that the bitterest antagonism may arise between people inspired with the same high ideal. For them there is no possible, conceivable compromise with Duty. And it is hard to discriminate between Duty as an abstract principle and Duty in practice; as it is obviously difficult for any man to doubt the soundness of his own judgment until he can rise at will above the intellectual plane on which that judgment was pronounced. And as a man lives mostly in his intellect and his emotions, only occasionally rising to the plane of the higher mind where intuition operates and the soul sheds its light; so must it be most difficult for him to distinguish between the judgment of the mind and the intuition of the soul, holding his intellectual decision tentatively as subject to revision or alteration, while standing immovable upon a sure foothold won by intuitive perception of the essential principle involved. When that becomes possible to man then Wisdom is not far off.

But for the average man Wisdom is inaccessible, her temple being hidden by the luxuriant and ancient growth of the dark forest of desires,

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in which he wanders aimlessly. Thus he is forced by his own blindness to rely on reason and opinions to guide him on his dubious way. How true it is that man is a wanderer on earth. Some say he is a pilgrim, but the term is hardly applicable to the ordinary man, because it implies a definite goal to which the pilgrim travels consciously; whereas the life of the great mass of human beings is indeed a wandering in search of changing objects such as amusement or pleasure, excitement or repose, adventure or wealth, or merely a temporary shelter from the storms that devastate the shadow-land through which he struggles in pursuit of a mere phantasy. His life may appear to him a great adventure, or it may seem no better than a dull routine of necessary acts whose wearisome reiteration is made bearable by cautious avoidance of all other causes of discomfort. But in either case it has no recognisable goal such as a pilgrim sets before him. The average man lives aimlessly; the pilgrim travels towards a destination which is his goal; or else his pilgrimage consists in arduously following a definite route with fixed stopping-places and a return to the starting-place; which constitutes a definite plan, such as is lacking in the life of others. Moreover the pilgrim looks forward to an ultimate attainment which is his goal of goals; some state of Bliss, pictured perhaps in his imagination as a celestial place of blessedness. In his own sight he is no wanderer, although to the wise man he may appear to be following a mere delusion born in his own imagination, which leads him eventually back to his starting-place to recommence his endless pilgrimage.

The ordinary man is like a squirrel in a cage, the faster he moves the faster spins his wheel, but he stays still in the same place. The human squirrel does not see that he is caged in his own body ceaselessly toiling in the whirling wheel of his own mentality. He thinks his prison is himself because he bears it with him and lives in it.

The pleasure of eating depends on appetite. The squirrel renews his appetite by the exercise he gets in turning his wheel, and one may imagine that his nuts have a new flavor after a good gallop in his revolving prison. So too the man, who seeks new pleasures with which to glut his appetite, may stimulate a satiated sense by strenuous wanderings in imaginary lands, in which he hopes to find new foods to tempt him to renewed exertions. This is the illusion that makes his life seem to him worth living. Should he escape or break his worn-out cage, and find his way back to his native forest he may become a wanderer in fact. The wandering or pilgrimage of life to most men is purely imaginary, they never get beyond the cage of their own mentality.

Truly the ordinary man may talk of Duty, but his idea of Duty is too much like the squirrel's wheel to be regarded seriously. The ideal

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that he follows is some dead formula, some little rule, some code or creed created by other men to serve some momentary purpose, or as a temporary symbol of some aspect of Eternal Law. Perhaps he may change his formula, but the change is generally a delusion, his nuts have a fresh flavor after a more than usually strenuous turning of the wheel which takes him nowhere.

So too the wanderer who has not found the Light goes round the base of a great mountain following the trail that other wanderers have made, and coming back again to pick up his own trail once more and follow it with undiminished hope.

And what is hope but a reflexion of the Light that shines above the mountain, mirrored on earth to dazzle the eyes of men? Some day he will look up and see where the Light comes from. Then he will know that the Path lies upward. Then he will no longer mistake reflexions for realities, he will abandon the pursuit of other men's ideals, and will be able to find in his own heart a mirror for the Light. When he can find the Light of Truth reflected in his own heart he will not need a guide; he will not need to trouble about his goal, nor will the desires and bodily appetites delude him any longer. The Light that shines eternally, being itself the Soul of the entire Universe of which he is a part, will guide him all the time; and he knowing the truth will find in that Light the key to the Law of Laws that governs life and is the cause of the eternal 'fitness of all things.' Conformity with Natural Law (thus understood) is all that is Due from the particular to the universal. This is Duty.

ON TWO OLD ENGLISH GARDENS: by Kenneth Morris

I

HE first is in that great essay of Bacon's; wherein one of these days you ought to look for some cypher or Stratford-on-Avonish mark to denote authorship wrongly ascribed, and send us off on a pleasurable hunt for mystery. This is the best I can find: some of the little heaps in the "heath or desert," which is to be the "third part of our plot," are to be set with "sweet-williams red." . . . I pass this by lightly; there may be nothing in it; Bacon may have written the essay after all. And yet *plot* sounds suspicious . . . and *sweet William's* . . . and — But — *prithee, let's have no more fooling!*

— You cannot read it without regretting he quitted gardening for

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the vainer pursuits that made him famous. Here a noble nature shows itself: one creative and excellently endowed with the beauty-sense; but I understand his philosophy is mere utilitarianism, and his political life was a meanness and self-wrecking ambition. In gardening he might have done so much. Indeed, he did do so much — just with this one essay; of which you can no more tire (if the grace of God is in you at all) than of any of the most famous gardens of the world. It is “for the climate of London”; but it is better than Kew; and there is more delight in it than at Hampton Court or Golder’s Green. It is a great domain not confined within time and space: one that blooms perennially through the centuries; and is accessible, not by tram or train-ride from this city or that, but by reaching out an arm to any reasonable bookcase. It is an everlasting garden in the mind; a fair pleasaunce in realms subjective. One cannot say that there are fairies in it; one has come on no nymphs or dryads or satyrs (but there is the “sweet satyrian with the white flower”); yet, too, I do not know so well but there might be dancing o’ nights, by no mortal feet, in the heath. But it is a place you may people with all manner of princely men out of the histories: Elizabethan men: Tudor men: some few great ambassadors, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Italians, and Spaniards: men with the grand manner in their speech and action. They are a company well worth meeting.

What piece of literature is there, that so unites the grand manner with a rich, natural, and gaily colored beauty? It is the mark of a true essay (the best kind of prose) to have an air of ease and informality, and sound like the voice of an interesting man at conversation; there is to be no stiffness, plethora of words, leading-article-ism, apoplectic pomp, *pombundle*. There is to be no portentous “we” masking a journalistic sniveller under pretense of Olympian impersonality; but a human mind, and, please God, *Soul*, communicating with you as friend with friend. All these conditions Bacon here fulfils; you do not lose the tones of his voice. He goes along with you as an equal, pointing out and explaining; not anxious to impress you, but only that you shall see and understand all; — and yet cannot fail to be Olympian. He comes in with a flourish of hautboys — a most delectable flourish; — but is unconscious that they announce regality; his purple and fine linen mean no more to him than your hodden gray; he is aware only of his and your common humanity and love of gardening: —

“God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handyworks: and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all

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the months in the year; in which severally things of beauty may be then in season."

I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens; — there spoke the great man who, fallen and made contemptible, yet "scorned to go out in a snuff." This is he of whom Ben Jonson wrote:

"My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honours; but I have and do reverence him, for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want."

I do not know that one can ape greatness really; if it shows, it is there; but 'tis to marvel at how greatness and smallness, titan and pygmy, can co-exist through a lifetime in one human breast. No; old Ben was right, and this was a great man; though there is little to show for his greatness now but this *Essay on Gardens*. Grandeur — a real quality of the soul — echoes through all its phrases and details. Sir William Temple, in Restoration times, was content with some five or six acres for a gentleman's garden; but Bacon, more Tudorly, is not to be so confined. "For gardens," says he, "(speaking of those which are indeed princelike . . .) the contents ought not well to be under thirty acres of ground." Less than "those which are indeed princelike" cannot concern him. And in his division of these thirty acres, and arrangement of them, there is that Tudor sense or knowledge of *Form* which was, in reality, the instinct of the age for the Inner Wisdom. His garden is a symbol, an image of eternal things; and therein lies its fundamental greatness. He wrote as one unconscious of mysticism; but the mysticism of the times had such a hold on him, that it appears beneath his words and thoughts: a submerged power that molds and fashions all to its uses. Yet, too, to call it mysticism is injudicious; but it was a nearness of Elizabethan England to the Soul of Things: England, then in her noon and flower, was besieged and closely beset from within by the Eternal. A howl would go up from orthodox criticism at the mere naming of Francis Bacon and mysticism in one breath! The whole trend of his mind was away from it, and towards pomp and circumstance, the utilitarian, the external. — Yes, the trend of his mind: but there is something deeper than the mind, of which, commonly, the mind knows nothing. — He was for Aristotle, not Plato; even out-Aristotled his model, and was further mentally from the Dayspring within. — Mentally; but again, there is that Other Thing behind mentality. Bacon the philosopher may be naught; but Bacon the Gardener — ah, that is something very different. . .

You cannot realize the tragedy of the man, until you know this part of him. You might have thought that human duality, that confounding

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mystery, had no very great play here: that the Chancellor and the bribe-taker, the philosopher and the corruptionist, were all much of a muchness. But go with him through his garden, and you know better; you understand, then, Ben Jonson's noble praise. The Chancellor had an itching palm, and a pocket to be lined dirtily; the Gardener has all Ophir and Golconda at his disposal, and will withhold his hand upon no petty considerations. The Chancellor was the "meanest of mankind"; the Gardener among the "greatest and wisest." — There are fine things elsewhere in the Essays; but their fineness is mostly a little careworn and haunted: wise things; but worldly wise: disillusioned wisdom generally; sad, and with a tang of bitterness: —

"But I cannot tell; this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best by varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. . . ."

— In his study and philosopher's chair it was but some masquerading handmaiden of Truth that would hold converse with him; but here in his garden he is in his Soul's own domain, very large and royal; all bitterness, as well as all things base and mean, are left outside and forgotten. He will arrange all finely, spaciouly, amply; yet what he admits must be fragrant and beautiful; and none shall complain of any lack of poetic grace. It is a creation all suffused with poetry. Here is Coleridge's 'esemplastic' imagination: a molding of many elements into one perfect and as it were organic whole. Every detail has its own function to perform; each with a certain relation to every other; and complete beauty and satisfaction the result. The formal glories of the main garden would not please you so well, did you not come to them from the unadorned green, and leave them by the wild heath. Everything is where it should be: "the fair mount in the very midst," which is to be "thirty foot high, with some fine banqueting house, with some chimneys neatly cast, and without too much glass"; and the mounds or heaps in the heath, set (in no order) with old-fashioned flowers, or the thickets of sweetbriar and honeysuckle. Where it should be, I say — according to fundamental law, like the stars in the sky.

And then, the deep fragrance of it all. . . . I mean something more than the mere scent of his flowers: a subtle and appropriate aroma he contrives to blow through all the linked sweetness and stateliness of his prose. Here is June brooding among herbaceous borders; here are Tudor casements, diamond-paned, opening on quiet places loved of bees: a world of dark roses and well-tuned sonnets, wherein no "damned machinery" has a place. Such a sentence as this smells sweet, like thyme

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or myrtle or lavender: it "tastes of Flora and the country green": —

"In September come grapes, apples, poppies of all colours, peaches, melocotones, nectarines, cornelians, wardens, quinces."

The odor is in the unfamiliar words, perhaps: *melocotones*, *cornelians*, *wardens*: *quinces* too, which are not very familiar. All that list of flowers and the months to which they belong is fragrant: sweet marjoram, rosemary, lavender; periwinkle, the white, the purple and the blue; *lilium convallium*, *hyacinthus orientalis*, *chamairis fritellaria*. Hateful as a Latin word is as a rule, especially for a flower name, one would rather his *lilium convallium*, in that setting, than English *lily-of-the-valley*; and so with the other two. But it is all full of bloom-sweet sentences and rhythms. "The breath of flowers," he tells us, "is sweeter in the air where it comes and goes like the warbling of music" — what a whiff comes with that! — "than in the hand"; for which reason he will give you a list "what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air." Among them are "specially the white double violet, that comes twice a year, about the middle of April, and about Bartholomew tide"; (*about Bartholomew tide*, I think, breathes more delight into that than do the white double violets themselves); — "then the strawberry leaves dying, with a most excellent cordial smell" — every word aromatic; — then "wallflowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlour or lower chamber-window."

"But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being crushed and trodden upon, are three: that is, burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints; therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread."

— To which, I think, he ought to have added the camomile.

"There be that" chop up their prose into irregular fantastic line-lengths, dub it vain-gloriously 'free verse,' and sell it to the magazines for poetry. What they are aiming at is simply prose: such prose as Bacon wrote sometimes, and Sir Thomas Browne, and Fuller, and the golden-tongued Jeremy almost always: that great melodious prose of English which Dryden killed and Johnson buried under most *galumphing* tombstones. The Elizabethan and seventeenth century prose-writers knew that, to do good work, you must write with some inspiration, hearing the surge of the inward seas of thought and feeling, and letting their rhythm and melody be felt; they did not tolerate a prose that was just of the brainmind, and so musicless. But in these strident days it is not so easy to get that quietude in which you may "hear the golden-snooded Muses sing," whether for prose or for poetry. Our new poets, eager always to say something striking, that shall catch the eye like a sky-sign advertisement, seem unaware that no real revelation can come but

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on the wings of music; because all that inner world, which it is the business of poetry to reveal, *is* music. So we get, too often, *any old* prose, done into odd lengths and gobbets, and served up as the real poetry discovered at last. — One does not, of course, speak of Walt Whitman; whose rhythm (at its best) is essentially verse-rhythm; whose lines, however irregular, are (sometimes) as much verse-lines as Swinburne's; (I would as soon write *Hertha* in prose form, as *When Lilacs last in the Dooryard bloomed*: the lines would jump out at you, and cry aloud they were being humbugged.) — But it never occurred to Bacon to string out his lines (though immortal prose-music rings through them) in this guise:

“For March, there come violets . . .
The yellow daffodil, the daisy,
The almond-tree in blossom,
The peach-tree in blossom,
The cornelian-tree in blossom,
Sweetbriar.”

— And he was too much the man to free-vertilise these directions for the heath:

“I like also little heaps, of the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wild heaths), to be set, some with wild thyme, some with pinks, some with germander, that gives a good flower to the eye; some with periwinkle, some with violets, some with strawberries, some with cowslips, some with daisies, some with red roses, some with liliun convallium, some with sweetwilliams red, some with bear's-foot, and the like low flowers, being withal sweet and sightly —”

though nowadays they should hardly escape it, I think.

But we ought to begin at the beginning and go with him, and not flit hither and thither thus disorderly. Your pardon, my lord of Saint Albans! I fear we have kept you waiting. . . .

You will have your thirty acres of ground

“to be divided in three parts; a green in the entrance, a heath, or desert, in the going forth, and the main garden in the midst, besides alleys on both sides;”

and you

“like well that four acres of ground be assigned to the green, six to the heath, four and four to either side, and twelve to the main garden. The green hath two pleasures; the one, because nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn; the other, because it will give you a fair alley in the midst, by which you may go in front upon a stately hedge, which is to inclose the garden. But because the alley will be long, and in great heat of the year, or day, you ought not to buy the shade in the garden by going in sun through the green; therefore you are, on either side the green, to plant a covert alley, upon carpenter's work, about twelve foot in height, by which you may go in shade to the garden.”

Your three parts are three degrees, shall I say of initiation? Life at any rate is divided so — the life of a man, or a nation, or humanity; evolution travels by these three stages from the eternal to the eternal. — This green is a preparatory place, a pronaos; wherein we are to be

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accustomed to beauty by a wide simplicity of "green grass kept finely shorn." Speaking of England, and English poetry, it is the age of Chaucer; Shakespeare's is the main garden, and Wordsworth's is the heath. — I think you would not have allowed daisies on your green, my lord of Saint Albans; yet with daisies on a lawn it is a case of man proposing and God or Satan disposing; daisies would have grown and bloomed there, I doubt not for a moment. And I think that "sometimes, of a holyday" I have espied here a fellow with a shapely waist and something an elvish countenance withal,

"Kneling alwey
Upon the smale, softe, swote gras,
That was with floures swote enbrouded al,
Of swich swetnesse and swich odour over-al,
That for to speke of gomme, or herbe, or tre,
Comparisoun may noon y-maked be;
For hit surmounteth pleylnly alle odoures,
And eek of riche beaute alle floures,"

for nothing else, he tells us (and he wol nat lye)

"But for to loke upon the dayesye,
That wel by reson men hit calle may,
The 'dayesye' or elles the 'ye of day,'
The emperice and flour of floures alle . . ."

For as far as this Dan Chaucer had penetrated into the Garden of the Muses, but hardly further: he and the singers of his age, who were so conscious of the green of the grass and trees, the sunshine and the free airs under the sky; but not of the great gardening which you, my lord, are to show us presently.

But in truth this green of yours was something a strict place for Dan Chaucer, after all: where he desired to be, but from which ever and anon he would be strolling back absent-mindedly into regions more fantastical and curious. You would have none of the tricks and puerilities of the Middle Ages in your domain. Fantasticalness you do not permit: it is a serious business with you, this erecting a grand symbol; in your own lordly way you issue warning once or twice against playing at gardening. As thus:

"As for the making of knots or figures, with divers coloured earths, that they may lie under the windows of the house on that side which the garden stands, they be but toys: you may see as good sights many times in tarts."

But now we pass into the main garden.

"It is best to be square, encompassed on all the four sides with a stately arched hedge: the arches to be upon pillars of carpenter's work, of some ten foot high, and six foot broad, and the spaces between of the same dimension with the breadth of the arch."

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For the "ordering of the ground within," you will "leave it to a variety of device; advising nevertheless" that "it be not too bushy, or full of work"; wherein you, for your part, "do not like images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff; they be for children. But little low hedges" you "like well, and some pretty pyramids, and in some places fair columns upon frames of carpenter's work"; and you "would also have the alleys spacious and fair."

The secret of this garden is, that it is our own imagination must make it; you provide us with all the materials, and a supreme fillip to the work; but you have not mapped things out with shackling exactitude, and if we are to wander here, it must be with the joy of creators. It is but to know the essay, to have all the beds planted, the carpenters away, and their work covered with living green; the alleys laid out (and peopled), and the fountains playing; and all without once being aware that we have done the thing ourselves. There is a certain magnificence about it all: everything is in the grand manner, "stately and dainty." Human art and creation are to rule; nature is to conform to the molding hand of man — but with a joyful acquiescence, and showing no signs of servility. You are all for the great forms, even for a touch of formality; but stop short just on the sweeter side of formalism: all must be rich and living, and you will have none of the chilly glories of the school of Versailles. "Statues and such things," which princes will sometimes add, make, you tell us, for "state and magnificence, but nothing to the true pleasure of gardening." — Yet you will not swerve an inch to the other side, either: all attempts at natural magic are to be reserved for the heath. Fountains there must be; for they "are a great beauty and refreshment"; but no pools, for they "mar all, and make the garden unwholesome, and full of flies and frogs." In these fountains the artificial and the hand of man are most seen; they are designed to give a glow and lustre to the whole. You intend them to be "of two natures; the one that sprinkleth or spouteth water; the other a fair receipt of water, of some thirty or forty foot square, but without fish or slime or mud." For these, "ornaments of images, gilt or of marble," do well; the bottoms are to be "finely paved, and with images," the sides "embellished with coloured glass and such things of lustre"; they are to be "cleansed every day by the hand"; and the water must be so conveyed in bowls or cisterns as to "admit no mossiness or putrefaction." They are to be the eyes of the garden, and you will have them bright and flashing utterly; but here again fantasticalness is beyond your purpose, and you turn coldly from it:

"for fine devices of arching water without spilling, and making it rise in several forms (of

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feathers, drinking-glasses, canopies, and the like), they be pretty things to look on, but nothing to health and sweetness."

For the rest, you

"do not deny but there should be some fair alleys ranged on both sides with fruit-trees, and some pretty tufts of fruit-trees and arbours with seats, set in some decent order; but these to be by no means set too thick, but to leave the main garden so as it be not close, but the air open and free. For as for shade, I would have you rest upon the alleys of the side grounds, there to walk, if you be disposed, in the heat of the year or day; but to make account that the main garden is for the more temperate parts of the year, and in the heat of summer for the morning and the evening or overcast days."

As to the side grounds, they are to be filled with a variety of alleys, private, to give a full shade; and they are to be well hedged against the wind; "and finely gravelled, and no grass, because of going wet." Here, too, shall be fruit-trees, and fine flowers; and "a mount of some pretty height" at the further ends of both, "leaving the wall of the inclosure breast high, to look abroad into the fields." — From those mounts Shakespeare looked abroad sometimes, not into the fields, but into the Eternal; — but every part of your domain was familiar to him. In the fair banqueting house upon the mount, in the very midst, he that came in the very midst of English literature wrote the tragedies that are its central glory; glad that the place was without too much glass, because his vision then was towards the within, and yet again within, and not outward upon the glories of the garden. The heath he knew too, and what lies beyond it — far better, my lord of Saint Albans, than you do yourself. — Then in the shady alleys of the side grounds I have seen that Philisides, whose immortal spirit

"now is made the heavens' chief ornament;"

there he retired, from riding atilt upon the green, to fashion sonnets as a silversmith his metal. Spenser keeps for the most part to the arches of the great hedge: anon on the hither side, between the garden and the green; anon on the further, looking out upon the heath, and speculating as to what might lie beyond — feeling an affinity for it, but hardly or rarely venturing forth to see. — Not imprisoned in the Tower, but in the freedom of this splendor, Raleigh wrote his splendidest prose; here in the midst of life beholding his august vision of Death the "eloquent, just, and mighty." — Here came Euphuistic Lyly, walking delicately; here the whole great galaxy "whose fire-seed sowed our furrows,"

"Marlowe, Fletcher, Webster, Ben,"

— but Ben in his less obstreperous moods; and Kit Marlowe, and with him his boon companions, Greene and Peele and Nash and Lodge, only I think upon holidays, and on promise of good behavior. Horseplay you would never have admitted: Gloriana herself might pass in pageant

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through at any time, a pearled and peacocked splendor gleaming through the green quietude and flower-bright spaces; and there must be no peril of brawling and roystering in such a presence. — As for you yourself, my lord, I guess you mainly affect the main garden and the sunniest magnificence of it; you go daily by the fountains, and watch the glitter of their lusted waters, to catch their sparkle for your prose. — You have made the whole place nobly Elizabethan: it is an imagination glowing up into splendid form: a grand adjustment of the inner and the outer: — which also was the literary achievement of the age.

— And then from this profuse princeliness you lead us into the third part, the heath, where form disappears, and all is “framed as much as may be to a natural wildness.” Sooth to say, we might have expected the green and the main garden and the side grounds from you; but this heath, no; only one man in your time moved at all freely in such scenes as these. But indeed, I understand you have more allowed it to be, as perceiving the need for it in the grand scheme and symbol, than expressly brought it into being for your own delight. You can stand in the arch of the hedge, and look forth, and point out to us the main features; but you do not yourself use to walk here often, I think: you give no hint as to what shall bound or be found on its further limits; as if you had hardly been out there to see. The magic of wild nature is the aim; but it is a wild nature made sweet and fragrant with all the most alluring of garden flowers. No trees, but thickets of sweetbriar and honeysuckle, “and some wild vine amongst; and the ground to be set with violets, strawberries and primroses; for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade” (of the thickets); “and these to be in the heath here and there, not in any order.” And there are to be roses and juniper, holly and barberries, red currants, gooseberries, rosemary and bays. — So here, louting as beseems, we will take our leave of you, my lord. . . .

— He has brought us, you observe, from a green fair simplicity to a grand complexity and opulence of design; and then on out to a simplicity again, but one that has learned all the lessons of the complex and transcended them; —which three things are a pattern of the universe and the whole Cycle of the Soul. — Here in this last stage man’s work melts into the infinite and the vast wizardry of nature. And what is that wizardry — that part of natural beauty which does not refresh or soothe the senses, but excites the soul to wonder and worship, and whispers to us that we are vaster than we seem, important co-workers with the Eternal? I think it is the aftermath of human consciousness that has passed on into the superhuman. I think that that Presence, that wonder, mystery, awe,

“Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,”

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and whose inspiration is to be felt without us as well as within us, is not merely an actual something, but an aggregate of qualities that have once been human. . . .

To this heath there is no defined boundary; we are not told how the estate should be bordered, nor what lies beyond this far end and going forth. But indeed, it is easily discovered. It is a land of purple mountains, where you may hear magical flutings blown along the wind at any time; it is a land of dim forests, where infinite calm mystery leans brooding evermore over the inaccessible remote seas of tree-tops. It is the native home, the realized dominion, of

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

Milton, in his younger days, walked in this heath occasionally,

"To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon;"

Shakespeare, belated in the garden once, dreamed a dream here, of a midsummer night; and here, another time, Perdita gave him flowers; and here, on the very edge of it, he heard Ariel fill the air with a thousand twangling instruments. But these two were bold adventurers; it is mostly to the poets of a later age that the heath belongs; the men of a hundred years ago came into it at their will, and even pitched their tents among the thickets. Over those mountains yonder Wordsworth many times watched the sunset, and heard eternal voices calling out of the Alone; and down in the hollow there, in a company of jocund daffodils, he became merry because of the infinite merriness of God. — And here you may often watch Shelley's bird rise from her nest (it is by a little heap set with germander, that gives a good flower to the eye); and presently, when the far hills are wine-dark, and a cool breeze is blowing out of the heart of the evening, and the west is empurpled, and with a splash of liquid gold in the midst of it, you may see her float and run in the molten lightnings of the sunset; and you will be aware that she is indeed no bird at all, but a singing spirit let loose from the earth, and by a divine irresistible gravitation of her own, ascending into heaven. . .

And then the sun will set, and after a while the moon rises over those mysterious mountains beyond there — over the Forests of Faërie that are beyond the limits of the heath, and over the rim of the world. And the tops of the far trees will be dusked and silvered; a great stillness comes down over the world. And that stillness will grow uneasy and apprehensive; and there is a murmur, a stirring of the ether among the leaves; and drops of song fall into the crystal waters of the young

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night, and ripple out to the edges of space and time, till even Silence

"Is took ere she is ware, and wishes she might
Forget her nature, and be never more
Still to be so displaced. . . ."

And it is the Bird of birds is singing: she is endowing with God's
most secret magic, in the embalmed darkness, the

"White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up with leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves;"

it is Keats's bird is singing: whose name is Poetry: whose name is Beauty
Unattainable and Eternal:

"The same that oft-time hath
Charmed magic casements. . . ."

ARCHITECTURAL NOTES: THE CIRCULAR FORM IN CURRENT ARCHITECTURE: by Leonard Lester



NOTEWORTHY departure in the architectural tendencies of today is seen in the adoption of the circular form of building for the new Court House now being erected in New York on the east side lower section of the city.

From the interesting description of the building which we print below, it would appear that the adoption of the circular scheme has entailed no sacrifice of its practical efficiency; on the contrary, more ideal conditions of plan and arrangement, lighting, circulation, etc., have been realized than are usually met with in the rectangular type of structure. The circular scheme has, furthermore, a comprehensive simplicity which unites all its parts, — a harmony of design in its interior and exterior aspects, and is a fitting expression of the purposes to which the building is dedicated.

The following is an extract from an article published in *The Art World* for September, 1917, with illustrations from drawings by the architect, Mr. Guy Lowell:

A NEW YORK COURT HOUSE

A Court encloses an Ancient Temple or Church

"When we say that it is a building with a heart and that it is built round one central idea, one imposing thought, it is not meant as a slight, still less as a criticism, of other public buildings, but rather as a salute to the manner in which this difficult problem has been attacked, also to

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the manner in which the architect has won out, and that without any sacrifice to dramatic strength. When completed it will be singularly impressive, with much of the majesty of the Roman Colosseum.

"It shows that it paid to study the building from the ground up, beginning and staying by the plan, working from the center outward instead of from the street frontage — in compliance with some idealistic conception of the drawing office — the more usual way. The scheme is plucky. We are stating facts. Wholesome it is and economical of space and dollars. The remarkable thing about it is that with all the public buildings with which our architects have been entrusted of late, no one seems to have thought of the circular scheme or has had the patience, and the audacity, as one may say, to work it out.

"Many a building in this city is known for its conventional façade, its sculptured pediments or friezes which are often grand in idea and enrich, even ennoble, the street. They smile upon open squares, but forbiddingly, coldly turn their backs upon the people, defying at times, concealing, even misleading the observer as to their purpose, and so prove simply further monuments to the aesthetic taste of a few.

"The New York Court House is not one monument more which has been studied . . . for its dramatic value from the sidewalk. It is not one more tower which, sky-scraper fashion, adds to the interest of the horizon line when viewed from a distance; it is not the reproduction of some classic building . . . to be revered for its association. It is not awe-inspiring, grim, and superior when seen through the network of thoroughfares that bisect the lower portion of our city — part of a series of impressionistic façades, towering up austere, self-satisfied — the product of a stern acceptance of certain rigid laws of the Renaissance, or classic in its most uncompromising school. Obviously, it is, on the face of it, a building singularly unaffected, monumental in the sense that it accepts gracefully the great privilege of service; and yet there is not here any one grand front. It is all front; whithersoever we look a calm quiet countenance confronts us, and it is so planned as to add greatly to the material comfort of those who live in it. . . .

"The central idea round which the courts assemble might be likened to what remains of Agrippa's creation, the Pantheon. There is something particularly appropriate and significant in the hemispherical dome. . . . It recalls Agrippa's temple to all the gods, and is probably the most impressive interior in the world. This is said to be due to the lighting, to the deeply coffered dome, which with its square panels surrounds the lantern light, and to the manner in which the dome is supported by a colonnading. The colonnading . . . bisects the building, running at right angles and forms the outlines of a Greek Cross making in that manner four equally important entrances accented by larger columns on the outer walls.

"In scale the New York Court House is big. In actual inches it will be as large as the Colosseum, measuring the diameter of that wonder in its narrowest way."

Describing the location of the new building and its associations, the writer continues:

"a short distance from the Tombs, grim and terrible, a place of a hundred crimes, . . . and it is in the middle of this turmoil that a white building is slowly rising, a building typifying the square deal between man and his neighbor."

If we consider the finer significance of architectural design, this innovation may perhaps be interpreted as a sign of the times marking a transition in the development of our civic architecture, and foreshadowing a future when it shall be supported and inspired by a broader conception of man's nature and needs and more universal ends than those which bind us to the pursuit of a merely material satisfaction and culture.

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The creative genius of the architect has for long been cramped and wing-clipped in the service of adapting structural forms inherited from classical models to the ends which our commercial and social life impose. Even thus shackled, it has produced many works of great classic beauty, and in this country its vitality and resource are seen in the daring and mechanical ingenuity which has developed the sky-scraper and other forms of industrial architecture.

But surely the awakening art-genius of the race must find its true power through a knowledge and practice of the same fundamental laws of harmony which shall regenerate human life, and in their light, re-dedicate itself to the upward path of human service. Its singleness of purpose will then dissipate the confusion of accumulated half-truths and fragments of the wreckage of past ages, not only present with us in the crumbling forms of devitalized religions and philosophies, but also in our motley use of architectural styles. And its restored equilibrium will bring to a focus the blurred images of its dreams, and with clear vision and a new power of synthesis it will shape for itself a living style, nobler harmonies of form.

The use of the circular form and of curvature in architecture offers a theme of deep interest. Its appearance in prehistoric monuments of the greatest antiquity, in all parts of the world, is evidence of the universality of its symbolism.

The circle, being a more perfect form than the square and possessing higher symbolic relations, is potentially the unit of expression of a higher order of structural harmony, capable of infinite modification; and inherent in the rhythms of curvature is a suggestion of the universal and the infinite — the sphere-music of cyclic law.

That the circular form has been successfully applied in the case of an important modern public building is proof that it is susceptible of further development and adaptation to the conditions of our life of today. That these conditions are not favorable to great or enduring forms of architecture is fully recognised, by none more than the architects themselves; they await the renewal which will correspond to a change in the heart-motive of mankind upon which the whole fabric of our outer life is woven. The congested life of our great cities with their competitive strife in the pursuit of notoriety, wealth, and pleasure, finds fitting expression in the towering 'sky-scrappers.' Yet impressive as these may be in their assertion of material power — this can claim no kinship with the calm beneficent power of great architecture. Their feverish energy is that of battling Titans, and the mood they inspire recalls the exclamation of the old Buddhist lama in *Kim*, fresh from his mountain monas-



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CUMULUS CLOUD OVER THE PACIFIC

View from the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

POINT LOMA CLIFFS AS SCULPTURED BY THE SEA



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

'WE DEFY THEE, O NEPTUNE!'

Views taken just north of the International Theosophical Headquarters Grounds



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

LOMALAND SUNSET

As seen from the International Theosophical Headquarters Grounds, Point Loma, California

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tery in Tibet, as he entered the grim iron railway station at Benares: "This is the work of devils."

When this titan strength, released from the bondage of an iron age, shall help to shape new conditions, — the destruction of its own former creations may be the first of its regenerative labors.

The keynote of these new conditions will be devotion of the individual to the public welfare. This spirit, animating our civilization, would surely bring about a changed aspect in its outer life — in the general constructive scheme of our cities — permitting a really great architecture to flourish. It would introduce a higher science in the economics of time, space, and labor, in their relation to constructive design and arrangement — the planning of buildings and thoroughfares — than those which govern a machine-made civilization.

Public buildings would be numerous, living symbols of beauty and power, varied and related to each other in the order of their importance and purpose. Private residences would be simple and unpretentious because the individual would find his work and inspiration in the service of that universal life in which he would become a conscious sharer.

And what is this scheme but an application of the laws of architectural proportion to human life? Imagine the possibilities of this spirit animating the individuals of a city, a state, a nation, and the international relations of the whole world! That such a condition is possible is proven by the life here at Lomaland — so international in character because it is a co-operative expression of man's varied racial elements — a co-operation which is not dependent on *external* similarity of nature or tastes; so closely in touch with the life of Humanity because its power is an interior one, reaching beyond the outer differences of race, tongue, or creed.

Of this larger life the beautiful circular Temple, (The Aryan Memorial Temple, or Temple of Peace, familiar to readers of this magazine and to thousands of visitors) designed, built and dedicated by Katherine Tingley nearly eighteen years ago, is an architectural symbol, and a prophecy — a pervading influence of harmony felt under its varied aspects of light and color like the recurring motif of a sublime musical symphony.




THE subject of all the states of consciousness is a real unit-being, called Mind; which is of non-material nature, and acts and develops according to laws of its own, but is specially correlated with certain material molecules and masses forming the substance of the Brain.— *George T. Ladd*

STUDIES IN VERGIL: by J. O. Kinnaman, A. M., Ph. D.

PART III — DIDO

I

O episode in all literature has wielded a broader and deeper influence upon the thoughts and feelings of European peoples than the Dido episode of the Aeneid. In its appeal, it is universal; it touches the life-spring of the better side of human nature; it is the theme of themes, life itself.

Vergil ruined, for the great majority of readers, the rest of the Aeneid when he penned this throbbing love-story. It is the episode by which Vergil lifted himself among the great poets. Ovid tells us that the Dido was a favorite in his day. Macrobius informs us that sculptors, painters, artists of all kinds, ever employed the theme set forth by Vergil. The poet did not invent the story of Aeneas and Dido, for the tale already existed in several forms, its oldest form in Roman literature being found in the poem of Naevius, 'The Punic War.' In this poem, or Annals in poetic form, Aeneas and Dido formed the background. But in Vergil the opposite is true; the historical is the background for the legendary. Dido and Aeneas form an episode in the Punic War of Naevius. The Punic War is no episode in the Aeneid, yet it is the foundation of the Aeneid. We can ever feel the memories, the love and hate of that titanic struggle pulsing through the narrative. Every Roman could not but feel his blood stirred by the events of the then world-struggle, though past for nearly two centuries. If Vergil wished to make his poem the national epic, he could not afford to neglect a theme so potent in the national life as the Punic Wars.

He makes his hero and heroine each the representative of the genius of a race. He leaves the petty behind him, and elevates accident, petty jealousy, individual greed to a higher plane, namely, the philosophy of history: the inevitable clash of two diametrically opposite civilizations.

Historically, Carthage and Rome fought for the possession of Sicily and the rule of the Mediterranean sea, in other words, a struggle of greed with greed. Such is the historian's view-point. But that is not all of it. There exists a deeper significance, *i. e.*, the philosophy of the whole matter. Each nation, like an individual, has a mission to fulfil, a life to live, a death to die. Each nation seeks a fulfilment of that life. Rome and Carthage were both working out their destinies, and they came into conflict in doing so. It was a struggle of ideas and ideals far more than a struggle for territory and trade control. Let us examine the subject somewhat in detail.

The cause of the Trojan War, as previously shown, was first, to

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gain control of trade routes; second, that ever constant struggle between Oriental and Occidental ideas and ideals. Oriental ideas and ideals had crystallized, become stagnant, there was no progress, no innovation; the individual was nothing, the state everything. There was no expression for the individual except the despot who was the government, and even he was ringed about with bands of steel in the form of precedent and religious formulae from which he could seldom break.

The Occidental was just the opposite. Progress, innovation, was the rule. It was expected. The individual sought ever to express himself in multitudinous and divers ways. The state existed for the individual, and not the individual for the state. Religion developed the person; it did not hold him in abject slavery. The ruler was the representative of the sovereign will of all the people governed, and not a ruler because of the chance of birth.

Greece was the champion of free thought, progress in politics and religion, innovation in education, art, literature, science; in short, the champion of the humanities. Persia was the representative of the very opposite. They came into conflict in the memorable Graeco-Persian War. Occidentalism prevailed, and held at bay the Oriental dragon, Stagnation, until the budding Greek civilization could grow to full bloom and hand its fruit on to the west, *i. e.*, to Rome. Then Rome in the vigor of her youth must finish the struggle. Oriental ideas and ideals were nurtured and nursed on the northern coast of Africa, "opposite Italy and the Tiber's mouth," at Carthage, the western representative of orientalism. Here the civilization grew, flourished, and waxed strong. One hundred miles separated it from the stronghold of progress. It was inevitable that the two civilizations should come into conflict. Sicily was the mere vehicle or medium that precipitated the struggle. The Punic Wars were the concluding and closing scenes begun at Marathon. Vergil names this force or power that draws the two nations into death struggle — *Fatum*. The nation that has the larger ideas and ideals will win, for strength of army and navy will gravitate to that side.

Besides the main issue of any conflict, there always enter some subordinate ones. These issues become complicated and confused, making it difficult for actors contemporaneous with events to distinguish that which is right and that which is wrong, and, as a result, men with right motives take the wrong side. This confusion of issues is the foundation upon which all tragedy is built, and in actual life, the only source from which it springs. In the study of these issues involving nations, the problem puts itself nearly upon the plane of the abstract, and the solution of the problem is not so difficult. But when the stage is reduced, the actors not nations but individuals, then the solution is very difficult,

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for we have a conflict of ideas and ideals, purposes and passions of individual men and women. The principles they maintain cross and recross, until the result is an entangled web in which it is very difficult to follow any one thread; in addition there is the reaction of personality upon personality, and the personal equation ever to be taken into account. Under such conditions our sympathy, our instinct of race, nation, and environment, play upon our heart strings, and judgment abdicates in favor of the other impulses of our nature.

We are far enough removed in time from the Punic Wars for us to see and reduce the issue between Carthage and Rome to its simplest terms: the conflict of two civilizations. That was true even in Vergil's day. He saw it clearly. He let his hero and heroine represent national types, types of civilization, but kept them individuals, personal and human. The poet touches the universal heart of mankind, for in the person of his two creatures, he lets us see the same kind of warfare that is going on in the heart of each of us, the conflict between love and duty, each pulling in opposite direction. Our sympathy is touched just in proportion to our experience. We cannot be touched by anything not within the scope of our experience. The broader our experience, the broader and deeper our sympathy. Everything must come within the realms of experience. Only through the particular can we apprehend the universal. Vergil used this law to show the universal through the particular.

If we take it for granted that Vergil took his theme from Naevius, it is not probable that his treatment followed the line of the older poet. It is patent that Vergil used Greek tragedy as his model. He was a close student of Euripides who delights to show the conflict of character with character, the play of passion and principle, especially that involving woman. Hecuba, Andromache, and Alcestis are pictures of woman as mother and wife. It was for Euripides to open in literature a new phase which it has never lost, *viz.* the love-theme. He gives us this in the Phaedra. This note is first struck in the Hippolytus, never to be lost from that day to this. After the conquest of Alexander, attention was turned from the state to the individual, and it gave man an opportunity to study the motive force behind all action. In other words, the love story became very popular and so still remains.

Vergil experiments with the theme in the *Eclogs*, but he fails to arouse enthusiasm on the part of the reader. They are fine, worthy, and amiable young people, but they do not impress one as being seriously in love. Deliberate periods do not impress one with the throbbing impulses of the heart. The sentences must be short, sharp, direct, and to the point, in order to convey to the reader the impress of the master passion.

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The abnormal mind does not appeal to Vergil. He takes man and woman as he finds them in actual life; love, hate, longings, hopes; the aspirations, the bitter disappointments of a feminine heart, and puts them on the screen for our inspection; also the duty, the ambitions, the religious ideals of a man, setting the opposite forces loose to play against each other. The 'machinery' of the gods does not influence, direct, or guide events, for the forces are already at work that produce tragedy.

In the Dido, Vergil reaches the zenith of his power. It seems to the writer that he has never been surpassed, even if ever equaled. He interprets feminine nature with a master hand; he accomplishes the almost impossible, he interprets that which almost evades interpretation.

II

In the study of the tragedy of Aeneas and Dido, we must try to realize Vergil's conception of the central figure, Dido. She is a woman and a queen, a woman in instinct, feeling, and sympathy, a queen in her broad ideas, ideals, and accomplishments. She is radically different from Homer's women, except Penelope and Andromache. Calypso is a goddess, and thus removed from human restrictions. Helen can be summarized in one word, 'flirt.' Andromache is the staid matron and devoted mother, thus more nearly approaching the modern conception of wifehood and motherhood.

Dido is wife and widow. She realizes the joy of being a happy wife as well as the sorrows of a widow. Besides being a widow, she was childless, and her starved heart cried out for that solace that is the balm of every truly feminine heart. She loves children. She has ever in her mind the thought of her murdered husband, Sichaeus. He, the husband, had met his fate at the hands of his wife's brother, Pygmalion, and through greed only on the part of the latter. He had no regard for his sister's feelings, but tried to calm her fears by lies. This the heart-story of the woman though a queen.

Dido the queen is never sunk in the woman as is the case in Phaedra. Dido is the queen, and always remains the queen, even in death, yea, in Hades she retains her regal bearing. She is a great queen, the founder of a great city and a great nation. She is great in the zenith of her power, great in her fall; her greatness and her fall are ever synonymous.

Dido's sympathy is broad and deep; just as broad and deep as her own experience and sorrow, but underneath her beauty of exterior, the outward tranquillity of her disposition, we can catch occasional glimpses of the Oriental. In her sweet repose one can see the restlessness of the

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tiger. But the details of this element of her character we shall further discuss at the proper place. Ilioneus gives a hint of this in her character, Book I: 539-541, when he says, "Quod genus hoc hominum? quaeve hunc tam barbara morem"

Permittit patria? hospitio prohibemur harenae;
Bella cient, primaque vetant consistere terra.

But we lose sight of this accusation in Dido's most natural reply in vv. 563-564:

Res dura, et regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri, et late fines custode tueri.

and in the famous line (574) so often quoted:

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

Thus she allays the suspicions of Aeneas and his companions, and also causes the reader, usually, to lose sight of this oriental tendency of character, or as Venus puts it in Book I: 661:

Quippe domum timet ambiguam Tyriosque bilingues.

Why two people fall in love with each other is not within our province to discuss. It is a foregone conclusion from the very beginning that Dido is fated to fall in love with Aeneas; while, on the other hand, Aeneas will, on his part, likewise fall in love, but with a wide difference. Aeneas, finally, allows *duty* to outweigh all other considerations, but he does so under divine compulsion.

Dido is a beautiful woman, according to Vergil. Was Vergil writing his ideal of a woman? Was he painting a word-picture, or was he actually portraying for us that most wondrous woman of antiquity, the 'serpent of the Nile,' Cleopatra? If we turn to Book I: 496-503 we get the picture:

. . . . forma pulcherrima, Dido
Incessit, magna iuvenum stipante caterva.
Qualis in Eurotae ripis, aut per iuga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros; quam mille secutae
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades: illa pharetram
Fert umero, gradiensque deas supereminet omnes.

Picture her taller than her companions, graceful, perfect in figure, lithe, symmetrical in every step, queenly in every move like the goddess Diana, regal in bearing, but still a woman among women, possessing every characteristic that could appeal to a man such as was Aeneas, and we need not to be amazed that the hero, iron-minded though he were

. . . stupet, obtutuque haeret defixus in uno.

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Dido displays the modesty of the true woman, when addressed by Ilioneus:

Tum breviter Dido, vultum demissa, profatur.

The best known balm for sorrow is work. This remedy Dido assiduously applied, as is to be seen by her founding and building the city of Carthage. Vergil finely portrays this point for us in his famous simile, Book I: 430-436:

*Qualis apes aestate nova per florea rura
Exercet sub sole labor; quum gentis adultos
Educunt fetus, aut quum liquentia mella
Stipant, et dulci distendunt nectare cellas;
Aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto
Ignavum fucos pecus a praesepibus arcent:
Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.*

She is full of energy, determination and resource. She has suffered; she has hidden sorrows; but she is bound to rise above this dead weight by the buoyant force of work. She is succeeding. The past is gradually fading into a dim memory. She is surrounded by danger on every hand; she is the object of desire and envy on the part of several native African potentates, but she shows diplomacy and manages to keep them guessing, or plays them one against the other. But what a complete and radical change takes place when Aeneas appears!

It seems to the writer that, on the part of Dido, it is a case of love at first sight. There was no need for Venus to employ the divinity of Cupid to counterfeit little Ascanius in order to touch the queen's heart. It seems that the queen rather turned the tables, and used the child or his counterfeit to reach the heart of the father. At least the reader discovers long before Aeneas has finished his story that Dido is hopelessly in love with the tall, dark stranger. The first step in that direction was sympathy. The loss of a wife on one side and the loss of a husband on the other, almost parallel experiences, each an exile from the native land, the founding of or the wanting to found a city, grief and sorrow, formed the second step. Such were the visible steps, but what can we say of the ultimate cause? We leave the further psychic causes to the discussion of professional psychologists.

Now comes the battle and struggle in Dido's own mind. It is at this point that the basic principle of tragedy begins, the confusion of issues. Dido had resolved never to marry again (this being, by the way, the Roman's highest ideal of duty in this regard). The question that cries for solution is: shall she follow the path of ideal duty or shall she yield to inclination? She says, "Since the death of my hapless husband, Sichaeus, this man alone has touched my heart and shaken my resolution

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until it totters." She realizes that she has spoken the truth, and that her resolution is weakening. Then she tries to strengthen her resolution by a curse, and an appeal to her honor (*Pudor*), and woman's final resort — tears.

Anna begins to clear away the barriers and smooth the road for Dido's feet. She asks why Dido should go on wasting her beauty and life in solitude and sorrow? She had remained long loyal to *Sichaeus*, and to clinch her argument she asks her several common-sense questions in the following, Book IV: v. 34:

Id cinerem aut Manes credis curare sepultos?

It was all very well not to have married any one before, since none was pleasing to her, but now this was all changed by the arrival of the stranger-guest, v. 38:

. . . placitone etiam pugnabis amori?

Anna belongs to the Cyrenaic school of philosophy, and inclination is her guide in life. She brings forward also political considerations:

Nec venit in mentem, quorum consederis arvis?

These dangers can be averted by the aid of *Aeneas*.

Dido is a woman of action rather than reflexion. She has not any deep-rooted philosophy of life; therefore she has no reserve force upon which to fall back. She surrenders her ideal to her inclination. Vergil points this clearly in:

Ante, Pudor, quam te violo aut tua iura resolvo.

Anna's words accomplish that which Dido had deprecated. Yet all the time Dido is seeking and longing for these very words, this support, this confirmation by another of the thing she alone lacked the stamina to execute. But when she found this support, she hesitated no longer. It seems to be a human aversion to shouldering alone all the responsibility. This division of responsibility seems to strengthen the resolution. Later, Dido upbraids her sister for giving her the advice she wished to hear, verses 548-49:

*Tu, lacrimis evicta meis, tu prima furentem
His, germana, malis oneras, atque obiicis hosti.*

Why should Dido deny herself the privilege of a second marriage, is the question, at this point, in the mind of the modern reader. It was an ancient Roman ideal never to enter the second time the marriage bonds. This ideal did not prevail in Vergil's day, however, but yet the ideal was not entirely dead; besides, it was Vergil's purpose to revive some of the virtues long neglected by the Romans. If a woman married

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the second time she was not considered pure and undefiled, nor could she offer sacrifice to Pudicitia. Vergil depicts here the ideal for Roman womanhood. Shall Dido exemplify that ideal or shall she yield to this one sin? Sin in the purely Greek sense of the word, *i. e.*, missing the mark of the ideal. The sin lies within the mind of the actor. It would be no sin on the part of Dido, neither wrong in thought nor action, to attempt to win the love of Aeneas, but the *culpa* comes in attempting it against her conscience. It is the beginning of the end with the queen.

Dido takes the fatal step; she makes the tragic decision; she yields to her inclination, ignoring the highest ideal. How inconsistent her acts! Now she in company with Anna seeks the shrines to invoke blessing for the very thing for which she has just invoked the direst curse. It is tragic irony. She sacrifices to Ceres, Apollo, and Lyaeus, *i. e.* the gods presiding over the founding of cities, marriage and joy, and law-giving.

Vergil's comment upon Dido's sacrifice is one of those instances in which the poet seems to reveal the arcana of his innermost thoughts; yet it is most difficult to detect exactly Vergil's attitude *in re* the religious thought and rituals of his day, for the most zealous ritualist could scarce quarrel with his words:

"Alas, how dull the souls of seers! What prayers, what shrines can sooth the conscience once outraged!"

Dido proceeds with her courting of Aeneas. She leads him through the city: she shows him her Sidonian wealth, a city founded and finished — all his for the asking, and she is offering with it herself to be his and its queen. But he will not see it in spite of his words in Book I: 437 and 557. She impatiently awaits (*quaerit*) the return of the banquet at the close of the day (*labente die*), and she hangs upon his words (*pendet ab ore*).

Now come one of the most human touches of the poet:

"Afterwards, after the guests have departed, and the waning moon in her turn withdraws her light and the sinking stars invite to slumber, she in the vacant hall pines alone, and reclines upon the couch still warm with his personality."

Had the poet lived the experiences he depicts? If not, could he so vividly have portrayed them? Thus pass the days.

Now is introduced the episode of Juno and Venus that culminates in the sin of Dido. The plan suggested by Juno is literally fulfilled. Juno is not planning to ruin Dido morally, but merely to make her the instrument that would "divert the Kingdom of Italy to the Libyan shores." Venus is more to blame for the fall of Dido than Juno, for the former knew that the fates would allow no such thing, so she can see that the one inevitable result must be the ruin of the queen. Usually,

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human beings were but pawns in the hands of the gods. But in the attitude of Juno, Vergil rises far above Euripides.

Dido has attained her desire, but as time goes on she finds that it demands more and more of her. Rumor denounces both of them. The Poet (IV: vv. 181-183) describes Rumor as a fiend having as many eyes and tongues as she had feathers on her body.

Finally, Jupiter takes notice of the case, and sends Mercury to arouse Aeneas to his duty.

Dido finds that the fulfilment of her inclination does not contribute to her happiness. Suspicion hovers ever in her mind. She has a presentiment that all is not as well as it appears on the surface. Her uneasiness of soul assumes complete control of her mind, since she has thrown duty to the winds. A complete change has come into her life and character.

Aeneas, in the meantime, is thinking. The mode of thought of years cannot be discarded easily or readily. For seven years he has had one thought, one purpose in view, *i. e.*, the founding of a new Troy, the establishment of a home for his people, the building of an asylum for the homeless Penates. The thought of his father comes to him, and of the wrong that he is doing Iulus in keeping him away from his heritage in Italy. In his sleep his father appears before Aeneas with sad and down-cast countenance, but Aeneas cannot look him in the eyes, for he realizes that he is neglecting his duty to everyone. He feels for the queen, his heart is not dead to her, but duty calls. The turning-point comes when Mercury appears before him with the message of Jupiter, also asking him a few pointed questions. He sees his duty clearly, and determines to perform it, let the consequence be what it might as far as Carthaginians and their queen were concerned. How to broach his determination to the queen was a puzzle, but she does it for him with her woman's intuition.

She then truly becomes the *reginam furentem*, and she relieves her mind by telling Aeneas plainly what she thinks of his actions. He lets her rage until she talks herself out, then he makes his reply in which he seems to forget the words that he used in Book I: 606-610. He tells her of his vision of Mercury, of his dreams, of his ambition, of his duty, but he adds a somewhat saving clause, v. 361: *Italiam non sponte sequor*.

In her reply, all the fury of a woman spurned comes to the surface, reinforced by her Oriental nature. She upbraids him, she reviles him, abuses him, expressing the hope that he may be shipwrecked. With that she flings herself away, leaving him "with a thousand things to say."

Then her mood changes. She sends Anna to beg him not to abandon his purpose but to delay until she could adjust herself to their changed relations. Aeneas listens to Anna, and weeps, but the appeal is in vain, for (verse 449) his *mens immota manet*, and naught have the tears availed.

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Despair and superstition drives Dido insane. Everything is an omen. The owl on the palace roof terrifies her, her dreams are horrible. She seemed to be alone in a desert with the un pitying face of Aeneas ever in pursuit. She hears the voice of Sichaeus issuing from the chapel dedicated to him in the palace. Her insanity is complete, and with the shrewdness of the insane she plans her own destruction, and again calls in superstition, in the form of magic rites, to cover her purpose. She invokes the curse that is to make Carthage and Rome enemies forever. She mounts the pyre; her last soliloquy follows with her destruction and descent to the shades below.

But let us mark that in the end love conquered her madness and hatred; it is the one dominant note.

The Greek tragic poets do not deliberate so much upon wickedness, wrecked lives, as upon some great error or weakness. Dido's fall was due entirely to weakness of will-power. Aeneas crossed her path and became her temptation; she gives way to inclination, loses her sense of proportion, of right and wrong, and, of course, falls from her high estate.

Aeneas's part in the fall of Dido consists in the fact that he agreed to the proposals of Dido, and that he dallied in Carthage. Of these two points, the latter, no doubt, strongly appealed to the Roman, while the former scarcely caught his attention. The Roman was ever very careful of his duty to the state; in fact, it was his highest virtue. So Aeneas in the eyes of his descendants sinned most in his temporary neglect of his state.

But Vergil wishes strongly to bring something else to the attention of his contemporaries. He seems to wish to condemn the double standard of morals, one for the woman, and one entirely different for the man, which was the prevailing condition in his times. It anticipates by almost fifty years the Sermon on the Mount. This grand conception contributed to the moral awakening, and to the deepening of the moral sense. The thing that Vergil is stressing throughout the book is moral strength, character-building, and righteousness.

If Dido acted as the medium of the above great lesson, she lived and died not in vain.

After reading the book, the chief question in the mind of the school-boy or school-girl is: Was Dido a real flesh-and-blood woman? Did she actually live and love?

I have been asked this question, I think I am safe in saying, by every class I have taught for the past twenty-five years. I have done my best to answer their questions, not, however, by the orthodox method of saying "she is identical with the goddess Ashtoreth, Semiramis, and

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Aphrodite." It may be that I have been able to convince no one but myself, but, at least, I have succeeded in doing that thoroughly. I tell them that I believe that Dido was a real woman, and that she did what Vergil portrays her as doing, but, of course, stating my position in sufficient detail for them to understand it clearly.

It has been the custom to relegate too much to mythology and poetic license without scientifically studying the origin of myths, taking it for granted that myths arose in the untutored mind of the prehistoric savage and in some way were handed down to classical times, worked over by the master-minds, and thus became the pleasing thing that we know today. That trait was especially peculiar to certain European scholars and so-called schools. They proceeded to identify the characters of the Iliad, of the Odyssey, and of other poems with the gods and goddesses of mythology. Sometimes they reversed the process, stripped the god of his divinity, and made him a mere man. Sometimes they did not trouble themselves even to that extent, but made some wild hypothetic statement and let it pass for a fact. As a result, we have a grand medley of statements that pass for facts, a Chinese puzzle that even the *learned* (?) savants could not solve. They merely added to the confusion.

Let us study the process of apotheosis, using just a little common-sense of the size of a mustard-seed, and see at what conclusion we may arrive.

Human nature is alike the world over, and practically identical in all ages. Ancestor-worship is nothing more, when reduced to its lowest terms, than hero-worship carried a step farther. Hero-worship usually precedes even the death of the hero. Legend gathers around him even during his lifetime; when he has passed to his fathers, this process goes on, and as time rolls by the hero becomes the god. The apotheosis is complete. But the apotheosis does not eliminate the fact that he lived, moved, and had his being as a man.

This is the natural process at the present time; it was thus in Roman and Greek times, and so as far back as runs the history of man. This process is in existence among us now. Abraham Lincoln passed from among us only fifty-three years ago: men are still living who knew him personally; yet we all know what an amount of legend has gathered around him. This is testified to by the almost countless volumes that have been written about him, some of them entitled 'The True Abraham Lincoln' etc. Legend is composed of both truth and fiction. The fiction is added by enthusiastic admirers in order to add to the renown and glory of the hero. As the years go by this mass of legend increases until it is impossible to find the line of demarcation between truth and fiction.

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Perhaps at the end of three thousand years, scholars of that day will have to use the process of elimination with a ponderous *apparatus criticus* in order to obtain the truth concerning our Lincoln, as is already the case in regard to Washington. If we were in the stage of development where this process had been carried farther than the present day, these men would long ago have been catalogued among the gods. We rank them among our great heroes, we attribute to them certain ceremonies, we observe their birthdays, etc., so that it may well be possible that thousands of years hence, the then antiquarians may say and argue from evidence that we considered our heroes as gods. It all depends upon the way they interpret us, yet we know that these were real men who accomplished, in the main, the achievements assigned to them.

Augustus was worshiped, also Julius, yet does that abrogate the fact that Julius was the greatest Roman and Augustus his close second? But their divine honors were bestowed upon them by an admiring public.

Thus we see, when we clear away much rubbish, much scholarly erudition and self-assertion; and using just common sense the while, keeping in mind the true psychological attitude of men's minds, we can arrive at near-facts that may guide us into paths of truth, ultimately.

If Dido became identified with the goddesses mentioned above, it took place after, long after, her death. She never was a goddess *first*, then later brought down to the level of a human being. The very fact of her later being considered a goddess, is strong evidence of her probable historicity. In other words, the 'faded gods' never became the heroes and heroines of song and literature.

This criticism, it seems to me, may well be applied to other characters of Epic song. We know that real historical characters of the northern European races have been woven into epic literature: no one challenges that fact. If that be true, why could it not be true in regard to the epic we have under consideration?

Every legend has its foundation in fact; it does not merely 'grow up,' like Topsy; it has its roots far down in the stratum of fact and history. The older historians and poets of Rome, whose works as a whole are lost to us, considered Dido as historical (if we may judge from the fragments that have reached us), whether as the original founder of Carthage, we have no sure way of judging, yet the city's foundation is usually assigned to the ninth century, though it well may be possible that the real date far preceded the one usually assigned. We are now forced to conclude that even Rome was founded many centuries before 754. If we study contemporaneous nations of the Orient, we are forced to the belief that Troy, Carthage, and even Rome itself are very recent, though we assign their date as the twelfth century. Egypt at that time was in

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the height of her glory and power; the great Empire of Minos had fallen under the hand of the barbarian from the far North, his palace was a mass of ruins, the Minotaur no longer bellowed and demanded his victims, and even his 'ally,' the Pharoah upon the throne of Egypt, trembled in dread of the return of the 'people of the sea,' as the monuments of the Nile call those wild freebooters from the still wilder and rougher Scandinavian lands.

Troy with its frowning walls at that time looked down upon many an annual fair held upon her plains, where the wares of the civilized and barbaric world were bartered.

Dido says that her father was Belus, the conqueror of Cyprus, or that he at least held part of that island under his sway. This was a period of great political changes in almost every part of the Mediterranean Sea.

Space forbids us further discussion, though the evidence is far from being exhausted. May we ask any fair-minded man, one who is not bound up in the exposition of some pet theory, if there is not high probability for the real existence of the heroine of Book IV of Vergil's Aeneid? What conclusion will be drawn by any boy or girl without prejudice?

✽

THESE truths are in no sense put forward as a *revelation*; nor does the author claim the position of a revealer of mystic lore now made public for the first time in the world's history. For what is contained in this work is to be found scattered throughout thousands of volumes embodying the scriptures of the great Asiatic and early European religions, hidden under glyph and symbol, and hitherto left unnoticed because of this veil. What is now attempted is to gather the oldest tenets together and to make of them one harmonious and unbroken whole. The sole advantage which the writer has over her predecessors, is that she need not resort to personal speculations and theories. For this work is a partial statement of what she herself has been taught by more advanced students, supplemented, in a few details only, by the results of her own study and observation.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY, in 'Preface' to *The Secret Doctrine*

THE BUNCH TITANIA PICKED: A FAIRYTALE OF LONDON: by Floyd C. Egbert

(With pen-and-ink drawings by R. Machell)



SIMMONS was a London clerk. He was what the poet calls a "pipe-and-a-stick young man." His speech bewrayed him for Cockney: you could hear Bow Bells jangling in it. Though not too oleaginously, as you might say; he was above indiscretion in the matter of aitches; which, after all, is the main thing. The P. stood for Peter.

He had a season ticket on the District Railway, which raises one above the rank of third-class traveler — or used to. Every morning in the week he emerged, at ten minutes to eight, from a semi-detached villa residence ('desirable') in Laburnum Terrace; lit his pipe at the garden gate; bought *The Daily Flamer* at the station bookstall, and caught the eight o'clock train to the city. The station was Walham Green. The pipe would last him as far

as to the Temple, or perhaps Blackfriars; the paper to Mark Lane, where his journey ended. His days were spent in the outer office of J. J. Merrill and Co., Metal Brokers, of Mincing Lane; I forget the number. J. J. Merrill and Co. had two clerks, of whom P. Simmons was the senior. The other fellow used to be sent on the errands: Simmons, maintaining a certain state in the outer office — especially when Merrill was out — had the privilege of sending him. Merrill — our Mr. J. J. Merrill — was the firm; the Co., like North Poles and Equators in the poem, was merely a conventional sign. In respect to the junior clerk, Mr. Simmons' rights extended still further: as, to send him to buy oranges in the street; to make him a hone for the wit, and a dumping-ground for stories supposed funny. In fact, the junior clerk was little better than an office boy; though he thought he was a poet.

At 1 P. M., Simmons would repair to a room beneath the level of the street, where there were marble-topped tables, clouds of tobacco smoke, clerks innumerable, chess, draughts, and dominoes. The chess was for the aristocracy of intellect, to which he made no claim to belong; he, when he had eaten his steak-and-kidney pudding or the like, would play a game of dominoes with kindred spirits over his second daily pipe. There, also, he was respectably familiar with the waitresses: called them Rose or Alice, as the case might be. Five fifteen saw him at Mark Lane Station again; and so home strap-hanging to the parental semi-detached

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at Walham Green. He derived his politics from the ha'penny press; by religion, he was impeccably — but not so as to cause insomnia — of the one Respectable Fold. As to his philosophy: he had been known once, in a moment of serious self-searching, to confess that "*It* (life, or the universe — this sorry scheme of things entire —) was a rummy sort of go." All these particulars are to convince you that he was in fact quite an ordinary

His even-voted to wor-shrine of a Miss No. 10, Burdens, round was meek and pale eyes, a plexion, and colorless hair: ly deserving *Worship at her* in sober truth none too ac-



odor of the sacrifice rose, mostly, to his own nostrils. Miss Smiff was an immense admirer of Mr. Simmons, and he knew how to feed the flames of her admiration. He made that his business whenever they were together; and was her hero, her "flaming lion of the world." She heard that phrase in a poem read at the local Literary and Philosophic Society; and wept, it did remind her so of Mr. Peter Simmons. Not that it was all take, and no give, with him, by any means. A certain portion of his salary went in the purchase of flowers; to be exact, a minimum of sixpence a week. It came more expensive usually, and in the winter, of course, could not be managed daily. But now Spring was here, and violets at a penny or twopence the bunch with the flower-girls on most days; what other flower, costly though it were, would serve so well? It was a kind of punning, you see. The violet was his favorite flower.

Now Miss Smiff had a bosom friend, a Miss Amelia Colman; they attended the Literary and Philosophic in company; were the inseparable prime movers in Young Women's Christian bazaars, and had no secrets the one from the other. Miss Smiff was the first to be engaged; Miss Colman, however, biding her time, wiped out that advantage with a score of her own. One day she came round to Burlington Gardens, and gushed out the tale; *he* was a Mr. Algernon Binks, in whom she had long been tenderly interested; and she showed her dearest Violet

young man. ings were de-ship at the Violet Smiff, lington Gar-the corner. She mouselike, had colorless com-more or less was an entire-young person. *shrine*, I said; the phrase is curate. The

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a copy of some verses he had addressed to her. Alack, here was a point in which the flaming lion was excelled; her Peter had never written verses to Miss Smiff. She mentioned Binks' poem to Simmons, and spoke wistfully of her love for poetry. She had always seen in him, she hinted, one who needed but rousing to become a Browning, or an Omar Khayyam.

Peter didn't know, he was sure. Was rather inclined to think that things should be drawn mild. Binks, he explained, was notoriously weak-minded; and he didn't much hold with that sort of thing himself. But she seemed disappointed; and thereafter the odor of sacrifice rose not so sweetly as of old. Fair play to him, he made attempts at poetry, but could do nothing with it. At last a plan came to him.

It was on the morning of a certain 29th of April that it came; and acting upon it promptly, he broke thus upon his underling at the office:

"Here, April; write us a poem abaht violets, will yer?" (The spelling slanders his speech, perhaps; but not much.)

'April,' naturally, was short for 'Spring Poet'; an allusion to a weakness of the junior clerk to which reference has already been made. His name was really Bains — Wilfred Bains. Next morning, when Merrill had gone on 'Change and occasion offered, quoth Bains:

"I've brought you *that*, Mr. Simmons."

"Brought me what?" says Simmons, hypocritically.

"What you asked me for."

"Didn't ask yer for anything." (A conscious straying from the paths of veracity.)

"It was a — poem about violets," said April, blushing.

"Poem abaht violets? — Oh, ah — let's have a look."

He tilted back his stool till he could lean comfortably against the partition, placed his feet on the desk, and accepted the verses. He read a line — two — out loud; then, "Coo!" said he, "what rot!" Whether it was rot or no, he need not have read it like that. "Get yer hair cut, April old chap," said he; "yer'll never be poet laureate." This when he had tortured poor Bains' ears with perverse rendering of the whole — his ears, and his whole sensitive being. I will not say he was one to hanker after inflicting torment for torment's sake; but there was a grave fault with the poem as it stood, a damning lack; and he was disappointed. And April's tribe is easy game; having neither strength for fight, speed for flight, nor wit for concealment. "Hullo, kid, what's wrong now?" said Simmons; "blest if I don't believe yer blubbing!"

Nothing of the kind; he thought he had a cold though, did April; and — was glad to escape. Fortunately the s.s. *Oanfa* had arrived at Rotterdam the evening before, and there were notes to be carried round

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to the metal-broking world. That morning, between breakfast and the Clerkenwell-Mansion House bus, — he had dingy lodgings in Clerkenwell — he had caught a whiff of violets from the basket of a flower-girl; a whiff that somehow set his brain on fire. Being, as Mr. Simmons often remarked, a rummy little bloke, he had taken off his hat: ostensibly to the flower-girl, who caught his eye and nodded friendly: really to her flowers and ‘to the beauty of the world.’ Merrill paid him mighty little, and he might worship such beauty from afar, but hardly spend pennies on it. “Good luck to yer, my dear!” cried the flower-girl; and made as if to give him a bunch; but the bus was on the move, and he had had to run for it. On the top front seat he had composed his verses; passing through London streets as if they were alleys enchanted in Avallon; and hearing not the street-cries and pounding of hoofs, but the music of Fairyland. “She gave me good luck, all right,” he said; as he read through what he had typed on the office Remington before Mr. Simmons arrived. “Wonder how I came to think of it; it isn’t a bit like anything I ever wrote before.” Nor was it, — but you shall judge for yourself: —

*“Violets, sweet violets!
Who will buy my violets?
Here’s a bunch from Fairyland
Only costs a brown!”*

“Here’s a scent from woody vales
Where hart’s-tongue’s whispering fairytales;
King Oberon his writ’s to run
For once in London town!
Here’s a breeze that’s wandered seas
With the Argonauts and their argosies;
Here are the bright Hesperides,
And here’s Titania’s crown!

“Here’s a breath from moor and heath
Where cowslips bloom the blue beneath —
(Cowslips bloom in Fairyland,
Not in London town!)
Here’s what grew in the Wonder Hills
With the asphodels and daffodils,
Hard by Arethusa’s rills
In the Realm of old Renown.

“Violets, sweet violets!
Who will buy my violets?
Who’ll have the flowers of Fairyland
To wear in London town?”

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'Ere's vi'lets, lydy! 'Ere, I sye,
Yer'd better tyke yer chawnst and buy!
Here's a bunch Titania picked,
Only costs a brown!"

*"Violets, sweet violets!
Who's it selling violets?
Who's it bringing Fairyland
Into London town?"*

"— Would you guess that fairy feet
Might tread the dirt of Fenchurch Street?
Might leave the dances wild and fleet
To wander up and down
'Twixt Camberwell and Clerkenwell
And Pentonville — and all to sell
The flowers of Further Fairyland
In dingy London town?"

"— Lips that suck the dews of June,
Feet that dance beneath the moon,
Raiment spun of the gold of noon
And foam, and dandy-down —
Human seeming, so they say,
May be donned for just a day
When Oberon would have his way
For once, in London town.

"Oh, London streets are full of hell,
And between Kew and Whitechapel
Are half the seraphim that fell
And half the souls that drown;
Yet deathless Beauty, wandering by,
Sometimes may choose to leave the sky,
And make a stand for Fairyland
Even in London town."

Commonly he began his poems with *O thou!* and had tags from the *Gradus ad Parnassum* that must be brought in, if skill and thought could achieve it. Here, the lines in rich Cockney troubled him; and to call a penny a *brown*, he thought, was irregular. Still, on the whole, he had marvellous good conceit of his work; and so now was the more enangered against that beast Simmons. He was but sixteen.

"Rummy kid," reflected Peter. He stretched out an arm towards the waste paper basket, and rescued the effusion he had tossed there so

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lightly to save his junior from swelled head. "Not half bad, after all — for him," he commented, with the air of one who knows. The question was, how was it for himself, and for Violet? "No love in it, and that's what's wrong." He recollected with regret that he had asked for a poem *about violets*, and not *to Violet*. "Anyone but a mug would have understood," he considered. "Still it isn't half bad. Shouldn't wonder if he did something, some that sent in a poem to the a guinea for it; and it long as this one. Maybe that, one of these days." sorry for having teased there was the goose that be thought of. His lady Twist in this matter more. So he determined

The afternoon was a them hard at it until went out, and things (as what. "Say, April," said wasn't half a bad poem of

The merest grunt for "No; I read it over it shows promise. Only it human interest. Now, if thing about a girl's eyes bein' like the violets, and — why, it would be tip-top, ripping stuff."

Another grunt, but with more articulation in it.

"Yer know, I want that poem for a particular purpose. Don't yer think yer could work in another verse, so as to make it more human — depth of feelin', and all that kind of thing? I might be able to get yer a ticket for the Lyceum, if yer did."

Pride struggled in the heart of April, prompting this for an answer: "You can write your own poems in future, Mr. Simmons!" But one didn't get the chance to see Irving do Shylock every day. Pride also had traitors in his own camp; the *poet* was appealed to. "You can tell me what you want me to say, and I'll see if an inspiration comes." This loftily, though a concession.

"Well now, supposin' you were to address the poem to a girl: say her name was Violet, same as the flowers — she must have some name,



day. Knew a feller once *Church Recorder*, and got wasn't more than half as I'll put the kid up to He was, perhaps, a little the boy over much; but laid the golden eggs to love might turn Oliver of poetry, and ask for to make amends nobly. busy one; Merrill kept three o'clock, when he usual) slackened some-Mr. Simmons, "that yours, after all."

an answer.

again, and I must say, hasn't got wot I call you'd worked in some—don't you know—all that kind of thing

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of course; then bring in that about her eyes. That's wot I mean by human sentiment — something to make it real and appealin': not all up in the air like."

At about quarter to four April took the sheet out of the typewriter. "How will this do for you?" said he.

"Let's have a look."

"No, I'd better read it to you myself."

"All right, go ahead."

Then the poet read this:

"Violet, thy lustrous eyes,
Pellucid as the evening skies,
Cure my aches and miseries
Here in London town.
Deeper than the violets blue
When they're wet with diamond dew —
Ah, my heart's forever true
To you, my ownest own!"

I suspect he had misgivings himself; but Mr. Simmons called it glorious. "Yer'll get yer Lyceum ticket all right, April; sure as eggs. Say, did yer ever try sending poems to the papers? I bet they'd give yer a whole lot for one like this. It gives expression to the sentiments of a feller's heart, yer know — same as Shakespeare. Yer'll know all abaht the value of these things when you're a bit older, old chap. Try sending something to the *Church Recorder* — not this one, of course, because yer've given it to me. I knew a feller once —" but we have heard of that feller before.

At half past four they began to prepare for departure. Merrill was still out; had doubtless gone home. Mr. Simmons changed his coat, hanging up that reserved for office wear; doffed paper cuffs, revealing so the genuine Belfast article beneath. "Say, April," said he, "just run down and get me a bunch of violets, will yer? Here's yer twopence." April obeyed, as usual. At the corner of Fenchurch Street he found what he sought. "Vi'lets! Buy a bunch of vi'lets, young man — honly tuppence! 'Ullo, my dear, wotchyer doin' aht 'ere? Want some vi'lets?"

"A bunch please," said April, with dignity intended to be discouraging, and holding out Peter's pence. She took the money and gave him the flowers; then: "'Ere, I likes you; sor yer this morning up Clerkenwell wye. You give them to 'im: nah 'ere's some special for yerself, along of yer tiking orf yer rat to a pore flower-girl. 'Alf price they are!"

April hesitated, reluctant to say, "I haven't a penny"; though such was nearly the case; since it must be choice between having the flowers

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and riding home. "Hi tell yer, this 'ere bunch is for yerself, and goin' at 'alf price," said the flower-girl; "'ark!" And then, what would he hear but a murmur of chanting swell out of the tinkle of harness and swing and ding-dong of London hoofs: momentary poetry, and music and a sudden thrill of wonder in unwondering London: —

"Here's the bunch Titania picked,
Only costs a brown!"

He stared, round-eyed and as they say goose-skinned; and managed to get out, *How did you . . . know . . . that?* to which she answered, "Yer'd better 'ave it"; convincingly, somehow, for he produced his penny; whereupon what should she do but brush his eyes with the violets, and —

It was but a moment, and then it had vanished away. The opalescence, the quivering of intense glory, all was gone. The clerks passing were no longer gods, flamey and rainbow-hued, their faces full of proud agony, of calmness, triumph or compassion; they were just every day London clerks; and this was Fenchurch Street and the corner of Mincing Lane; but — What the eyes have seen, the heart will remember; and how should this place, or these people, be commonplace again? Oh God, what mystery, what tragedy and beauty might be hidden here — or anywhere! — April went upon his ways; some special providence led him back to the office. It would be tomorrow morning before any clear thought would come to him. No more need be told of him than this: he had fed upon his honey-dew; he had been given to drink the milk of Paradise. Imperious Poetry, lonely and haughty wanderer, had knocked at last upon the gates of his soul.

"Hullo April, seen a ghost?" said Mr. Simmons. "Oh, yer've got two bunches, have yer?" He drew quick inferences, to be used later for teasing. "Sentimental little beggar!" said he, taking one of the bunches. It happened to be the wrong one; but neither of them knew that.

Now Miss Smiff had been spending the day at Greenwich, at her great-aunt Fanshawe's; whither now Mr. Simmons hastened; after tea he was to conduct her home by steamer. Miss Fanshawe was prim: kept her from opening the door when he ringed; and left them not alone together for a moment during tea. Then she was to attend a prayer-meeting, and must have Violet's assistance in the matter of putting on a bonnet. All three started out together, the elderly spinster in the



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middle; nor could they shake her off, since her way and theirs lay in the same direction, until the doors of Little Bethel had opened and closed upon her. So that nothing had been said about poem or posy until they had turned into the Park, and were among the tulip-beds in a lonely and lovely region. Then he produced both; presented the violets — which, unaccountably, were quite unfaded — and declaimed the verses, execrably; though the last one, that of his own prompting, it must be said with feeling. They were duly admired, or perhaps unduly. “Dearest,” said Miss Smiff, “it’s lovely. Did you really write it all yourself?” And then — I am sorry to record this — he answered: “Violet, I’m hurt — that’s wot I am; *hurt!*”

A strange glory of sunset took the western sky; the river below them was pearl and faint opal; London was enshrouded in pearl-mist, and over-flamed, as it sometimes is, with mysterious lilac and roses and gold. They had never heard, these two, that the Eve of May is the fairy night of all the nights in the year. “Oh, Peter,” said Miss Smiff, “isn’t it pretty! Hush, listen to that barrel organ!”

Ah, but never a barrel organ made music such as that! It came from behind them, from around them, from the air and the trees; from the dimly gleaming, many-masted river; from pearl-enroyalled London, from the tall May tulips in the beds. And there they were, with Titania’s own violets in their possession, and never a thought to touch their eyes with them, and obtain vision! . . . Vision of the hosts of Faerie singing, and dancing, and weaving and waving out their music in the lovely dusk: mist-like and iridescent forms, hued like the bluebell and the lilac, like pale irises and the leaves of daffodils. They had no notion what a great dim glory Greenwich Park was that evening; or of the ones dancing that wore stars upon their foreheads, whose feet twinkled whitely and luminously in the gloom. . . . “All out!” cried the park-keepers; and our couple hurried forward. “Peter,” said his betrothed, “I wanted to ask you: who is Harry Thuzer—mentioned in your poem?”

❦

THE occultist . . . does not obtain his own strength by his own right, but because he is a part of the whole; and as soon as he is safe from the vibration of life and can stand unshaken, the outer world cries out to him to come and labor in it. So with the heart. When it no longer wishes to take, it is called upon to give abundantly.—*Light on the Path*

THE SCREEN OF TIME

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

Mme Tingley Mme Katherine Tingley of Point Loma, California,
Given Reception Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical
in Boston Society, was tendered a reception by a host of friends
at Jordan Hall last evening on her visit here after an
absence of five years. Following the reception Mme Tingley spoke on
'Reincarnation.'

"More than one-third of the world's people today," she said, "accept the doctrine of reincarnation. It is not new. It is ancient wisdom. Phillips Brooks and Henry Ward Beecher dared to preach it, as did many others. Materialism, ignorance, and hypocrisy have stepped in during this later generation and blinded men as to the truth of reincarnation. Reincarnation makes clear the injustices of life and the mystery that broods over the world."

James Hitchcock presided. Following Mme Tingley's address Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick read a group of poems on the thought of immortality and reincarnation. A musical entertainment was given by Dr. Homer Humphries, professor of organ at the New England Conservatory of Music; E. A. Franklin, flutist; Miss Lillian E. Lyons, soprano soloist, and Primo Montonari, tenor. Mrs. Vincent Hubbard was the accompanist. The assisting artists gave their services to aid in the work for the soldiers and sailors now being conducted by Mme Tingley.— From *Boston Globe*, February 20, 1918

Sunday Evening On February 3rd, Mrs. Grace Knoche spoke on 'The
Meetings in Present Hour and Woman's Opportunity,' saying in
Isis Theater part: "Conservation of mind and character is a topic
discussed from pulpit, rostra and editor's desk, and
is surely one that the thinking woman cannot afford to overlook; the more so because it would give her, if studied spiritually, the power to liberate and guide the deeper potencies of her own nature. For there is in her nature a tremendous potential energy, spiritual and dynamic, and so measureless in its possibilities that it would suffice to liberate the world if conserved and directed with knowledge. Yet this spiritual power, which is something different from the power now so emphasized by woman in the avenues of outer expression, is in a large degree either dormant or directed into other than constructive and economic channels."

Speaking on 'Destiny and Free-Will,' on February 10th, Mr. J. H. Fussell said it is "one of the most baffling, until one turns to Theosophy. While the circumstances of our lives are the outcome of the past, the divine power

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that is within us gives into our hands not only the determining factor as to how we shall meet the circumstances of life, but it is also a seed that we can continually plant in our lives, from which the future shall grow. Paul declared: 'Be not deceived, God is not mocked. For, whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' And according to Pythagoras: 'We are our own children.'

"What is man's destiny, the ultimate destiny of humanity? To answer this we must know first what is man's origin and his essential nature. It is divinity itself, and divinity itself being at the root of man's nature, however hidden, however far he may have wandered from his source, he must ultimately return thereto. The destiny of everyone is interwoven with that of all humanity. Hence the teaching of universal brotherhood, from which no one can be left out. When shall we learn this?"

Mr. Kenneth Morris, in his address on 'Pithecanthropus Erectus in the Light of History,' said in part: "Darwin started the bugaboo idea that men are descended from an apish ancestor, and since then there has been a growing rage to find ourselves nothing better than little brothers to the chimpanzee. We turn up the skull of some antediluvian Hottentot who happened to live in Gaul, and straightway hail in him a forbear of Anatole France or M. Poincaré; imagining a continuous upward trend from his savagery to our culture. If we could show Nature working in that way once — just once — it would be something; but in truth we cannot. All that is proved is, that there were, ages ago, as there are now, low types of humanity on earth. But look where you will, you find nowhere a steady rise from barbarism to culture; on the contrary, everywhere an eternal ebb and flow. Where, then, is Pithecanthropus? We have searched all the Edens, and found him Adam in none; where is he? — 'I am here,' he saith. 'I am with you always; your child, not your ancestor; you have made me, and do make me; I have never made you.' He is the creation of the drug-fiend, of the vice-fiend; his name is Degeneracy."

Mr. R. Machell's subject, on February 24th, was 'Reincarnation: the Hope of Humanity.' "Hope," he said, "is not born of the intellect, but it is nourished there, or it is killed. It comes from the spiritual self, and is like a ray of light in the darkness of man's despair. Hope is an illumination of the mind by the soul, it is a revelation of the direction if not of the goal of life. . . It is a very old idea that man passes through various gateways on the path of evolution, and that each gate has its key. The keys have to be found, and then they have to be turned in the lock before the gate can be opened. Our civilization is standing outside such a gate now, and it has lost the key. That key is reincarnation, or rather it is knowledge of the fact of reincarnation."

On March 3rd, Mrs. E. W. Dunn, one of the directors of the Râja-Yoga College and principal of the girls' department, spoke on 'Râja-Yoga Education: a Factor in the World's Reconstruction,' saying in part:

"No thoughtful mind will hesitate to say that the present baneful effects,

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involving the whole world, could not have arisen if past educational systems had accentuated character formation and had aimed to eradicate the selfish instincts that have since developed into the fearful cyclones of international conflict. We must demand of ourselves to know the truth, to so fashion our lives along lines of unselfishness that the power of discrimination shall be evoked, and then we shall not become passive factors, but intuitively we shall know what influences in life are constructive and what are destructive. The teachings of Theosophy must be studied and lived, then indeed will come a reconstruction of thought and a remodeling of all phases of life. Then the Râja-Yoga system of education will become the rational training for young and old alike."

Leopold Godowsky A reception to Prof. L. Godowsky and party was
Entertained held in the Aryan Temple on January 24th, after
in Lomaland which they were escorted to the Rotunda of the
Râja-Yoga Academy, where the late Prof. de Lange
introduced the young composer, Mr. Rex Dunn, whose cantata *The Peace Pipe* was then sung by the Râja-Yoga International Chorus. Prof. Godowsky delighted his hearers by performing Beethoven's Sonata Op. 110, followed by Chopin's A♭ Polonaise. Prof. Godowsky and party were afterwards received by Mme Tingley at her home, and subsequently entertained at Holland Crest, the residence of Prof. de Lange.

Two Weddings Four young students of the School of Antiquity in
Among Students Lomaland were united in marriage January 30th:
In Lomaland Miss Cora Mercer to Mason L. File, and Miss Susan
Payson to Sidney H. Hamilton.

Miss Mercer and Miss Payson both entered the Râja-Yoga School in childhood and for the past fifteen years have been special protégées of Madame Tingley. Both were graduated with highest honors. They were members of the international body of young students who accompanied Madame Tingley and her staff to the International Theosophical Peace Congress at Visingsö, Sweden, in 1913, and to the twentieth peace congress at The Hague in August of the same year.

Mason File, a young business man, came to California from Charlotte, Mich., and has been connected with the business interests of the Point Loma institution for many years.

Mr. Hamilton is the head of the Photo and Engraving Department of Lomaland, the excellent half-tone work of which has an international reputation through the pages of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, *The New Way*, and the *Râja-Yoga Messenger*. He has won several prizes in national photographic contests. He is the nephew of Mrs. I. Butler, a pioneer student.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

'The Enchanted Rubens' has recently come to light in New York. It is an undersized picture — only eighteen by sixteen and a half inches — but with a full-sized history. The subject is *A Bacchanalian Feast*, and it is treated, as perhaps the subject warrants, with Rubens' customary glory of color and opulence of design but poverty of spiritual life. The odd thing is that this priceless bit — it was painted in 1618 — has never been sold. For some years it was in the possession of M. Necker, the Minister of Finance under Louis Quatorze, who had himself received it as a gift from an Antwerp banker. By M. Necker it was given to others. It was saved from destruction during the French Revolution, passed through some strange vicissitudes in Russia during the reign of Catherine the Great, and had an apparently miraculous escape when the Villa de Châteaubrun was destroyed by fire, at Napoleon's command. It is now in possession of surviving members of the Châteaubrun family.

From over the water we learn of a discovery made not long since by a Luxembourg antiquary which, if confirmed, will fill an interesting place in England's historical records. It is a miniature which is identified as a portrait of Henry VII. It was painted by the engraver Geoffrey Tory de Bourges (1480 — 1533) and is the only painting by his hand known, as it is the only portrait extant, it is stated, of the founder of the Tudor Dynasty.

Art-Work

of Lomaland

Student praised

An exhibition of seventeen recent landscapes from the brush of Maurice Braun opened January 16th in the main gallery at Exposition Park, to close January 31st.

This well-known San Diego artist is a frequent exhibitor in Los Angeles, and the vigor and freshness of his work as a painter make each new collection a source of pleasure to the picture-lover.

Braun has a technic that is always broad and direct, and sometimes subtle. He uses a big brush, and when he takes up the palette-knife — which is pretty often — he displays the same distinguishing freedom of handling. He sees forms, the splendid mountain forms and the broad stretches of sunlit valley so characteristic of California, in a big way, giving them weight and solidity in his interpretations. Rich and ruddy expanses of valley reaching toward noble hills and mountains are varied by such subjects as 'The Bay of San Diego,' where the waters are a line of lovely blue against a strip of land melting in the light.

We find an admirable freshness of color and a genuine effort to depict the golden splendor of sunlight. His pictures have warmth and a virile sort of poetry, and sometimes poetry that is delicately lyrical. In other words, he is a painter of true feeling, a man who is in love with nature even more than he is in love with art. Such a man, it may be well to point out, is well satisfied with 'his narrow plot of ground,' and has no need to go far afield in his search for nature's secrets.—*Los Angeles Sunday Times*, Jan. 20, 1918.

BROTHERHOOD THE BASIS OF RELIGIOUS UNITY

A recent item of church notes says that the 'Common Christian Service' is reported from England as a fixture in the religious world. At what was supposed to be the first service of this kind, held in a London town hall, there were represented the Church of England, the Baptist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan Churches, the Salvation Army, the Society of Friends, the undenominational contingent, and even the Boy Scouts.

The meeting was marked with great enthusiasm and a pervading spirit of deep earnestness and high hopefulness. Mr. Bovill, speaking as an Anglican, said that, in his opinion, the only hope for the regeneration of the world at large, lay in this spirit of Brotherhood. This hope was "stronger today than ever before, and efforts should be made to realize it." The Bishop of Kensington hailed the meeting as the inauguration of a new epoch. "It has taken us a long time," he said. "We have been criminally asleep when we ought to have been awake. The Christian Church which ought to have been the greatest spiritual force in the world, is out of touch with the great mass of the people today. They have a quarrel against us, for the simple reason that we make it impossible for them to see Christ. The great mass of labor needs religion, but it has no use for the churches as they are."

Rev. R. C. Gillie said the churches were in much the same condition now as at the beginning of the war: the members had been faithful — less than five per cent had drifted, but less than five per cent of those outside had been drawn in. Yet there was "*a great wistfulness about religion*, though they were not committed to it. They, too, had been lacerated with grief; they, too, had been driven to prayer."

When Mme Blavatsky began her work in New York, some forty odd years ago, far from being "criminally asleep," she was not only keenly aware of the needs of the masses of her own day, but painfully awake to the inevitable future results of the prevailing dogmatism and materialism. Her prophetic pen foretold the dilemma of our own generation, when popular religion and science should offer neither sanctuary nor solution for the blind anguish of the hour. She said plainly that the first object of the Theosophical Society was "to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, color, sex, caste, or creed." This nucleus has now grown into an invincible and world-wide organization, with practical demonstrations of science and religion which answer every question of the keenest minds, and its work has already inspired new hope among the thousands who are blindly yearning for the truth, with "*a great wistfulness about religion* — a happy phrase, by the way, and a true.

MAGAZINE AND BOOK REVIEWS

Congress Library: The report of the Librarian of Congress for 1917 says that during the past year 6600 volumes of Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Tibetan, Manchu, and Mongolian books have been added. Notable progress has been made in building up a general reference library of Chinese books, which allows of individual works being found, changed, and replaced as easily as books in any other foreign language. Among the works is *Ta tien ho shang chu hsin ching*, the Heart Sûtra, with a commentary by the Buddhist priest Ta Tien, dated 1360 A. D. There is also a partial set of the earliest extant text of the Chinese classics, also authentic texts of T'ang dynasty authors, bound in 160 volumes. Also works of Han, Chin, T'ang, Sung, and Ming authors, bound in 240 volumes, of first importance for the study of geography and history, and almost impossible to secure elsewhere. Among others is the most comprehensive bibliographical compilation in existence, in 157 volumes containing over 19,000 pages. There are also many important encyclopaedic works. Another remarkable work includes the writings of all scholars, poets, artists, etc., who have lived among the seventy-two peaks of the Tung Ting Mountain in Lake Tai near Soochow in Kiangsu. A work on methods of painting, belonging to the Ming dynasty, is bound in ten volumes. Among the Japanese works is the *Kô-bunko*, containing abstracts from 100,000 Chinese and Japanese books, which abstracts fill twenty large octavo volumes of 1000 pages each. Among Tibetan works is 'The Great Road to Knowledge' of Tsongkhapa.

An Appreciation from the Ranks of Freemasonry Writing on 'Ancient and Modern Science,' Professor William A. Dunn, a valued contributor to THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, Point Loma, California, in a series of articles speaks of the vindication of the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky (1877) anent the knowledge of the ancients in the field of physical (material) science. He quotes from the researches made by such scientists as Professor McCoy of the University of Chicago, Professor Joly of the Dublin University, Professor de Lanney in *La Nature*, and Professor Crampton of Columbia University; and compares the results of their 're-discoveries' with facts mentioned by one of the most recent Messengers from the Great White Lodge. The articles, which appeared in the November and December numbers, are interesting and instructive (in a large degree) to students of the esoteric; and must gladden the hearts of true Theosophists — because of the evidence adduced in support of the contentions of that Great Soul (H. P. B.). The third article will continue the subject of the Radioactive Transformations of Nature. No doubt there exists a measure of prejudice against the teachings of Theosophy — as there was after the advent of the Man from Galilee — but, the truth is the same (in every age) to those who possess 'an unclouded vision.'

— *The Southwestern Freemason*: December, 1917

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

May, 1918

An interesting feature of the May issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH is the publication of correspondence relative to the claims for exemption made by Divinity Students in the School of Antiquity, in accordance with the provisions of the Selective Draft Act: an opinion rendered by the Judge Advocate General of the U. S. Army, in which official recognition is given to the School of Antiquity as a Divinity School, and to the students claiming exemption as students of Divinity; a letter from Provost Marshal General H. E. Crowder to Mme Katherine Tingley, and the Minority Report of Col. Ed. Fletcher, a member of the District Board of Los Angeles, California.

This issue will also contain the following:

TRUSTING IN THE LAW: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

"Science has accustomed us to the idea that law and order prevail in the workings of Nature; and we all rely fully upon the justice and immutability of the laws of nature. . . . The great moral laws now appear to us in the form of laws of nature which are inviolably just and will return to us whatever our actions may call for."

STUDIES OF CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING: by Osvald Sirén, Ph. D., Professor of the History of Art, University of Stockholm. **CHAPTER V: CHINESE FIGURE-PAINTING.** Dr. Sirén describes and analyses some of the most noted examples of Chinese figure painting. These studies form a most valuable addition to our knowledge of Oriental art.

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC: by Professor Daniel de Lange. **PART X: BEETHOVEN'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY.** There is something inspiring and deeply spiritual in Professor de Lange's writings, such as appeals even to a non-musician; and in view of the writer's eminence as a musician and musical critic, their value to musicians is beyond question.

"Every musical work, unless it has a special program, is a synopsis of human life: Birth — Life — Death."

ON TWO OLD ENGLISH GARDENS: by Kenneth Morris. Part II

The first of these Old English Gardens was that described by Bacon in his Essays.

"The garden to which we pass now is a humbler affair altogether. It is not Elizabethan, but Puritan. . . . It is a place where a Poet and a Pagan and a Puritan may go a-musing, and be three persons in one — Marvell. . . .

"One wonders Andrew Marvell is so little thought of. He has a sure estate of his own in the realms that bards in fealty to Apollo hold — and it is this his garden."

It takes a poet indeed, a lover of flowers, a gardener such as Kenneth Morris himself is, so thoroughly to appreciate and bring out all the beauties, as he has done in this description, of these two Old English Gardens. It is full of philosophy as well as of beauty and poetry.

SOME NEGLECTED FACTORS IN PHYSIOLOGY: by H. Coryn, M. R. C. S., M. D.

Besides the processes and phenomena usually included in the study of physiology, he says there are others "apparently of a peculiar nature" and that "the principle underlying them, the principle of livingness, is the chief neglected factor in modern physiology; and not only neglected but now mostly denied." The trend of the article is that in the last analysis the problems of physiology cannot be solved by physiology alone, that psychology must come to its aid — although the term *psychology* is not used. The writer however asks:

"Have we not by this time got from physiology some idea of the meaning of life? Can we, without going too far from physiology into philosophy, give the meaning some expression? . . .

"We have got beyond physiology; and yet not altogether so."

ANOTHER CHANCE: OR THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF EVAN

LEYSHON: by Patton F. Miffkin, is a fascinating story of the visions that came to a poor drunkard who in his early years had had the gift of poesy, but who had succumbed to the temptations of the flesh. Put in the form of a story, it affords a wonderful illustration of the teaching and meaning of reincarnation, and of the fact that however low a man may have fallen, there is another chance and still another chance, in other lives that are to come.

KARMA AND SUICIDE: by H. Travers, M. A.

"Suicide is never justifiable and may well be regarded as an evidence of insanity — temporary at least."

The following short articles are well worthy of mention:

CLEAR THINKING: by M., in which the writer discusses the actual meaning of individualism, nationalism and universalism; **THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF LIFE, by T. Henry, M. A.**, having special reference to Katherine Tingley's Rāja-Yoga system of education, which according to the writer is giving a new outlook which he expresses as "an endeavor to trace the details of life back to their general principles — or shall we say to come nearer to the center of things?"; **ENZYMES: a short scientific article by H. Travers, M. A.** Criticizing the scientific method, the writer says:

"Thus in the search for active life we resort to a process of splitting up, which reminds us of pulling off the coats of an onion in search of the onion itself."

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either at 'large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California

The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



RA. 506799

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VOL. XIV NO. 5

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

MAY 1918

SINGLE COPY (Domestic) 30c (Foreign) 35c; U. S. S. S. SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00; Canadian postage \$0.35; Foreign \$0.50

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian
Monthly



Nonpolitical
Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethies, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

Edited by Katherine Tingley

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

I THINK, also, that life is a certain long road leading to Eleusis or Babylon; but that the boundary of this road is palaces and temples, and *the greatest of the mysteries*. Conceive, likewise, that this road, through the multitude of travelers, is full of men running, pushing each other, laboring, resting, lying down, turning out of the path, and wandering. For the impediments and fallacies are many, some of which lead to precipices and profundities, others to the Sirens, others to the Lotophagi, and others to the Cimmerians. There is one path, however, which is narrow, and straight, and rough, and is not much frequented, but which leads to the end of the journey. Weary and laborious souls, who aspire after the region to which this road conducts, who love the mysteries and predict their beauty, scarcely, and with much molestation, labor, and sweat, arrive through this path at the desired end. But when they have arrived thither they rest from their labor and cease to desire. For what other initiation is more mystic than this, and what other place is more worthy than this of strenuous exertion? But what Eleusis is to the uninitiated that is this region *the good* to men. Come, then, be initiated, ascend to this region, embrace the good, and you will not desire anything grèater than this.

— Maximus Tyrius, *Dissertation* xxiii; Trans. by Thomas Taylor

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

Published by the New Century Corporation, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter, July 25, 1911, at the Postoffice at Point Loma, California

Under the act of March 3, 1879

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COMMUNICATIONS

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to 'KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Editor THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, Point Loma, California.'

To the BUSINESS MANAGEMENT, including subscriptions, should be addressed to the 'NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, California.'

MANUSCRIPTS

The Editor cannot undertake to return manuscripts; none will be considered unless accompanied by the author's name and marked with the number of words. The Editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

SUBSCRIPTION

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, THREE DOLLARS payable in advance, single copy, THIRTY CENTS. Foreign Postage, FIFTY CENTS, Canadian, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

REMITTANCES

All remittances to the New Century Corporation must be made payable to

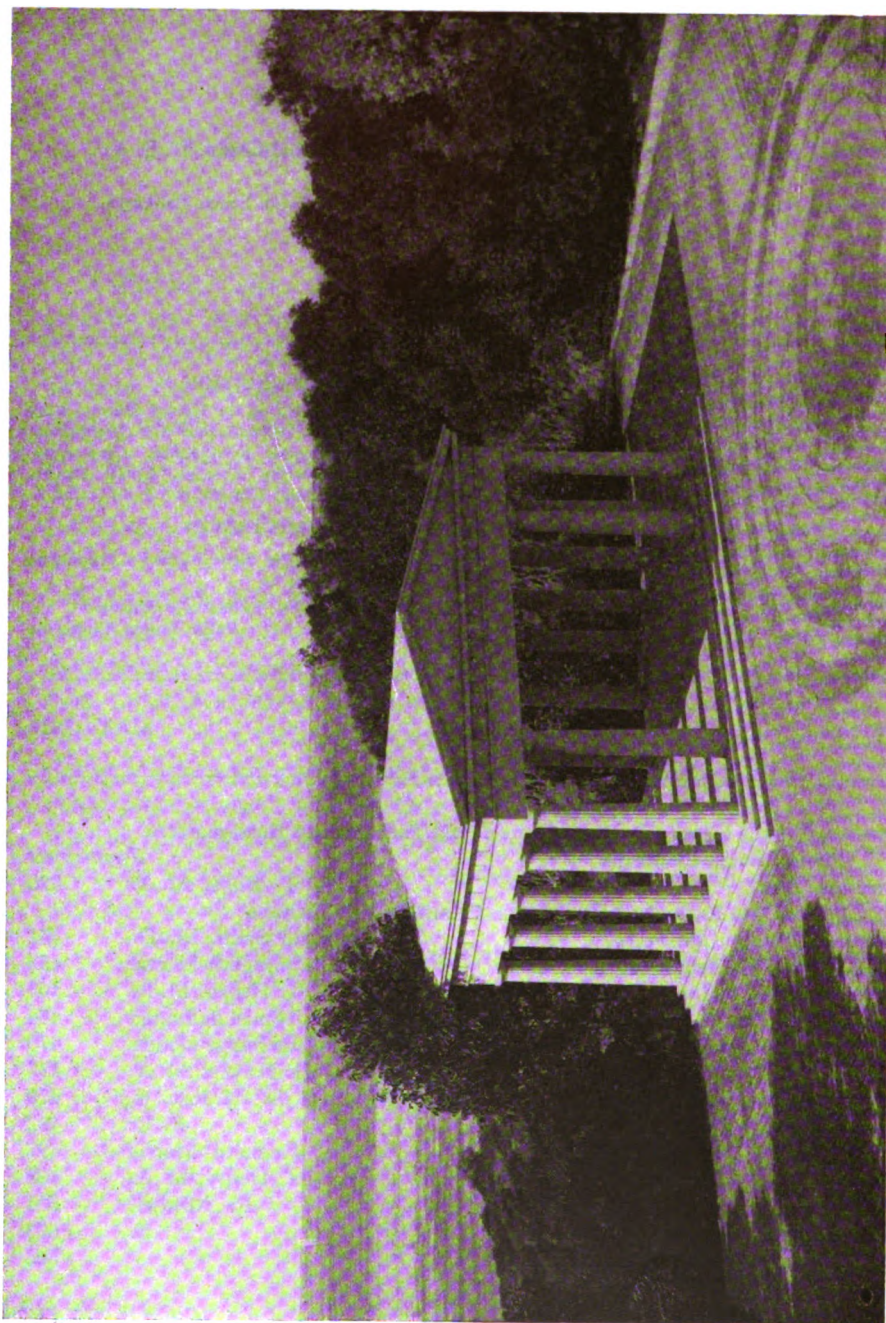
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Point Loma, California

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STOA ON STAGE OF THE GREEK THEATER
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR


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"PYTHAGORAS said that it is requisite to choose the most excellent life, for custom will make it pleasant. Wealth is an infirm anchor, glory still more infirm; in like manner, body, dominion, and honor: for all these are imbecile and powerless. What then are powerful anchors? Prudence, magnanimity, fortitude. These no tempest can shake. This is the law of God: that virtue alone is strength, and that everything else is a trifle."

— A Fragment preserved by Stobaeus. Trans. by *Thomas Taylor*.

TRUSTING IN THE LAW: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

CIENCE has accustomed us to the idea that law and order prevail in the workings of Nature; and we all rely fully on the justice and immutability of the laws of Nature. There are many things which we nowadays, in our greater enlightenment, recognise as coming under this reign of law, but which at one time were regarded as mysterious visitations, to be deprecated but not avoided. Of these things, one of the most striking is infectious disease; for, whereas our ancestors did not generally know what caused the disease or what promoted its diffusion, bowed helpless before it, and could but vainly supplicate whatever Gods there be in earth or heaven, we take heed to sanitation and infection and are enabled by our knowledge and by our confidence in the scientific use of the laws of Nature to defy the plague. And in morals we are learning more and more to look to natural law for guidance rather than to a mysterious allotment of fate or an inscrutable dispensation of providence. This has made us more reasonable and merciful in the treatment of the mentally infirm and the criminal; for we realize better that their infirmities are so much the outcome of causes that can be traced and remedied.

Yet, though we are now so much better equipped for the understanding of the prevalence of law throughout the universe, we still fall far behind the ideal in many respects. For the domain of science has so far been very much restricted, and it does not trench upon that region which has been occupied by religious authority — the region of our moral and spiritual concerns. In this domain we are still in a state of chaos and darkness. It is true that persons strong in faith and not overburdened with that intellectual inquisitiveness which brings doubts,

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find themselves able to trust in God as the representative of unerring justice, and that this trust is a lamp unto their footsteps throughout life. But this is not the case with a majority of people, in whom the reasoning faculties are more strongly developed than the simple trust; and of course it is a want of the knowledge of reincarnation that presents the chief difficulty in the way of accepting the universal reign of law. In addition to this lack of knowledge, we also labor under a great limitation of knowledge as to the way in which the events of life are brought about. These events we call casual or accidental, because we do not know any better word by which to describe them; but it is merely a word that covers or denotes our ignorance.

If we had the true scientific attitude, we should be obliged to admit that there can be no such thing as an effect without a cause, and that it must be possible to trace every event that happens to us to some cause, however apparently casual and unrelated to anything else such event may be.

Now Theosophy declares that there *is* a connexion between our destiny and our conduct, and that nothing happens to us except what we have ourselves incurred by our own conduct; so that our destiny is always perfectly just. This is known as the law of Karma, or cause and effect on the moral plane. But Theosophy does not stop short with a mere statement, which, if left thus, would amount to a mere dogma. Theosophy always follows up its statements by pointing out the way in which the student may approach to a confirmation of them, so that his faith may become conviction, his intellectual belief an item of actual knowledge. And in this case Theosophy declares that a student of life, by accepting with faith the principle of universal law, and keeping it in his mind as a key to the problems with which he meets, will surely find daily proofs of the truth of the principle. Thus he will be enabled to verify it for himself; not all at once, but step by step, so that his knowledge and trust will gradually grow.

When we try to reconcile our faith in the justice and goodness of providence with our very limited ideas of the scope of human life, we may be driven to the fear that providence does not know what it is about, or that it is indifferent to our fate, or that its decisions are cruel and arbitrary. But the great Teachers, of whom Christ was one, have always bidden man to *know*; Christ was always telling his disciples to seek the light of knowledge within themselves and to look for the illumination of the divine spirit; and so taught Plato and the sages of antiquity. It is only man himself who, in his weakness, has travestied the original teachings of the great religious founders, and has invented dogmas which shut him out from the light and teach him that knowledge is shut out

TRUSTING IN THE LAW

from him and that it is impious to try and understand the ways of God. Such a doctrine is the very reverse of what Christ and the other Teachers really taught. Therefore, when confronted with what seems like injustice or indifference on the part of providence, we should put it down to our own ignorance, and should endeavor to enlarge our knowledge, so that we may be able to consent to the ways of providence not in blind trust but in sure knowledge.

When providence sends us some great affliction, we may say that it is doubtless all for our good, and that "he has willed it in his inscrutable wisdom"; and after that, we may either rest content in that faith or else we may angrily rebel and even seek refuge in doubt and despair. But in the light of a wider knowledge we should feel that eternal justice has but given us what is our exact due; and instead of rebelling against the decree or giving up all attempt to solve the riddle, we should go on living in the continual expectation of arriving at its solution some day. Theosophy sets a man on the road that leads to the solution of such problems. It opens his eyes on a new prospect, shows him which way to look, and consequently he begins to see things that he never saw before.

As just said, we all recognise the law of cause and effect so far as its workings lie within the range observed by science; why not try to extend this range? Does the law of cause and effect prevail over but a part of nature and not over all? Does it stop short anywhere, and, if so, at what point? I know that I must not sit with wet feet, or indulge in excess in eating and drinking, or go into a house where there is infection. But it is not to any arbitrary decree of providence that I bow in these cases, it is to a law of nature — or, if you prefer, I bow to the will of providence as the representative and dispenser of eternal justice. Nor do I cavil against the law or seek to evade it; on the contrary, I accept it willingly and seek but to co-operate with it. But why should I stop short at merely physical concerns like disease and health? Why not extend my studies into the realm of conduct and morals, and find there also a like certainty of knowledge, an equal glad acceptance of the justice of the law?

Sometimes we rise in the morning feeling thoroughly out of tune, and with a premonition that throughout the day we shall run atilt against things in general, quarrel with our fellows, upset things, cut our face, and spill our coffee. In ignorance we might attribute all these disasters to 'chance' or to providence or to the devil or to Puck, or whatever we might happen to be believing in. But a closer observation of ourself would reveal that the real cause of them all is simply ourself. We were out of tune; we had quarreled with ourself; there was an internal commotion going on when we arose, due to some mistake of the previous

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day, or to lying too long abed. We got up in a state of discordant vibration, and we imparted the discord to everything and everybody we contacted. People would perhaps even quarrel with us before we said or did anything to them, because they instinctly and unguardedly reacted to our own discordant mood; yet it was we, more than they, that were to blame. And we might perhaps fall down and hurt ourself because of the disharmony in our body; and this would not be an arbitrary decree of providence, but simply the consequence of our own unguarded state.

Now it is but a further step in knowledge to arrive at the conviction that *every* event in our life is related in some way, however remote, to our own conduct. The bare fact that we do not at present see the connexion is no valid reason against the belief. We cannot expect to know everything at once; there must be some gaps in our knowledge. We do not see how or why such an event as a sudden terrible bereavement should befall us at a particular time; and we have to label this event as casual or fortuitous, or as a mysterious dispensation of providence. Is it extravagant to suggest that some day we may attain knowledge sufficient to show us the exact cause and justice of even such events as this? Can man never learn to understand the divine will? Theosophy answers that man, having the divine breath in him, can advance in knowledge so as to be able to consent, in the light of a greater knowledge, to the decrees of eternal justice.

A person smitten with blindness in the prime of life, and condemned to spend the rest of his days in a strange world of darkness, may well be at a loss to understand and reconcile himself with the decree of his destiny. Yet, as such a calamity is part of the inevitable contingencies of life, the only course is to seek to fathom its meaning, so that we may be enabled to accept the experience without cavil and profit by it. We accept the principle that the afflicted person has somehow, somehow, carved out for himself a path in life that leads inevitably up to that catastrophe. The incarnating Soul chose a destiny that included that particular event. That experience was somehow due to that man at that time; it was what he had incurred, what he most needed. A debt was to be paid off, an account balanced. Somewhere in that man's past, could we scan it, we should find the other side of that account, the incurring of the debt. Possibly it was in his present life, being due to some cause whose connexion with the effect we do not discern. Or perhaps it was in a past life; for it is necessary to take past lives into the calculation.

Every man is born with a character and with a destiny. These have been acquired. The incarnating Soul brings them over and they attach

TRUSTING IN THE LAW

themselves to the developing child, and, like seeds, grow to maturity in after life. The details of these processes are beyond our present ken but not beyond our possibility of knowledge. In Theosophical writings, in *The Key to Theosophy*, by H. P. Blavatsky, for instance, are found some valuable hints; and by studying these we can at least gain a prospective view of the ground to be traveled by an aspirant to that knowledge. Science does not tell us anything about the laws which determine the kind of heredity a child shall be born with; but we refuse to be satisfied with a mere negative. I find myself equipped with a bodily and mental instrument having certain advantages and certain disadvantages; I can trace these largely to my parentage and to the way in which I was brought up; but I demand to know why I should have incurred this particular heredity and upbringing, while other people have incurred another kind. To answer such a question we must look back beyond the epoch of our birth into this life. I can realize that I have run to excess in the development of some sides of my character, and have starved other sides; and that now I am trying to even up my character. But I did not start the thing in this life; I already had the tendencies when I entered life. My parents and teachers did not mold my character as much as might be thought; it was myself who, to a great extent, molded their behavior. I entered the world with a strong and definite character, which made demands upon people and called for certain treatment.

By reflexions such as these, we learn to regard our life as a symmetrical pattern, as a web which we are weaving; and we acquire more reliance on the value of our own efforts. We feel a greater confidence in our power to control our fortunes; we are no longer so helpless. The great moral laws, which we all intuitively accept, now appear to us in the form of laws of nature, which are inviolably just and will return to us whatever our actions may call for. We feel that it is worth while to be conscientious, because this must necessarily bring us a blessing; just as it is worth while to live cleanly because this will secure our health. And if we will but watch our lives intelligently, we shall soon find proof of this. We confide in a fountain of equity and purity at the center of man's nature, which will restore all discord to harmony. We feel that we have knowledge at our command, for knowledge is not withheld from him who has merited it. Knowledge is not given or withheld by some external power, but it comes from within; and the reason why we stay ignorant is that we have not been sufficiently confident in our own power to attain to knowledge.

After all, this trusting in the law is a truly scientific attitude; and by contrast, the attitude of those who do not acknowledge such a law

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is quite feeble. When people have not self-confidence, something else usually takes its place and even borrows its name — to wit, vanity. But there is all the difference between assertion of the personality and reliance on the individuality; for the latter is the real man within. A man should have confidence in his true Self, the source of light from within; a very different attitude from that described by a celebrated historian, who says: "The wisest of the heathens never understood that the true dignity of human nature consists in its submission to a higher Existence; that its only hope for the future is in the consciousness of its imperfection and weakness and responsibility here." What he means by 'responsibility' is not easy to see; the word 'irresponsibility' would seem to fit the context better. Theosophy says that a man may and should submit to the God within; but that this should not make him cringe in weakness, but should inspire him to self-reliance and noble effort. The example of that benighted heathen, Socrates, is worth study in this respect. This man trusted in the power of principle, if anybody did; he had the courage of his opinions. His words and deeds show that he relied fully on a righteous law; yet he was a heathen, and accused of atheism even by his fellow heathens. Marcus Aurelius is another of these poor pagans who relied on eternal justice and found the policy successful. Theosophy asks people today to do the same; adding too that many of these benighted heathen were more or less initiated into the sacred Mysteries, and so had actual knowledge about many things in nature which are mysteries to us. But it was the earnest endeavor of many potentates, both secular and otherwise, to blot out the records of those mysteries in order to make way for arbitrary and dogmatic systems. Be it ours to recover hidden knowledge. Theosophy is truly a great step towards such a revival; it leads man to a threshold whence his further advance through the portals depends on his own efforts.




"THERE is somewhat in you which will teach you how to do well and how to avoid the evil, if your minds be turned to it. And the same thing will witness to you when ye do well, and against you when ye do evil. Now to learn to know this, to fear this, to obey this, that is the chief place of learning that I desire to find you in."— ISAAC PENNINGTON (1667)

STUDIES IN CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING:

by **Osvald Sirén, Ph. D.**

CHAPTER V — CHINESE FIGURE-PAINTING

LTHOUGH Chinese paintings of the great periods of Tang and Sung have become more fully known to Western students during the last few years we are hardly yet in a position to form a complete idea of the evolution of pictorial art in China. So many of the pictures which are classed under the names of the most famous artists are in reality later copies or imitations, the accuracy of which is a matter of conjecture. They have undoubtedly a certain importance for the student because they illustrate general modes of pictorial expression prevalent during different periods, but they can hardly be accepted as standards by which to gage the power of individual masters. This is, however, all we need for our present purpose, because we have no intention of attempting anything like a historical summary of Chinese painting but simply of quoting a few examples of the esthetic principles which have been discussed in the previous chapter. Common characteristics interest us more than individual differences when we simply are engaged in the comparative study of Eastern and Western art along the broadest lines.

The earliest Chinese figure paintings that have come down to us, such as the famous makimono attributed to Ku Kai-chi in the British Museum and a few Tang pictures of a similar type, prove quite conclusively that Chinese painting already at that time had reached a high degree of refinement and perfection. If we look for instance at the Ku Kai-chi roll, known under the title of 'Admonitions of the Instructress of the Palace,' we cannot avoid being impressed by its very intimate and sophisticated character. It consists of a series of illustrations from the life of the emperor and his court ladies, some of which have the charm and intimacy of genre pictures. We see for instance a fair lady at her toilette, before the mirror, assisted by a maid who arranges her hair; other ladies are occupied with writing or are represented in conversation with the emperor; others join in the useful work of educating a little boy by pulling his hair. The most famous scene is an illustration to a tale about a court lady who threw herself in the path of a wild bear which threatened the life of the emperor.

The figures are executed with very fine and supple contours upon the brownish silken ground; the modeling of the forms and the long flowing folds of drapery is suggested by delicate shades of gray and reddish tones; there are furthermore subdued violets, greens, and reds in the costumes, but none of these tones stand out very conspicuously, partly because of the age and worn condition of the painting. Its decora-

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tive beauty mainly depends on the richly flowing sensitive lines. The figures are tall and supple and their height is accentuated by the trailing silk gowns which are held together by fluttering scarfs. From the dark hair of the ladies quaint plumes arise like blossoming plants. Something of the supple wavering grace of flower-stems pervades these delicate and fine-limbed creatures. They are evidently products of an art which is no longer struggling with its means of expression, but which uses them with a freedom and refinement that imply long training. And it is not only in the highly decorative use of line that the maturity of this art is revealed, but also in the intimate observation of nature and in the sure characterization of the gestures and movements of these gracious ladies. In that part of the makimono, which represents a huntsman shooting pheasants with a cross-bow, a mountain is introduced but it is drawn on a different scale without any relation to the very large figure; the result is that the whole scene conveys no idea of measurable space and unity, yet it is a perfect decorative unity.

In the scene of the hair-dressing the figures are simply placed on a mat before which lacquer boxes are displayed. The only indication of depth or space in the picture is in the modeling of the figures and in the drawing of the carpet and the boxes on the floor, which suggest a horizontal plane retiring from the front of the picture into an undefined distance. Beyond the frontal plane there is no indication of space; the figures stand up simply against the silk on which they are painted. The artistic expression depends entirely on the rhythm of line which unites all parts. The method of expression is in principle similar to that of primitive art in Europe. One may easily find parallels in Gothic decorative painting in different countries, perhaps most easily in pictures by the great Sienese masters of line at the beginning of the fourteenth century.

As an example we may choose SIMONE MARTINI'S well-known 'Annunciation' in the Uffizi. It is a picture which in regard to the use of abstract line may be compared with Ku Kai-chi's painting. It may well be regarded as one of the finest specimens of rhythmic linear composition with figures produced in Europe, yet it may be questioned whether the play of line is here as rich and living as in the Chinese painting which was executed nine hundred years earlier. Common to both of them is the arrangement of the figures in the frontal plane; both compositions are dominated by flowing lines which by the music of their rhythm express the emotional inspiration of the painter. Simone's picture is like a hymn to the virgin raised by poetic imagination to the region of immaterial beauty. But it cannot be denied that Simone is a painter is more primitive and less sophisticated than the nine hundred



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KU KAI-CHI: COURT LADIES WRITING AND CONVERSING

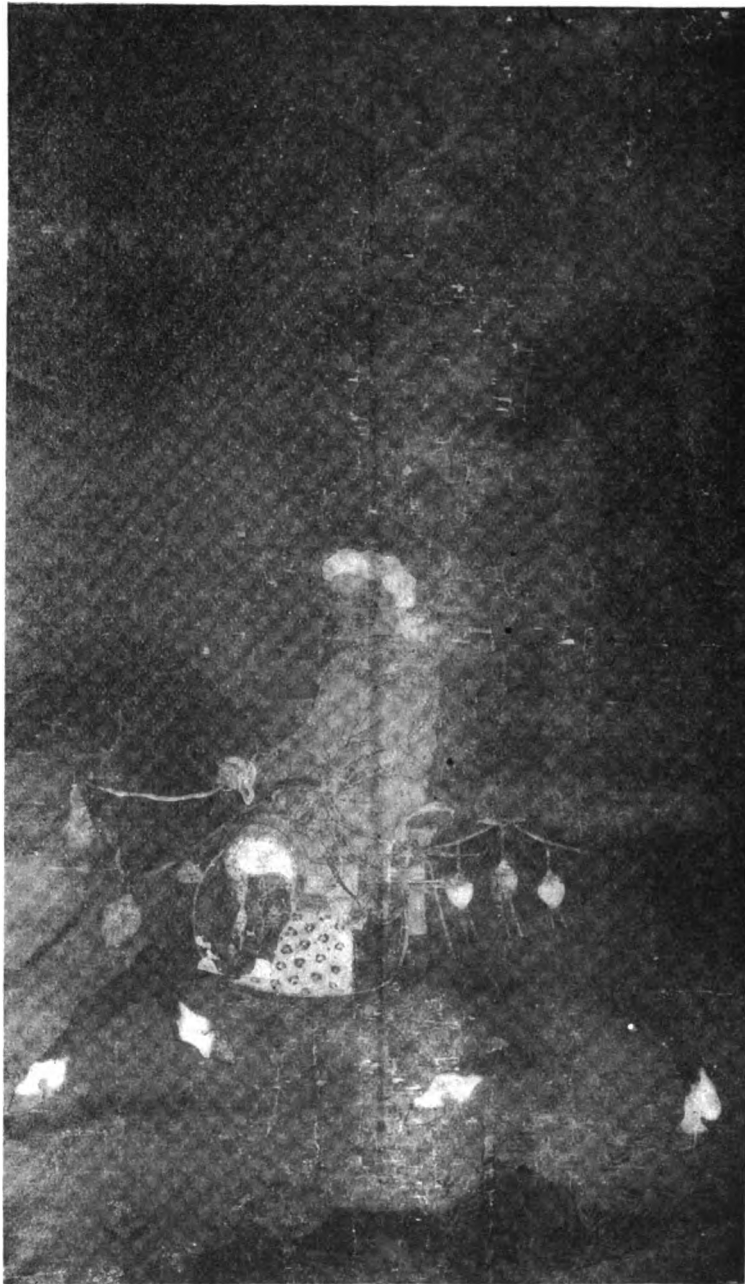
Part of a Makimono in the British Museum



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

KU KAI-CHI: THE EMPEROR AND COURT LADIES EDUCATING A BOY

Part of a Makimono in the British Museum (See preceding illustration)



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A RIDING HUNTSMAN. COPY AFTER HAN KAU
Ottawa Museum.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

CHOU CHI-CHANG AND LIN TING-KUEI:
A LOHAN DISTRIBUTING ALMS

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

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years earlier Ku Kai-chi. His art is permeated with naïve conscientiousness and religious devotion, while the old Chinese painting displays an almost artificial refinement, a ceremonious courtliness that endows even the scenes of daily life in the imperial palace with exquisite beauty and taste. In Simone's painting we get the impression that the artist was struggling with difficulties of material expression, while the Chinese painter impresses us by his absolute mastery of means and methods. Simone seems to realize the gulf between material forms and poetic conceptions, and tries to overcome it by the musical flow of line, yet he cannot free himself from the desire to accentuate the limitations of form and space; he sharply defines the horizontal and vertical planes, thus producing the effect of foreground and background which in the Chinese painting is dissolved by complete absence of such limitations.

The same general principles of presentation which we have studied in the Ku Kai-chi roll may be just as well observed in a number of makimono executed in Tang time or after compositions by Tang masters. We mention as an example a picture by CHOU FANG, who flourished under the emperor Te Tsung (780-805), representing three court ladies seated in a garden attended by two young standing girls, a composition known in at least two copies of which one is in the Freer collection and the other in private possession in China (reproduced in the *Burlington Magazine*, June 1917). This is again a kind of *genre* picture with graceful small figures placed on the neutral silk ground without any indication of the different horizontal and vertical planes. The single figures are presented with considerable bodily relief and co-ordinated by means of a flowing rhythm of line but there is no enclosed space in which they appear, no attempt to define a realistic scene or room. The spatial idea is abstract and undefined rather than concrete and defined.

To the same group may be assigned the beautiful makimono in the Boston Museum representing a number of ladies preparing silk which was executed by the Sung emperor HUI TSUNG after an original by the Tang painter CHANG HSUAN. It is one of the most charming examples of early *genre* painting; the Tang original has probably gained considerably in grace and softness through the Sung translation. Furthermore we like to mention a makimono attributed to YEN LI PEN in Mr. Freer's collection representing an emperor seated on a low ottoman-like stool surrounded by some officers and receiving seven court ladies while three captives are brought to him from the other side. Other examples of Tang painting (executed at different times but after early originals) could easily be quoted as illustrations of that general trend in early Chinese art which we have been discussing but this is not the place to attempt an exhaustive enumeration of the material. We merely

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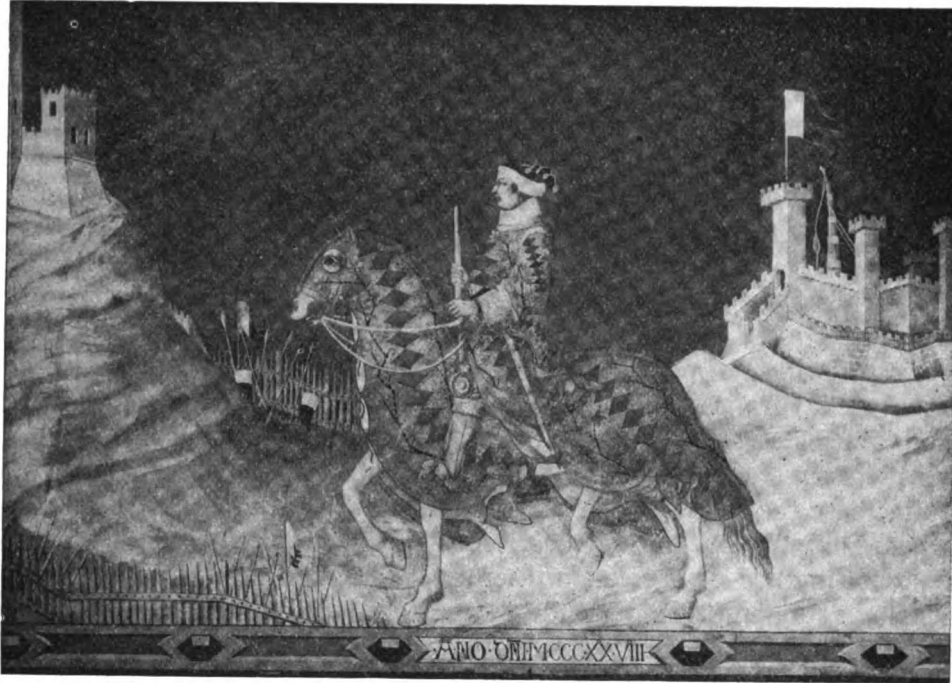
wish to mention that there was also another side to the art of Tang, it was not simply graceful and refined and poetically expressive, it was also vigorous, monumental and full of dramatic power.

The great representative of this more manly side of Tang painting was, as is well known, WU TAO-TZU, the most famous of all Chinese artists, but unfortunately no authentic compositions by Wu are known. There are, however, in some American collections as well as in some Japanese temples large pictures of Buddha and Lohans executed in a powerful linear style with broad brush strokes that spread out and narrow down to a fine hair line, rhythmically like a living pulse, which according to tradition should be considered as directly related to the manner of Wu. Most of them are of a comparatively late execution (they were repeated over and over again for different temples) but there can be no doubt that they reflect early Tang models. They show the same breadth of treatment, the same severe and powerful rhythm as the early Tang sculptures which are known to us. Wu Tao-tzu's portrait of the Han emperor Liu Pei, in Mr. Freer's collection is an overwhelmingly monumental figure with all the massiveness and weight of a huge stone block. It is the unity and synthesis of the form, the broadness of the planes, the restrained power of the slowly curving contours that give the picture its monumental effect. No later painter seems ever to have been able to attain anything as great in the representation of form or in the interpretation of human character. The figure exceeds in these respects even the boldest of Giotto's creations and it gives a much better idea of Wu's art than the famous Kuan-Yin with two children on clouds in the same collection which has become known to students through the reproductions in Binyon's and Fenollosa's books.

There are other pictures of the same type, for instance, portraits with strictly frontal figures executed with sharply defining lines, hieratic compositions like the Hokke Mandara in the Boston Museum, where the meditating Buddha on the lotus flower and his companions seem to be reproductions of temple sculptures, or large Kuan-Yins with majestically flowing lines suggesting a legato movement by Bach. In all these paintings which apparently reflect the mode of early Tang masters the definition of form is sharper and the modulation of line richer than in the later Sung pictures. The Tang figures are more closely allied to sculptures than those of later periods; the purely pictorial qualities of atmosphere and chiaroscuro have not yet become of paramount importance. Such impressions may of course partly be due to the later copyists but at the same time it is an undeniable fact that the dramatic expressiveness and willpower, which are characteristic qualities of Tang culture as a whole, are best conveyed by synthesis of form and rhythm of line.

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Another group of pictures evidently based on Tang models are usually connected with the name of the famous horse painter HAN KAU. Here as well as in the pictures mentioned above one is struck by the masterful combination of linear definition of essential elements, even to details, and freedom from objective limitations. Space is convincingly suggested but not defined, forms are wonderfully large and powerful without being



SIMONE MARTINI: GUIDORICCIO DA FOLIGNO

Fresco Painting in the Palazzo Pubblico, Siena

wooden or dead. In the best of these paintings, naturalistic exactitude has been carried to its highest point, yet it is not the material characterization of horse and rider which is the essential element in these pictures but the suggestion of movement. These horses swing along with freedom and elasticity in every limb; one feels the rapidity and ease of the motion. The copy executed after Han Kau by the Yuan painter Chao Meng-fu in the Museum of Ottawa may serve as an example. It is a pictorial tone-poem, an almost visionary appearance which vibrates with life. But the artist has nevertheless retained the rhythm of sharply defined line as the fundamental element of his method of expression.

In order to appreciate the life and movement of such a work, one should compare it with some European painting of a similar subject. It matters little which we choose, so long as we confine ourselves to a

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representation in which rhythm of line is the essential element. We may for this purpose choose another picture by Simone Martini, who was imbued with an unusual appreciation of the importance of rhythmic line. In his well-known fresco painting of Guidoriccio da Foligno in the Palazzo Publico in Siena, horse and rider are dominated by unifying rhythm of line. The highly simplified contours cut the figure out from the background in a monumental fashion. The fresco has rather the character of an equestrian statue than of a pictorial conception. The rider is not passing but stands posed before a painted background. The effect of sculptural relief is emphasized in a way that is quite foreign to Chinese painting; the artist was evidently in spite of his feeling for abstract qualities deeply interested in the material reality of form. This insistence upon the solidity of form which brings painting very close to sculpture is a characteristic feature marking an essential difference between European painting and that of China. In the case of Simone Martini this was not yet fully developed, but the further the art of the Renaissance progressed, the more firmly did this passion for creating suggestions of solid form take possession of the painters. Masters such as Uccello, Piero della Francesca, Pollojuolo, Verrocchio, Leonardo, Michelangelo, and others, carried the evolution further in this direction. For them plastic form was a *sine qua non* of painting. Their constant effort was to increase the illusion of solidity and measurable space. Even later on, when European art during the Barock period acquired a more pictorial or tonal method of expression, there still remained the desire for a convincing representation of solidity or the reality of space.

This was not the case in Chinese art. It is concerned with the solidity of form and the reality of space only in so far as these may serve to endow the picture with life. Chinese art never loses itself in a scientific description of phenomena, but leaves the picture as a reflexion of the en-souling ideal. Mastery of rhythmic line and tone was essential. The further Chinese art develops, the greater freedom it gets and the greater becomes its power to awaken the pulse of life with the simplest means.

A European student who had observed the intimacy and naturalistic tendency as well as the power of Tang art, might easily conclude that the art of the following period would show a still closer approach to nature and a more accentuated desire for illustration, because in Europe art had evolved along that line. But this did not happen so; in China the tendency was quite different. Sung paintings are generally freer and more abstract presentations of ideas and emotions than pictures of the Tang period. The fundamental principles of pictorial representation previously discussed appear most prominently in the brilliant works of the Sung period (960-1280), when the different technical methods

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reached their full development, and artistic conception perfect freedom. A great number of pictures from this period have come down to us, and although the landscapes are the most popular and attractive to the Western student, the figure compositions are certainly not less important, whether esthetically or historically. They cover a very wide range of motives from the highest, most immaterial religious symbols, to intimate realistic illustrations of every-day life. For our present purpose, it is however less the motives as such than their artistic transcription that is of importance, as we are merely discussing principles of pictorial representation.

In the religious and hieratic pictures, to which category the traditional ancestor-portraits also may be relegated — the linear method of expression is mostly predominant. It is on the whole a more conservative manner than the impressionistic ink-style which reached its highest development in landscape and flower paintings. The religious pictures in China are, however, very different from the works that decorate our churches and sanctuaries. They are not descriptive, but intended to serve as spiritual emblems comparable to sacred music which wakens a feeling of man's inner union with higher spiritual forces. The Chinese artists do not illustrate the story of Buddha's life, as Christian painters did the life and work of Jesus, but rather avoid, as far as possible, the material side of the subject. Buddha is represented under his different spiritual aspects as Amida, Śākya, etc., either alone, sitting in meditation on the symbolic lotus flower, or surrounded by personifications of spiritual powers (Bodhisattvas), or in the midst of the heavenly hosts. He is not represented as a man with a certain measure of individuality, displaying sternness or compassion, but as a spiritual being who has transcended the influence of the opposites, pain and pleasure, and all other human emotions. He has attained absolute serenity, his picture is a symbol of perfect peace, and this is expressed by the soothing rhythm of line which permeates the figure and the whole picture like an echo from a world of peace and harmony. It is a mistake to attempt to pick out different faces, figures, or attitudes in these religious pictures; their expressiveness lies in the entirety, in the rhythmic harmony which is displayed by the movement of line on a neutral ground. They are produced as results of religious meditation and are intended to have a similar effect. Their significance must be measured by inward experience. From a decorative point of view these pictures are almost flat surface designs, the figures are presented with little relief, space and depth are hardly indicated except through the occasional introduction of clouds and water.

Less hieratic and therefore more interesting from a decorative point of view are the pictures which represent Arhats (called in Chinese Lohans),

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Buddha's immediate disciples, who in the beginning numbered sixteen, but later became eighteen. These too were high spiritual beings but endowed with a human nature, performing human actions when they are not sunk in inner contemplation. Sometimes they are represented conversing in the bamboo grove or sailing over the ocean towards paradise on Mount Horai. There are several series of famous Sung paintings showing the sixteen Lohans in different occupations. We may choose some examples from two series which mostly are to be found in the Boston Museum and in the collection of Mr. Charles Freer.

The pictures in one of these series were ascribed by Fenollosa to the famous Sung painter LI LUNG-MIEN, but it has later been proven that they were executed by two younger painters, CHOU CHI-CHANG and LIN TING-KUEI. The Lohans are seen here surrounded by their followers, sometimes in the performance of acts of devotion: they distribute alms, they feed the hungry devils, they teach in the bamboo grove, they meditate, or stand upon the water as they sail to Mount Horai.

These compositions are all built according to the same scheme; the principles of design vary but little. As the pictures are of the usual kakemono form the figures are necessarily arranged vertically and the main movement of the lines follows the direction indicated by the shape of the picture. The principal figure, the Lohan, is usually placed some distance from the bottom of the picture, he forms the converging point of movements that are developed through the other figures, or the movement may start from him. In the picture which represents the distributing of alms, the holy man, accompanied by four of his followers, descends towards the earth on a great cloud, and below, under his feet, creep ragged beggars who eagerly collect the coins that he lets fall. The heavenly figures are arranged in a curve the flow of which is emphasized by the undulating forms of the cloud. The movement is continued by a tree that carries it on and connects it with the group of beggars beneath. The whole composition is thus united in one great S-like curve. This is the dominating theme in the rhythmic disposition in which the lesser movements merge themselves like eddies in a big stream.

Similar unifying rhythmic designs dominate all the compositions in this series. The most usual is the great double-curve which sweeps from one upper corner to the opposite one below, but there are also examples of a different arrangement of line, namely, that in the shape of a V with the point downwards and the sides reaching to about the middle of the picture. This may be seen for instance in the mystically beautiful picture representing the Lohan at the entrance to Nirvâna in which the principal figure sits high up among the clouds and the disciples are grouped in a V-shape below. The Lohan represents an upper triangle in himself,

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within the V-form, thus completing the emblem of the higher and the lower nature in man, and the whole composition is dominated by the sphere around his head, the symbol of his perfect assimilation with the spiritual consciousness. And in conformity with the Buddhistic conception of man's septenary nature, the Lohan represents the synthetic seventh principle which unites the world of form with the spiritual sphere in which all forms and numbers have their origin and solution.

Another composition in which the V-shape dominates is that representing 'A victory over taoistic heretics.' The title must serve as description of the subject of the picture. It is difficult without a close acquaintance with the legend to give a complete explanation of the different elements of the composition, but this is of minor importance: we are not so much concerned with the literary interpretation of the subject as with its mystical significance. The scene is laid in a grotto. In the upper part of the picture stands a large altar silhouetted against the opening of the cave. A roll of documents lying upon the altar radiates light and is not consumed by the altar-fire that seems to shrink from it. The figures below are grouped in a V-shape that almost repeats the direction of the rays above. The attention of all is fixed upon the altar. The five upper members of this group are obviously rejoicing at the phenomenon, while the five lower appear to be in considerable consternation. These smaller men with dark caps are evidently the Taoistic heretics who are crushed by the miracle performed by the Buddhistic Lohan who himself points towards the altar. The whole picture is dominated and illumined by this miracle; its precise meaning may not be clear, but its power is evident. Our attention is at once drawn to it as towards a luminous point, and from it issues the force that creates such an intense reaction in the different figures. Seldom indeed, has an immaterial spiritual power been expressed more suggestively or a religious miracle been made more believable in a picture. We feel the force that pervades the whole scene and accomplishes the miraculous result; it is reflected in different ways by the victorious Buddhist priests and by the defeated Taoistic heretics, it is inspiring and crushing at the same time, it radiates triumphantly in the rays that issue from the focal point — the source of light and power.

Characteristic of all the compositions of this series, from which some examples have been selected for description, is the vertically elongated form which more or less naturally adapts itself to the proportions of the Kakemono. The impression of depth or distance is indeed often suggested by means of a glimpse beneath a heavy cloud or through a grotto, but here there is no attempt at perspective construction. The landscape is presented as an essentially flat background for figures designed

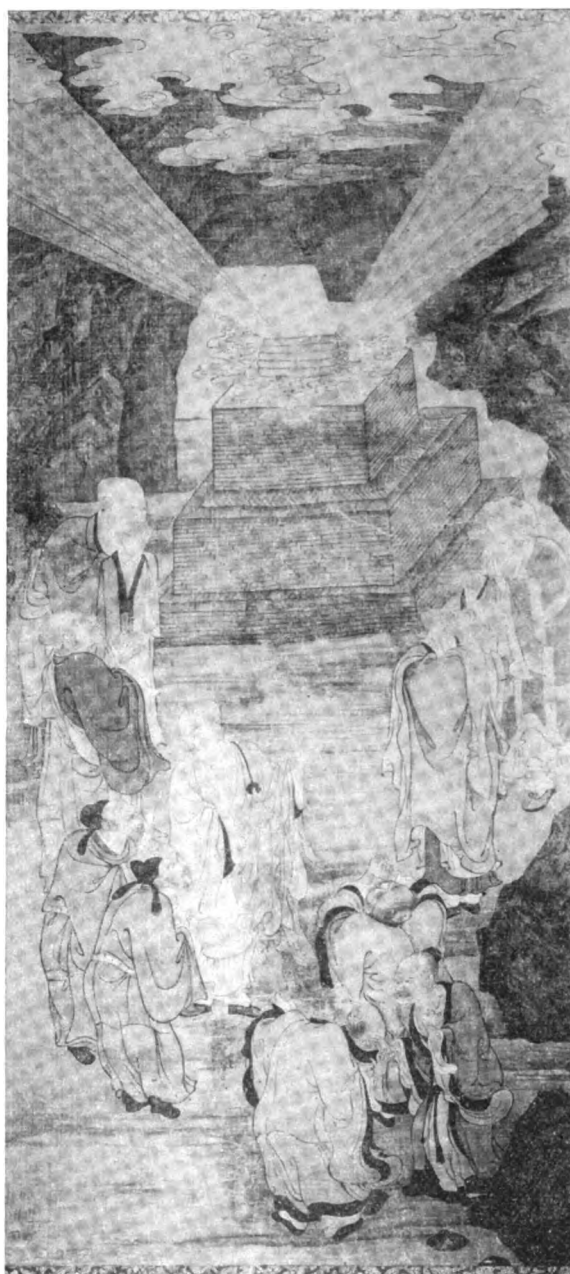
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according to the linear method on a different scale, and from a different point of view. The work depends for its decorative unity upon the synthetic power of the rhythmic design.

If we examine more closely the placing of the figures and their relative proportion, we shall find that the smallest are generally placed nearer and lower down in what may be called the foreground of the composition, while the bigger are higher up, an arrangement which is an inversion of what we are accustomed to call perspective presentation. This peculiarity is closely connected with another: the large figures always represent the principal personages, the Lohan and his disciples, and the smaller figures the minor characters. The artist's mode of presentation has thus not been based simply on what is known as inverted perspective (which is most common in medieval illuminations) but also on the subjective idea or the relative importance of the figures judged from another than the purely visual standpoint. He composes his picture from the standpoint of the principal person or central motive, he places himself in imagination in the ideal center of the painting, and from there he looks out on the less important figures. The largest figure is indeed not always highest up; it may be placed relatively low down with smaller figures higher up (see the representation of the Lohan feeding a devil and the Lohan in meditation). Still, wherever placed, the person who is most important dramatically is also the largest pictorially, and the others are smaller in proportion to their distance from him.

There can be no doubt that the old Chinese painters had observed and understood that objects appear to diminish in proportion to their distance from the beholder; but they had no use for that kind of perspective which became pre-eminent in Western art. Their main effort was not to present an objective illusion but a subjective impression. In the world of thought the laws of visual perspective hold no sway; there the object retains its true size even in the distance.

If one criticizes the Chinese painting for its "lack of perspective," one is judging from a completely false point of view. One overlooks the fact that it has a different aim from that of Western art and that it is entirely master of that kind of perspective which is necessary for a convincing presentation of subjective impressions upon a flat surface. The Chinese painters respect and cherish the flat surface, whereas the Western realistic painter looks upon it as something to be got rid of. We shall have occasion to return to this subject when speaking of Chinese landscapes, but it may not be superfluous here to add a few words on the importance of linear perspective and its limitations as a means of artistic presentation, because under the influence of custom and convention most Europeans are inclined to overestimate its importance.



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CHOU CHI-CHANG AND LIN TING-KUEI
A VICTORY OVER TAOIST HERETICS

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

CHOU CHI-CHANG AND LIN TING-KUEI
A LOHAN AT THE ENTRANCE TO NIRVANA



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LU HSIN CHUNG
ONE OF THE TEN KINGS OF HELL



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

LU HSIN CHUNG: A LOHAN LOOKING AT
A LOTUS POND

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

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Perspective construction as developed since the beginning of the Renaissance is a method of representing solid objects or spatial depth on a flat surface. The picture is supposed to be projected from the artist's eye according to definite geometrical laws; sight is supposed to be concentrated in a single point and to operate mechanically, uninfluenced by any emotional or mental conditions. These assumptions carry with them important limitations of our visual operations. If we are near enough to an object, to see it stereoscopically, the theory of perspective construction can not be successfully applied, because of its arbitrary limitations; we are forced to ignore it or to adapt it to the special conditions of the mental impression. Otherwise the result appears untrue. Thus perspective is mainly useful for presentation of objects at a distance; it emphasizes the impression of depth and accentuates the unity of the visual concept. It has been evolved in accordance with the desire of increasing the power of art to produce objective illusion.

So long as Western art was chiefly concerned with subjective impressions and abstract ideas, it had no need of perspective construction. The so-called primitive masters accomplished their purpose without it; they painted what they thought, and often succeeded in producing convincing suggestions of space and solid forms. Painting was to them less a mode of creating illusion than a decorative presentation of ideas and emotions. Art for them was poetry, not science.

Among the early masters of the Renaissance the scientific interest in nature and the human figure asserted itself overwhelmingly. Their thirst for knowledge was insatiable, their desire to discover the exact construction and appearance of natural objects knew no bounds. They devoted themselves to the study of anatomy and perspective with an enthusiasm which was akin to the inspiring rapture of the inventor or discoverer. They were no longer satisfied with subjective impressions, they wanted to present things as they really are. Works of art should in their eyes be intellectually calculated and deliberately designed presentations of concrete, tangible things. Of course, there were notable departures from the rule, artists with a strongly poetical temperament, but the general evolution followed in the new direction. This is not the place to discuss more closely what in this process was lost and what was gained; we must content ourselves with the statement that linear perspective is a relatively late phenomenon in European painting (we do not here take the antique into account), that it is the result of scientific rather than artistic endeavors, and that it has evolved side by side with the desire to produce objective illusion. Though based upon observed facts it is arbitrarily limited by the adoption of a fixed and single point of view, a mechanical mode of vision, which is unlike that employed by

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human beings who are constantly in motion, who have two eyes, and whose mental impressions are formed by innumerable visual images synthesized by the mind. As we have said, one cannot speak of perspective construction in Chinese pictures in the same sense in which one would speak of it in European art, though we do find there both spatial depth and the diminution of objects in proportion to distance. The viewpoint for this impression of distance is, however, not the eye of the spectator but that of the principal personage in the picture itself. Therefore it also happens that large parts of the representation, according to our ideas, seem rather to lie in front of the plane on which the picture is painted than behind it, as is the case in European paintings. As the Chinese painter usually looks upon the whole scene from the standpoint of the central figure, he cannot avoid looking downwards and outwards, thus the vanishing point (which usually is a movable quantity in Chinese painting) lies in that direction which is particularly noticeable when rectilinear objects are introduced in the picture. Such a picture might be taken as an example of what we call 'inverted perspective,' because we see that the perspective drawing is done intelligently and not simply the result of a vague feeling or caprice. And when furthermore the larger and principal figure is placed within the picture the dramatic or incidental sequence would coincide with the inverted perspective.

The most evident, not to say exaggerated examples of this, are to be found in the later Chinese and Japanese art; the early Chinese painters are generally more cautious and reserved in their methods of expression, yet even in their works similar peculiarities may be observed. As an example we may quote a kakemono by the Sung painter, LU HSIN CHUNG in the Boston museum, representing one of the ten kings of the underworld sitting in the judgment seat behind a table receiving a couple of supplicants while one of his servants gives directions to the demons who, with evident knowledge of their business, are torturing some poor creatures. The picture is a work of high artistic quality executed in a very fine and sober linear method with strongly marked rhythmic values in the different figures. The decorative effect is heightened by vivid colors.

The question of the relation of art to perspective construction is evidently not merely a technical problem or a historical detail; it has a wider significance. It marks one of the most important points of divergence on the great highroad of art, a point from which one can best observe the branching roads leading on the one side towards objective naturalism and on the other towards subjective or abstract representation. Many painters wander between these two directions, but no true artist has been able to travel both roads at once.

We have already hinted that the road was essentially the same for

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the primitive painters of Europe as for the Chinese. Before the Renaissance reasserted the importance of nature to artistic representation, painting was relatively surface-bound, a more or less decorative mode of presentation which indeed could suggest impressions of depth by means of aerial perspective and flow of line, but still developed its artistic effects on the surface plane more than in space.

The most important vehicle of expression of such an art was naturally rhythm of line which, as we have pointed out, was the essential element in classic Chinese art. What would European art have become if the desire for scientific investigation and intellectual study of material phenomena which characterized the Renaissance had not turned it into a new channel? It would be interesting though perhaps unprofitable to speculate on this point. The possibility of concentration on inner values and their expression in rhythmic form independently of objective appearance would have remained. But the new Western culture did not provide an atmosphere suitable for such an evolution; there was little response to spiritual appeal or to artistic conceptions which were not based in the material world.

It is fascinating to see how painters of strong imagination and poetic temperament seek to blend the demand of material appearance and plastic form with that of abstract rhythm of line expressing subjective emotion. Botticelli is a characteristic example of this. Some of his work approaches in principle the creations of Chinese masters by reason of its strongly emphasized abstract synthesis of line. 'The Birth of Venus,' to choose a well-known example, is a creation in which the lyrical inspiration, the soul of the motive, rings out in the rhythmic music of flowing lines. The figures are, however, executed in strong plastic relief, every form is well rounded and clearly cut, the flowers that are borne over the ocean and the dancing wavelets are sharply chiseled: no detail could be more carefully defined. The artist in spite of his leaning towards abstract line-expression, has not failed to give everything the appearance of tangible reality. Consequently the composition to some extent appears scattered, it is not so harmoniously blended nor so entirely permeated by the rhythm of spiritual or emotional life as are the Chinese paintings.

As a comparison look at a picture by the already mentioned Sung painter, Lu Hsin Chung. It represents a Lohan in meditation by a lotus pond. He is sitting on a bench a little to one side of the picture, turned half away from the spectator. On the other side grows a curving willow tree. Behind it a servant approaches with something on a tray. His humble bearing expresses hesitation — shall he venture to step forward and disturb the holy man who sits motionless in contemplation of the lotus flowers' symbolical message? Only the tender foliage of

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the willow moves softly in the evening breeze. Softly fall the folds of his embroidered silken mantle in lines of complete repose. Tranquil and serene rises the long sweep of the curving trunk. But the leaves of the tree and the flowers in the pond still wave with the pulse of the dying wind.

The tone is subdued. No strong accents break the flowing 'legato'; no details stand out conspicuously to disturb the unity. It is more of a dream than a reality, though every object is clearly defined and the forms are delicately modeled in light and shade. But the gradations of tone are so discreet that at first glance one hardly realizes that the figures are more than silhouettes. Bodily reality is not so strongly emphasized as in Botticelli's picture. The most conspicuous color is the dull red of the Lohan's mantle; the delicate green of the trees is scarcely distinguishable from the dark brown of the silk on which it is painted, but the face and the hand are in a distinctly lighter tone.

The decentralized and unsymmetrical mode of composition serves to endow the picture with something of the ceaseless motion and free growth of nature. The harmony does not seem to be the result of any formal scheme or intellectual calculation; it sings naturally, softly, and irresistibly, as an echo of the deep peace in the soul of the holy man.



"THERE are three truths which are absolute, and which cannot be lost, but yet may remain silent for lack of speech.

"The soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendor has no limit.


"The principle which gives life dwells in us, and without us, is undying and eternally beneficent, is not heard or seen, or smelt, but is perceived by the man who desires perception.

"Each man is his own absolute lawgiver, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself; the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment.

"These truths, which are as great as life itself, are as simple as the simplest mind of man. Feed the hungry with them." — *Idyll of the White Lotus*.

ON TWO OLD ENGLISH GARDENS: by Kenneth Morris

II

HE garden to which we pass now is a humbler affair altogether. It is not Elizabethan, but Puritan; it was not designed for the pleasuring of princes, but for the musings of a commoner; we are permitted to see no indications of great form in it: no splendor of pattern to reflect the Eternal Mind. Instead, it allows itself to be reflected in the mind of one man; he alone haunts it; of human sounds, his quiet laughter only, and the prattle of a little girl, are to be heard in it; not the voices of those who made English history and English literature. Yet I love this garden too, and think it has immortal values; it glows with an internal light of its own; and wonderful things, albeit quietly enough, happen in it.

It is a place of stillness, of alertness for the spiritual: lawn and shrubbery; sun-glow and green-gloom; roses and tulips and lilies; violets also, much beloved. Starlings make no chatter in it, nor sparrows quarrel; but there will be blackbirds on the lawn in the morning; and robins, as I guess, haunting the bushes; and throstles nest here: these three provide it with music. Of course there is a dial; but one something out of the common, which "the skilful gardener drew Of flowers and herbs,"

"Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
And, as it works, th'industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers!"

For Bacon's thirty, I doubt there is more than one acre here; one or two at the most; and yet, turn from these outer to an inner direction of space, and you shall find it extensive enough;

"remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied"

in one quarter of it; and all the four rivers of Eden girdle it about; and — Oh, a thousand *ands*! It is a place where a Poet and a Pagan and a Puritan may go a-musing, and be three persons in one — Marvell. It is full of the laughters of kindly fauns and satyrs; it is rich with the dreamings of an altogether benevolent Pan. Puritan politics come in here, but robbed of their acerbities; the armies that fought at Naseby and Roundway Down — but transformed into flowers. Psalms will be sung here at odd times; but, marvelously, with never a word of cursing in them. And withal, the trees and shrubs will be living personalities, hardly troubling to hide their nymphs and dryads; and the birds, touched

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by a momentary magic, will anon sing humanwise; and the man, at his will, will escape into birdhood, and learn among the branches the philosophies of them that fly on wings. . . .

You are to see the Adam of this Paradise: a well-made, masculine, medium-statured fellow in high hat and Roundhead's costume; grave, but full of hidden laughs; tough of frame, simple, courteous; child-like rather, and happiest among children; a fellow of inextinguishable whimsical boyhood; with sun-browned face, cheeks dark and rosy, brown hair, and large clear eyes hazel-colored and twinkling: a quiet, merry, strong, natural man, with vehement passions hushed under a constant sense of the nearness — his co-religionists would say, of the Lord of Hosts; but I find more of the love of man and human pity and kindness in him, than of the fear of Jehovah. He is a poet less by virtue of the grand and burning fires of genius, than because he has a heart that must be occupied with warm keen affections; and the beauty of the world and of his garden has made its demand upon his heart. — From his walking and brooding here, he may go out presently to compose, under the direction of the Poet of poets, Latin epistles for foreign potentates, and Latin fulminations against the enemies of the Commonwealth; peradventure Oliver himself may come in upon them at their labors. But though our man's attitude towards Oliver falls nothing this side of idolatry; he has a very compassionate heart in him, and holds that it would have been better to have spared a fallen king. And has not scrupled to say so — out loud.

One wonders Andrew Marvell is so little thought of. He has a sure estate of his own in the realms that bards in fealty to Apollo hold — and it is this his garden. Human flesh and blood cannot refrain from playing with his name; the Gods themselves punned shockingly when they gave it to him. None else ever had so fitting an appellation. You might say, without straining it, that he was marvelous, as Milton was Miltonic. He would have been the best poet of his age, had not Milton chosen to incarnate in it; no other eyes in England, except Milton's and Shakespeare's, had been gifted with such penetrating vision of beauty; nor none were to be, until Wordsworth came. He was not of the supreme masters of verse-making; and to that fact, perhaps, is due his little fame. But that, after all, is a faculty of the brain-mind, which any fool may learn, if he will take the pains to; the greatest master of it of all was the greatest of antipoets. Go back from mere craftsmanship to the essential thing Poetry — and Marvell is still Milton's friend in the Heaven of the Muses, as he was here on earth. Indeed, there is a certain poetic quality in him that did not manifest often, or was not highly developed, in Milton himself, or Shakespeare. Like Keats, he saw the world shining,

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lit by a light from within. He marveled before Wordsworth wondered.

He was Poet, Pagan, and Puritan like Milton; but his paganism was nearer to the wood-gods and the homely deities of Saturn's reign, farther from the snows of Olympus and the thunders of adult Jove. And his puritanism was less Platonic and aloof; less Hebraistic and severe; more human, less divine. The one was God's Warrior in dazzling panoply; the other — could swing a 'prentice's cudgel for the Most High with telling effect, when occasion arose. One likes him the better for it, that he did his best fighting, not for Cromwell and Puritanism when these were strong and like to conquer; but for common decency and humanity and toleration when he stood almost alone in a degenerate England to champion them. — But of that more presently.

The great currents of life flowed not through his verse: his own activities were mainly in other directions. But he has a fragrance as absolute and original as that of any of the major poets; there is a kind of poetic consciousness that belongs to him, as there is a kind that belongs to Shelley, or to Keats. The grand fires might burn up in him sometimes; but he did not set out to kindle them: he sang in his workaday clothes; and if they were to be changed for a high and singing raiment, the Muses must come and re-robe him unawares. — Which you shall see done, here in this very garden, I think, if you will watch him, in his youthful days, wooing his "Coy Mistress," thus:

"Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk and pass our love's long day
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would"

(and here shows his quite irresistible quaintness)

"Love you ten years before the Flood,
And you should, if you would, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews."

But now see what happens — and how the homespun gray is suddenly changed for severe and splendid purples:

"But at my back I always hear
Time's wingéd chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity."

How is that for the grand manner — for Milton's friend on Parnassus and in Westminster? Time and eternity attend upon his light hours and playful moods: he hears within the peace of his garden the

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gossip of the birds and the bees, and the rolling of the aeons and cycles down into the ocean of Time past.

Another scene in this garden: *The Picture of Little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers*. Little T. C. is a tiny girl whom he pleases to accord such playful grave child-worship as may fittingly come from a poet-puritan with a strain of Pagan Pan in his veins: one well might love him for no more than the title of this lyric. — She is queening it on the green lawn in the sunshine, a little garden goddess and princess in the court of Flora: she is taming the wild flowers by virtue of some divine right in her, and bestowing on them new names according to an innate knowledge; but the roses she admits to something like intimacy or familiarity: with them she deigns to play school,

“And them does tell
What colours best become them, and what smell.”

— And seeing her thus powerful, he prays her (Poet Puritan-politician) to “reform the errors of the Spring”: to “make that the tulips have their share Of sweetness,” to disarm the roses of their thorns; and most of all to

“procure
That violets may a longer age endure.”

— Gentle poetry and playfulness: we have the whole man in the poem. He sees little T. C. with child's eyes like her own, and enters into the importance of her child imaginings; but also mythology and Grecian poetry have a part in his vision; and anon he is a Parliamentarian; and anon a deep human love speaks through him, sounding a more serious note:

“Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the Gods was born?”

I think it was this same little T. C., a few years later, that told him all about her pet fawn so sweetly-childlikely, and with such seven-year-old-or-so exaggeration; and all she told him he told again in verses that have but a couple of grown-up lines in them; the rest is quite artless prattle, and yet poetry too; one may doubt whether even in Stevenson there is a better child-poem in the language, or indeed one nearly as good:

“With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at my own fingers nursed;
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they —
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white, —shall I say, — than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land!

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"It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet:
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race: —
And when't had left me far away
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay:
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

"I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness:
And all the spring-time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the bed of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes: —
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid.

"Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed:
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold: —
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within."

— All this was long before the Assistant Latin Secretaryship. It was before the Civil War; whose rude spirit was to bring him many years of pity and sadness, but not to quench his indomitable quaintness and gentleness and insight. — It was thus that the war invaded his green garden:

"See how the flowers, as at parade,
Under their colours stand displayed:
Each regiment in order grows,
That of the tulip, pink and rose.
But when the vigilant patrol
Of stars walks round about the pole,
Their leaves, that to the stalks are curled,
Seem to their staves the ensign furled.
Then in some flower's beloved hut,
Each bee, as sentinel, is shut,
And sleeps so, too; but if once stirred,
She runs you through, nor asks a word."

— Savage little termagant! But indeed, one cannot answer for his natural history; one doubts the bees sleep in the flowers — at least

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the kind that run you through so readily; though one has seen two or three bumblebees find a night's lodging, apparently, in a dahlia bloom. — And is not that a quaint piece of sky magic, a lightning flash of sudden oblique poetry, about the patrol of stars? — The lines that follow should have a certain appeal, nowadays:

“O thou, that dear and happy Isle,
The garden of the world erewhile,
Thou paradise of the four seas
Which Heaven planted us to please,
But, to exclude the world, did guard
With watery, if not flaming sword;”

(a touch, perhaps, of Cowleyism: an onion-fragment of *conceit* in the salad: a delectable far-fetchedness that makes all piquant — *watery*, if not *flaming*, sword, quotha!):

“What luckless apple did we taste
To make us mortal, and thee waste!
Unhappy! shall we never more
That sweet militia restore
When gardens only had their towers,
And all the garrisons were flowers;
When roses only arms might bear,
And men did rosy garlands wear?”

Thus all things will be reduced to terms of gardening with him: war, love, mythology and all. Other lovers carve their mistresses' names on the tree-trunks; to him the trees themselves are fairer far than any possible mistress; and if he carves anything, it shall be their own tree-names. Those who made the Grecian myths were wrong: they interpreted the designs of the Gods by their own human foibles; but the Gods are loftier-thoughted:

“Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.”

Who else, in all the realms of poetry, would or could have written that?

This *Thoughts in a Garden* is perhaps his best poem. He has done now with the gaities of youth and the glamor of the passions; and in the calmness of this green retreat finds, deeper than the personal man, — the lover, or even the grown-up child that played games of “let's pretend” with the children — the Enchanter that is his real self and the real poet within him. Now he may exercise his power; and if we had nothing but this poem for it, we should still have to call him, I think, one of the major magicians in Poetry; because here he reveals an inner world that is his own, and it is not merely intellectual, or philosophic, but magical.

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The outer garden incites him into a garden within. The mind withdraws from pleasure into happiness,

"Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade;"

it creates other seas and worlds far transcending these; discovers other lawns and borders, wherein each flower blooms in its symbolic and esoteric meaning: — I think we find in him, here and elsewhere, an echo of that Dantesque doctrine that this outward and phenomenal world is but a reflexion, a symbol or crystallization, of a world inner and noumenal, and that he that hath eyes to see may read in the panorama of things visible, the thought of the Eternal Thinker. Dantesque; and much more than that: Theosophic; that is to say, fundamental, everlastingly true.

— He casts "the body's vest aside," and partakes of the wondrous life of the universal:

"My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light."

— and he is in Paradise now: Paradise before Eve was made: when all was simple wonder and wizardry, and there was no passion to hide from man the magic in nature and in his own soul. "But," says he, for quaintness will never be far from him, and he must round off his most mystic glimpses with something naively original —

"But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two Paradises 'twere in one
To live in Paradise alone."

I said he saw things by their own light, as Keats did; one finds it very delightfully in a couplet from *The Emigrants' Song*. Here the Puritan is singing — but *singing!* it is a quiet little hymn of praise, without a trace of expectable snuffle and nasal drawl: a thing as melodious as simple: and (like all his best work) so simple, at least in form, that the unalert, or the sophisticated, ear may catch nothing of its melody. Here is the couplet — and something over:

"He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranate close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows;"

—"Than all the wealth of Ormus and of Ind," said his great Superior; —

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the one all pomp and splendor and majesty; the other, however, not failing to glow and sing:

"And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore;"

which shows, you would say, that having ears to hear, he heard.

There is, perhaps, a note of orientalism, a something divinely and elementally Taoist, in his eye and heart for nature. Keats and Shelley and Wordsworth themselves saw not more distinctively, with eyes more entirely their own. He came right in the decline and evening grayness of a great poetic epoch; they in the glorious dawn of another; so the fires of creation do not burn *hopefully* in him, as in those others; Poetry did not capture his heart, and demand his whole allegiance, as she did theirs; but went by with flagging steps and discouraged, eager only for the night and sleep. And yet he recognised in her the veiled divinity, and foresaw the loveliness she should wear at dawn. Had he postponed his incarnation for a hundred and seventy years or so, and come with the morning-singers of the nineteenth century, heaven knows how great a poet he might have been. Sometimes, as it is, one is almost tempted to class him with those three stars among them; and to say that what he lacked of them in sheer beauty-sense and mastery of form, in aerialness, or in the thrill of divine mystery, he went nigh to make up for in *Chinesity* and sweet natural quaintness. As said above, he marveled before Wordsworth wondered. The two words are not synonymous. *Marvel* is richer in sound and color, and it is more childlike; *wonder* is vaster, less definite, more prophetic. Wordsworth was a prophet; Marvell was a child. Wordsworth, all too confident in his prophet's calling, quitted his Sinai too often for the wilderness of the commonplace, bringing with him nothing prophetic but his solemnity, and wearing all the air, in those dull regions, of some humorless gauche hobbledehoy with an over-great conceit of himself. Marvell, quite unselfconscious in his everlasting childhood, prophesied unawares when the spirit moved him, and with no thought but that it was a part of the game. Wordsworth ceremoniously adopted simplicity; Marvell probably knew nothing about simplicity, because he was himself of the essence of it, and unselfconscious. They both believed in children: Wordsworth objectively, upon a thought-out doctrine — and he wrote *We are Seven*, which is tedious and solemn; Marvell subjectively, because "it was his nature to"; and he wrote *Little T. C.*, which is delicious. (But Wordsworth also wrote that about the trailing clouds of glory, which was beyond Marvell's ken). Marvell lacked the grandeur of the prophet, the vision for far and wonderful things, to make him Wordsworthian; and Wordsworth lacked the fun,

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the human kindness, the unselfconscious humility, to make him Marvellous. Both reached out towards the Soul of Things — out, and in.

For my common and everyday moods, give me, of the two, Marvell; he is such a dear and living and companionable fellow.

Among the poets, says Lamb, the names that sound the sweetest, and carry most of perfume in the mention, are Kit Marlowe, Michael Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley. True, as to the first three; but I do not know why he should have added the ingenious Mr. Cowley's. Nor yet why he should have forgotten that of Andrew Marvell.

— By his *Chinesity*, one means nothing fantastical, unperspectived or punchinello: not *chinoiserie*, as the ignorant West has imagined it. Only, those hazel eyes of his had a faculty most commonly found in the almond eyes of the Orient, of seeing through the opacity of things: of rendering them unopaque for his vision; — that his soul, more readily than most of ours that are Occidental, would slip out, upon any provocation of natural beauty, into the brotherhood of the extrahuman. As when, birdlike, it whetted and clapped its silver wings, and waved in its plumes the various light, in the *Thoughts in a Garden*. A large sympathy gave him to share in the nature of the trees, birds, and flowers he loved, and made him free of the Great Life. There is this from *Appleton House*:

“Then as I careless on the bed
Of gelid strawberries do tread,
And through the hazels thick espy
The hatching throstle's shining eye,
.

Thus I, easy philosopher,
Among the birds and trees confer,
And little now to make me wants
Or of the fowls, or of the plants:
Give me but wings as they, and I
Straight floating on the air shall fly;
Or turn me but, and you shall see
I was but an inverted tree.
Already I begin to call
In their most learned original,
And, where I language want, my signs
The bird upon the bough divines,
And more attentive there doth sit
Than if she were with lime-twigs knit.
No leaf does tremble in the wind,
Which I returning cannot find;
Out of these scattered Sybil's leaves
Strange prophecies my fancy weaves,
And in one history consumes,
Like Mexique paintings, all the plumes;
What Rome, Greece, Palestine, e'er said
In this light Mosaic read.”

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— He carried the spirit of his garden into public life, and stood, a strong and beautiful figure, in contrast always with his age: gentle and kindly, where it was most rabid; beauty-loving when it was ultra-austere; sternly honest and noble, when it had turned altogether venal and sybaritic. He could write thus of Charles on the scaffold:

“He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe’s edge did try;

“Nor called the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.”—

And thus of Oliver lying in state:

“Valour, religion, friendship, prudence died
At once with him, and all that’s good beside;
And we, death’s refuse, nature’s dregs, confined
To loathsome life, alas! are left behind.
Where we (so once we used) shall now no more,
To fetch day, press about his chamber-door,
No more shall hear that powerful language charm,
Whose force oft spared the labour of his arm,
No more shall follow where he spent the days
In war or counsel, or in prayer and praise.

.
I saw him dead; a leaden slumber lies,
And mortal sleep, over those wakeful eyes;
Those gentle rays under the lids were fled,
Which through his looks that piercing sweetness shed;
That port, which so majestic was and strong,
Loose and deprived of vigour, stretched along,
And withered, all discoloured, pale, and wan,
How much another thing! no more That Man!
O human glory! vain! O death! O wings!
O worthless world! O transitory things!
Yet dwelt that greatness in his shape decayed
That still, though dead, greater than Death he laid,
And in his altered face, you something feign
That threatens Death he yet will live again.”

He was the close friend of Milton; yet Charles II coveted his friendship or support, and made (vain) overtures therefor through Danby. His lifelong fight was for toleration in religion, for the Human Spirit, for the milk of human kindness in all relations of man to man. He did not leave public life at the Restoration; but sat for Hull in Charles II’s first parliament, a “Roman patriot,” as someone says, among a crowd

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of sycophants and corruptionists. He did his full duty by his constituents. The letters that he wrote them — by every post — are extant; he retailed to them all the political news of the day; and often took occasion to thank them for hampers of good things sent. — The age of Poetry had passed by that time: the garden wherein he had been used to “read in Nature’s book” no more provided him with green thoughts in its shade; the little candle-flame in the roses and tulips was extinguished quite. But he found a work to do; he was not the man to mourn past glories and be idle. He would not cease fighting for the Gods, because there was no one of his old companions left in England to wage (public) war for them at his side. But against such odds he must find new weapons. He took to the whips of satire, and made things as lively as might be for the money-changers in the temple. The light of the age, one may fairly say, was darkness, and evil its good; but he was accustomed to fight under God’s Warriors, and was not one now to accept inglorious peace. Old blind Milton, from the far peaks of poetry, was still hurling thunders — that only after ages should hear; though living, he was no longer living in time, but in eternity. But Marvell, still in his prime, was down in the plain among the crowds; he had no thunders, but an effective lash he could make crack smartly. His satires do not matter now; but they did then. No invective was too extravagant; no banter too gently-kindly-killing. And he did not fight in vain, either: at least one great light of intolerance he quite put out. Right Reverend So-and-So roused the country with a burning plea for persecution of the unorthodox; then came Marvell, and in a couple of *humbugging* anonymous pamphlets set all England laughing at him. Even the Merry Monarch was splitting his sides with amusement; there was nothing for it, but that the good divine must needs incontinently “shut up.” — It was worth doing. — He went out from his Eden; but bearing the Flaming Sword.

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“WHAT say you, then, with regard to that argument in which we asserted that knowledge is reminiscence; and that, such being the case, our souls must of necessity have existed somewhere before they were imprisoned in the body?”

—PLATO, *Phaedo*, trans. C. S. Stanford,

THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF LIFE: by T. Henry, M. A.

S human nature fails to steer a direct course for the truth, it seeks to arrive there by a process of tacking, steering first to the right and then to the left of the true course, and starting on each new tack whenever the old tack threatens to carry the boat too far aside. Another name for this process is action and reaction. When people become exasperated with an evil, they run to an opposite extreme: overthrowing one form of government, they at first introduce another which is no better; or exchange a too plentiful diet for a starvation cure. Among the people may be found wiser heads who could show them how to steer a straighter course, avoiding extremes.

In education, it is believed that we have been steering too far in the direction of the abstract; so now the tendency is to steer too far in the direction of the concrete. But education includes general principles and particular applications, and neither can be neglected. There is no valid reason for calling the former unpractical and the latter practical.

It is superfluous to preach the value of abstract studies; they are not only valuable but indispensable. An arithmetic book may be ever so anxious to teach the pupil how to do 'farm problems,' dealing with seeds and acres; but it is absolutely necessary first to teach abstract arithmetic — addition, subtraction, etc. Similarly with the 'business arithmetic'; that, too, must teach abstract arithmetic first. The man who understands abstract arithmetic has the key to farm problems and business problems, and problems in mensuration or electricity, etc. He has a masterkey. Hence, why not teach abstract arithmetic thoroughly in the first place; and then, with regard to the special applications, we can say: "All these things shall be added unto you."

Or take grammar. Grammar in the concrete and particular is the grammar of some given language. Grammar in the abstract is those principles upon which language in general is based. The latter again is a masterkey. Should it not be the chief object of attainment? To acquire it, we should study ancient and modern languages.

In music, a knowledge of the theory equips the student for a ready mastery of whatever instruments he may select. Compare his position with that of the student who learns an instrument without first learning music.

In science there are general principles — abstract principles — whose knowledge is a masterkey to all particular applications; and in every department of education there are such general principles, so that the adept therein possesses the power to adapt himself to any emergency; he is a handy man, an all-around man.

The aim of education should certainly be to instil general principles.

THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF LIFE

Vocational training then becomes reduced to little more than putting the tools in the man's hands. Practice is nearly all that he needs.

This method of grouping many special applications under a few general principles can of course be carried further. All mental education can be summed up in the ability to use the mind. Finally we can reduce the whole curriculum down to the single accomplishment of general smartness and proficiency. Is it possible to endow the pupil with a general all-around competence for whatever he may encounter? This would indeed be a royal road to the mysteries of life. *Râja-Yoga* education is a royal method, as its name implies. This term might be rendered, 'The royal method of self-mastery.' It consists in recognising the selfish passions as being intrusive elements, not belonging to the real self; and this recognition enables us to put them in their proper place and control them. Such a method can be taught from the earliest age of a child, and forms a strong contrast with what is usually allowed to happen to a child. This makes all the difference between a good and a bad start in life, and affects all subsequent education. Teachers experienced in *Râja-Yoga* education find there is a curious connexion between mental and moral infirmities, and that what looks like dullness is often a form of obstinacy, though the child may be quite unaware of this fact. In other words, dullness may be caused by the resistance of the child's lower nature; and if he has learned to overcome this lower nature, he is able to overcome the dullness. *Râja-Yoga* education endows the pupil with a well-trained instrument and the power to use it; it teaches him to make the faculties obedient to the will. Perhaps some of our readers will be wishing they were children, so as to have the advantage of this early start in self-knowledge and self-control; but fortunately there is no epoch in life at which a start cannot be made. In actual fact we often find old people making new starts; and in this they behave quite naturally and as if they knew that death is only a temporary halting-place in the Soul's journey. In view of the fact of reincarnation, it is worth while to make a new start in old age, just as it is worth while to begin a job before going to bed. We have not, it is true, the same conditions to deal with; but our effort will count according to its value. Hence what has been said about *Râja-Yoga* can be taken to heart by the advanced in years for their own profit. No one is too old to get a new and more vivid grasp of the idea of man's dual nature, or to study the analysis of human nature given in Theosophical books under the head of 'The Seven Principles of Man.' To do even this much is to set one's foot upon the way, for we at once change our attitude towards life, and this change of attitude will inevitably color our subsequent conduct.

Keeping in mind our main topic, let us express this new outlook as


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an endeavor to trace the details of life back to their general principles — or, shall we say, to get nearer the center of things. We have now a new general principle, which can be applied to everything we do. That principle is the attainment of self-knowledge, and with it self-mastery. All acts can be interpreted by this key, everything can be viewed in this life. The events of life, no longer chaotic and unrelated to each other, become equally means to a single end. In pleasure and in pain, good fortune and bad, favor or disgrace, we can learn the mysteries of life. We learn to recognise our ever-changing moods for masks which the Self puts on; and ceasing to overvalue them, we lose vanity and self-love; but, relying on the real Self, the constant factor amid all the variations, we win true self-respect.

Life today is said to be complex; which means that we have traveled from the center towards the circumference. But principles are few. The word *character* sums up in compact form a vast multitude of man's requirements. Education is the formation of character. Circumstances are our opportunities, the soil in which we dig, the material we work up. So character and opportunity may be said to sum up a man's life.

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC: by Daniel de Lange*

PART X — BEETHOVEN'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY

 *VERY musical work, unless it has a special program, is a synopsis of human life:*

BIRTH	LIFE	DEATH
Motive	— Development of inner Significance —	Illusion Conquered.

Let us take Beethoven's Seventh Symphony to demonstrate this idea. Before beginning our argument it may be remarked that any other musical masterpiece would do; the only condition is that it must be a masterpiece. With a more ordinary or commonplace work of art proof would be impossible. It may be that such a piece of music possesses some beautiful or interesting qualities, but the divine impelling power is lacking. In a masterpiece it is not the composer — a mere man, be his name Bach, Beethoven, or Palestrina — who records his experiences in human life: Beware! it is the gods themselves who speak to you;

*Founder and ex-Director of the Conservatory of Music, Amsterdam, Holland, and later, till his passing away on January 30, 1918, one of the Directors of the Isis Conservatory of Music, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

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they use simply this human being as their most suitable instrument. When a masterpiece is produced the composer is the tool, nothing more; but how admirably fitted for its task this tool must be, that such a masterpiece may be produced through it!

With bended heads we approach the work of the Gods! And let us revere Beethoven, who, among the High Priests, the Hierophants, was one of the greatest, and as such was chosen by the gods as their instrument.

The Seventh Symphony might be entitled 'The Dominant,' this interval being the predominating sound in all parts of the work. Look at the nine first measures of the Introduction; they culminate in the *Dominant*. After a few measures we reach the second motive, starting from, and staying on, the Dominant. And so it goes on and on till finally in the last six measures of the Introduction all sounds disappear in the Dominant; and after these six measures, full of a feeling of oppression, in expectation of what is to happen, the Vivace enters on the Dominant and keeps the mind in suspense till, after a 'fermata' on the Dominant, a moment of relief on the tonic is granted to our strained feeling.

We do not intend to treat the whole Symphony from this point of view; it suffices to notice that in the second part, the Allegretto, the Dominant is taken as a motive; that in the third part, the Scherzo and Trio, the motive of the latter is enveloped by the Dominant; and in the fourth part, the Rondo, the bass clings to the Dominant; till at the end, after an infinite quantity of measures on the Dominant a few chords are heard on the Tonic, which signifies that the conclusion of the musical argument has been reached — in other words, that the Dominant-Soul has learned its lesson, so that it can unite with the Divine-Tonic.

If we take this sound of the Dominant as the dominating trait in the character of the soul, the incarnation of which is announced in the Introduction of this Symphony, we must logically draw the conclusion that this soul incarnated in a personality with an indomitable character. Besides, we know that the Dominant, however powerful it may be in itself, is always longing for, and aspiring to its solution on the Tonic, knowing in its musical life that even the most powerful Dominant is without significance, or, rather, does not exist, unless combined with and derived from a Tonic. As we said before, the Dominant is always longing for its resolution on the Tonic, and this idea provides us with a sure indication for the general character that must be predominant in the reproduction of the whole work.

Now, we begin to feel the importance of such a preliminary examination, for it reveals to us the most hidden meaning, the magic behind the notes, that something which never could be expressed, until we close our physical faculties so that our spiritual may come into play. We

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see in this Dominant with a Tonic as its natural consequence two sides of the triangle; the third side, the Sub-dominant, can always be found in our Symphony, although it does not play a very prominent part in this work.

I cannot refrain from pointing to the marvelous relation between music as we are able to conceive it and a human being: *Tonic*, the all-dominating and all pervading divine principle; *Dominant*, man's higher self; *Sub-Dominant*, man's lower self; the whole, the 'triangle.'

We will now speak of the character of this work. We find that the first measures keep the mind in suspense, expectant of the great event that is to come, the incarnation of a divine spark into a physical form, (let us say, a human being, although it might be that the spark incarnated in a form of a less material kind). In the 15th measure the spark shows itself. In the 23rd measure we find an image of the outer form in which the spark appears before us. In this exposition of sweet childhood, that reflects an image of innocence, we notice a counterpart; first in the two violin-parts, then in the 'cellos, contrabasses, bassoons, and oboes, that suggests the future development of the powerful dominant character. The fortissimo that follows, which is a repetition of the first physical appearance of the incarnated soul, is at the same time a development of the character, indicated by the separate accents in the strings and in the winds; the picture of that sweet being is repeated also, but this time it shows a development to such a degree that we witness the preparation for the picture of that soul in youth. In the last six measures of the Introduction and in the first twenty-six of the Vivace, this transformation occurs. It is worth while to examine the means which Beethoven used to suggest this idea, because such an examination gives an absolutely clear insight into music from the standpoint of human character and intelligence.

Four measures before the moment in which the soul is depicted as if — horror-struck — it seems to have a presentiment of something terrible about to happen, a big accent on the Dominant, repeated twice, evokes its new spiritual condition. After each accent the poor soul tries to redress itself, but the efforts are in vain, the soul has to submit to its fate and remains on the dominant, waiting for what is to come and longing for a solution.

The Vivace begins with the same single note, only the rhythm has been changed, and this change suggests to the hearer the mental and spiritual development that is in progress, and continues till in the 26th measure, after the fermata, a magnificent youth stands before our spiritual eye: heart still full of boyish boldness, but showing the longings, the propensities, the aspirations towards life in all its power and intensity, full of

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joy, the heart and mind full of petulance, able to conquer the whole world.

From time to time he meets with a pair of eyes that, just for one moment, make him think, but immediately such impressions are forgotten and life hurries on constantly, ever more great and more beautiful. Oh! he is one of the favorites of the Gods, nothing can resist the power which is his! Such is the end of the first movement.

And, quite unexpectedly, suddenly, all has changed; the very first chord of the second movement brings in 'fate'! The mind, no, even the soul does not understand what has happened; all has changed. Is it but imagination? It seems so far off. And yet it is to be felt; it is there. Does it disappear? It seems to vanish. But alas! No! It is there — a voice is heard, singing the sweetest melody the heart ever heard, but how profoundly sad are these sounds. And yet the heart wishes to hear them. Why are they vanishing now? It appears again, that melody, more powerful than ever before! Listen, it is constantly growing; the heart can no longer escape it; it pervades all; it overthrows every feeling; and that melody so overpowering, so mournful, sounds as if it were the funeral march of the heart and its longings. The entire Universe seems to combat the beauty of life. There is no place where the poor heart can hide; breath fails; the heart is broken, exhausted, completely exhausted! Compassion! Pity! Appears the image!

It is but an apparition, nothing more. It is not developed into a melody; how could it be? It is a suggestion, the feeling experienced in the moment of ecstasy! At once the spell is broken! The dominant-motive is used as the basis for the new development of that strong and beautiful character that for a moment seemed lost, but only to be reborn as part of the Universe. The specter-like motive has become the potency by which the lower passions are subdued. Once more the image appears, but shortened and as a preparation for the ending, in which the dominant-motive is wandering all through the orchestra till the fatal chord of the beginning puts an end to the magic. Memory alone subsists.

After this experience the soul re-enters life, fortified and sanctified, so to say. In the midst of this third movement, a piece full of power and natural inspiration, a motive appears, which, although quite different, is closely related with that marvelous motive of the second part. These two motives may be given the name of mother or female element. But do not misinterpret such a term, do not abuse it; for it is only used as the complement of the male-element in nature. Here this motive is enveloped in its dominant-sound,* it is wholly surrounded by it.

*This Dominant-envelope is prepared in the second movement by the *A* of the trumpets.

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After having recreated its visionary manifestation in the second movement into a reality in human life in the third movement, the soul shows in the last movement what a soul is able to perform, if trained in the right way. The incredible power that emanates from this last movement baffles every description. Such an ocean of sound surpasses our imagination, so that when at the end this great and powerful dominant-soul evolves in the final, eternal Tonic-Soul, we feel that we have witnessed one of the greatest events that can happen in the drama of life.



“ ‘THE coming of Christ’ means *the presence of* CHRISTOS in a regenerated world, and not at all the actual coming in body of ‘Christ’ Jesus; this Christ is to be sought neither in the wilderness nor ‘in the inner chambers,’ nor in the sanctuary of any temple or church built by man; for Christ—the true esoteric SAVIOR—*is no man*, but the DIVINE PRINCIPLE in every human being.”—*H. P. Blavatsky.*



THE COAST OF CORNWALL AND THE SCILLY ISLES: by Mme A. M. de Lange-Gouda

F the endless variety in which Nature expresses her beauties and glories, the coast scenery of Cornwall, with its basalt rocks rising three to four hundred feet out of the ocean, will be particularly attractive to the nature-loving traveler.

Visiting the ‘Lizard’ and seeing from afar the lighthouse of Cape Land’s End built on a ledge of rocks four miles from the mainland, we are impressed with how many countless thousands of years these silent guardians must have protected these shores; yet notwithstanding the bold front the rocks presented, they were forced to yield foot by foot in the ceaseless battle with the waves, for it is quite certain that in ancient times the Land’s End extended much farther into the ocean.

At the same time it is brought home to us when we tread the ‘one man’s path’ that the Celts in their day knew how to guard their country. This trail is hewn in the perpendicular rock some two hundred and fifty

CORNWALL AND THE SCILLY ISLES

feet above the roaring surf on the west coast of Cornwall. It leads to Tintagel Castle, the reputed birthplace of King Arthur, within the moldered walls of which the atmosphere bespeaks memories of the Round Table, of Tristram and Iseult, and of the days when knighthood and chivalry were in flower.

Protected from the north-east winds and moderated by the influence of the Gulf Stream the climate of this locality is mild and pleasant, so temperate indeed that, to our surprise, we find here lemon trees in full bloom and fruit in summer, something we do not expect to see in an environment of 50° north latitude. But the effect of these moderating influences will impress us the more if we make the pleasant day-trip to the Scilly Isles, twenty-seven miles from Land's End and forty miles from Lizard Point.

This group comprises about forty islands surrounded by more than three hundred reefs. Seven of the islands are inhabited. On the largest, St. Mary's, is the chief town, Hugh Town. This is a lovely, clean country town. Its harbor affords safe anchorage for large vessels. On Tresco, the next largest island, is the splendid country seat of the Dorrien-Smiths who own the entire group. Samson Island is cut in twain at high tide. Besides these, St. Agnes, St. Martin's and Bryher are worthy of mention.

To visit the Scilly Isles one has to be a good sailor, for all the year round the Atlantic shows its tempestuous spirit in this locality, while in wintertime the seafarers are only too well reminded of its bad reputation as a great many ships are wrecked here every year. The lighthouse, 'The Wolf,' like a sentinel on guard, warns us that we are approaching the islands.

Oh, what a wonderful sight! the reddish rocks scattered over the surface of the deep blue ocean as far as the eye can see, each washed by white-capped waves breaking in myriads of diamond-glittering drops and vanishing high in air in rainbow-tinted mists. Suddenly something new attracts our attention. It is an almost blue-appearing hill rising out of the sea — one of the smaller islands all overgrown with dark blue hydrangeas. So it is with a feeling of unusual delight that even makes one forget the sad sight of a few wrecks, victims of the preceeding winter storms, that we reach the harbor of St. Mary's. Indeed, if the truth were known, this arrival in a safe harbor is quite a happy experience for many of the passengers.

The coming of the steamer — four times a week in summer and once in winter — is the great event of the day with the Scilly Islanders. The populace is watching eagerly to meet the visitors. They are a cheerful-looking people, yet with a certain sternness in their faces, probably the effect of the many dangers by which they feel themselves surrounded.

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We can easily realize these dangers if we visit the little cemetery, which tells its stories of all the tragedies that have been enacted on these shores. Here are the graves of the three hundred and sixty-two victims of the 'Schiller' disaster, when that great steamer was wrecked on this coast.

Our stop at St. Mary's must be necessarily short. A lunch is awaiting us in a tidy, clean-looking hotel where the tables are decorated with beautiful flowers — carnations, sweet-peas, roses and maidenhair ferns. Later, as we walk down the main street to the harbor, we notice that all the windowsills exhibit huge pots of maidenhair and a great variety of exquisite flowers. An escort of bright-looking, happy children sees us off amidst a waving of handkerchiefs as the little motor-steamer is bearing us to Treco.

Tresco! that little tropical garden, a gem carried directly from the Tropics to this northern region, so to say, by Nature's magical protection of the Gulf Stream. We are spellbound, seeing such an exuberance of tropical vegetation on so small a piece of land, with the ocean visible on all sides. The presence of a few ostriches and cassowaries makes us doubt our senses: is this reality or dreamland we are in? For be it remembered that we are in 50° north latitude; in other words, the latitude of Kief in Russia, of Vancouver in British Columbia, or Winnipeg in the province of Manitoba, Canada. Yet in this favored locality fuchsias, myrtles and geraniums attain an immense size, and aloes, cacti, palms and Australian ferntrees grow in the open air the year round.

At the landing-place a gallery contains an interesting historical collection of ships' stems and sterns, figureheads, etc., of various epochs, both ancient and modern. Could these relics tell us their stories, they would have some rare tales to relate, for the Scilly Isles have played no mean part in the making of history. They were, for instance, known to the Greeks as the *Cassiterides* ('Tin Islands'); in 936 King Athelstan granted them to a body of monks who settled on Treco; during the Civil War in England they were a Royalist stronghold, and in 1645 they afforded Prince Charlie an asylum for a while; from thence Sir John Grenville, still loyal to his king, was wont to issue from time to time and 'sweep the seas' until in 1651 he was forced to surrender to Blake and Sir John Ayscue. Today the principal occupation of the inhabitants is raising early vegetables, fruits and flowers for the London market.

However, the strongest impressions of all that these verdant isles left upon our minds were the beauties of Nature in all her glory, and these we carried back with us on our homeward trip to Penzance.



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CORNWALL COAST NEAR BUDE



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A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCILLY ISLES



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THE ISLE OF TRESCO: AVENUE LEADING TO THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THE DORRIEN-SMITHS



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ANOTHER VIEW IN THE ISLE OF TRESCO

ENZYMES: by H. Travers, M. A.

WE are indebted to a recent writer* for a brief article on 'What are Enzymes?' — a subject which he treats with a lucidity that is not so common as it might be among scientific writers. He gives, as the most acceptable definition, that it is a substance showing the properties of a catalyst and produced as a result of cellular activity. But a little further on we read that cellular activity is largely the result of chemical changes brought about by these enzymes. The word 'largely' is all that saves us here from a vicious circle; we understand that cellular activity produces enzymes, which, in their turn, produce more cellular activity.

A catalyst, or catalytic agent, is a substance which promotes chemical actions or reactions without itself being altered in the process; and the writer illustrates this by the familiar example of the use of manganese dioxide to promote the giving off of oxygen from potassium chlorate. Sand, by the way, may be used instead of the manganese dioxide; and this suggests the action of sand in disengaging steam from hot water.

It has of course been known from time immemorial that sugary solutions will ferment when exposed to the air, alcohol being produced, and carbon dioxide given off. But it is a more recent discovery that this fermentation was due to a minute plant, consisting of a single cell, and known as the yeast-plant. Still more recent is the discovery that, if a mass of yeast cells be squeezed to death under great pressure, the fluid that is squeezed out has the power to produce fermentation. To express this fact the word 'enzyme' was coined, as descriptive of the fluid or of something in it; and, somewhat unwarrantably, as some may think, the yeast-plant was distinguished as a living ferment, and the enzyme as a dead one; or the one was called an organized, the other an unorganized ferment.

The enzymes, like Gideon's band of victors, the edge of a wedge, and many other efficient things, is very minute. Further, it adheres tenaciously to other substances. Consequently the attempt to run it to earth and to be able to swear that "this is the enzyme, the whole enzyme, and nothing but the enzyme," is a matter of difficulty. You may filter and dialyse and precipitate, until you get an ever smaller and smaller residue of active substance; but how shall you venture to assert that you have got nothing *but* your enzyme; particularly when your fellow professors are also trying to isolate the creature. You find that your residue is protein-like in its nature, but your colleague finds that his takes after the carbohydrate persuasion. It may be because you

*Dr. Benjamin Horowitz in *The Scientific Monthly*, March.

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have got about one per cent of enzyme to ninety-nine of protein, while he has ninety-nine of carbohydrate to one of enzyme; or it may be that some enzymes are protein in their nature, and others by nature carbohydrate.

At this point — the question of the purity of the alleged enzyme — we are met with an unexpected and startling suggestion. “The purer the enzyme, the less active does it become.” What can this mean? You have a mixture, wherein you are looking for something. You are sure that that something is not in the part which you are taking away; but you find that it grows continually less in the part that remains behind. Where then, in the name of fortune, is it? The readiest answer is that, all the while, you have been engaged unwittingly in taking the enzyme apart, breaking him up, removing one part of him and leaving the other. So here we are confronted with the idea that our supposed rudiment is not a rudiment after all, and we must analyse deeper yet ere we can find the real deity — the guilty party, so to say — in all this chemical universe. In several cases it was found that a loss of activity by the substance supposed to contain the enzyme coincides with a proportionate loss in the amount of phosphoric acid in that substance. A ferment called laccase, from the juice of a tree used in making a Japanese lacquer, has been separated by an experimenter into different portions, each of different degree of activity, and the respective activities depending on the amount of manganese present. This looks as though the enzyme were a dual body, consisting of two parts, neither of which will act without the other, and one of them being an ordinary inorganic chemical.

Thus, in the search for active life, we resort to a process of splitting-up, which reminds us of pulling off the coats of an onion in search of the onion itself. The elements which we reject in this process of analysis are material; and it looks as though the process might be doomed to end in a final analysis of the living substance into a heap of dead materials and nothing else in sight but the inevitable interrogation point. Suppose we compare a living substance with an odd number in arithmetic — take the number fifteen for example: we can split this into a seven and eight, rejecting the eight as being an even number, representing inorganic matter. But now we find that we can split the seven into a three and a four, and we discard the four; then we split the three into a one and a two, and throw aside the two. Thus we are left with number one; and here, unless we pass to another conceptual plane, we have reached the supreme indivisible deity, and can only accept him as a fact and build an altar to him. So in our analysis of living bodies in search of life: we are bound to come sooner or later to number one, or to end by

SOME NEGLECTED FACTORS IN PHYSIOLOGY

analysing one living substance into two seemingly dead substances.

We must be careful, in this as in similar cases, not to be misled by our own practice of giving names to things. It is not as though chemists had looked into substances and found therein something labeled with the name enzyme. They agreed to *give* that name to a supposed entity contained in yeast juice, deriving it from Greek words meaning 'in yeast'; but the designation has been extended to include other things, which may or may not be entitled to inclusion in the same category. Thus we have enzymes whose special function is to change cane-sugar into grape-sugar; others which act on starch; others again which break down protein. Any one enzyme will act only on a given substance, like a key fitting one lock and no other. Nature provides means for any particular purpose she contemplates; man strives to arrange those means as 'laws.' He has made a category 'enzyme,' and a category 'organic,' and a category 'inorganic,' and so forth; and is always somewhat puzzled as to whether a 'law' is a definition of what *does* happen or an edict prescribing what *shall* happen. Will the enzymes live up to the name given them?

SOME NEGLECTED FACTORS IN PHYSIOLOGY:

by Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.

A SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY PAPER

PHYSIOLOGY, says the dictionary, "is the branch of biology dealing with the processes, activities and phenomena incidental to and characteristic of life or of living organisms. These processes and phenomena include many that are chemical, physical and mechanical, as well as others apparently of a peculiar nature."

It is those others, "apparently of a peculiar nature," that we must especially consider; for the principle underlying them, the principle of livingness, is the chief neglected factor in modern physiology. And not only neglected but mostly now denied. For inasmuch as some of the processes formerly classed as vital have been found to be chemical or electrical, it is assumed that more investigation will find them all to be so and make the word vital unnecessary. There is nothing specific in living matter, say the physiologists. It is merely more complex in its structure than ordinary matter, and therefore more complex in its automatic and mechanical reactions. Physiology is nothing but complicated chemistry and physics. The word living means nothing but complicated.

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Facts are facts. If everything that goes on in our bodies and in living matter generally *is* explicable by chemistry or *does* come wholly under mechanical laws, — why, we must face the situation and try to give up thinking that the words 'life' and 'living' and 'alive' are anything more than convenient expressions.

But the first thing to be noticed is that we *can't* view them in that way. Nobody wholly can, whatever his theories and wishes. The mind absolutely refuses. That living matter, whether of plant or animal, is *living*, may be unseated or dislodged as an intellectual notion. But when you have done that, reasoned it away, ousted it and spurned it, it is still there in that deeper part of the mind whose knowledge is no more troubled by brain-reasonings than are the ocean depths by the surface waves. For we are a part of nature, and nature knows what she knows.

So let us see what at any rate we *mean* by 'living' and 'alive,' what sort of mind-states answer to those words.

If you look at a drop of dirty pond-water under the microscope you see minute specks of almost colorless and apparently structureless jelly moving about: — amoebas, they are called. After a moment's inspection of their ways you pronounce them without hesitation to be 'living.'

Suppose a scientist made a fine emulsion of oil in a chemical solution, so fine that the oil droplets were no bigger than these amoebas, and that in consequence of the reactions between them and the solution, the drops behaved just like the amoebas.

After looking at them for a while through the microscope you might remark that they did certainly behave "just as if" they were alive. The 'just as if' would mark a barrier in your mind. "They are not living," you might say, "for I saw the chemist make them from the contents of bottles." You would look at them as interesting, but not living, products of science, excellent imitations. They would not have, for your mind, a something, an inner quality, which would alone entitle them to the epithet 'living.' What is that?

But if you saw them continue to move about, feed, grow, divide into two, conjugate, and take in air, and if all this went on day after day, you might at last say in astonishment, "Why, I believe they *are* alive."

You would mean that there was now something there in manifestation that was not a mere product of the compounding of the chemicals and oil. "They know what they are about," you would say; "they are doing things on their own account."

At the root of "knowing what they are about" and "doing things on their own account" is the idea of *consciousness*. The little creatures

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would be conscious; the consciousness would be acting in the form of *intention*, of intelligent action towards intelligible ends.

So consciousness is for us the essential of livingness, and then purposefulness in action. There are of course chemical reactions going on according to chemical law, but they differ from those in a test-tube in that they are somehow under the direction of consciousness. And this difference works out into a very peculiar characteristic. When chemicals are mixed there is a reaction between them. When that is over it is over; the mixture sits quiet. But when life is present the reactions are never over and done with. Life keeps them going one after another. When the amoeba is tired of being *one* it divides into two, each of the two growing to the same size as the original. And these in their turn multiply themselves in the same way. And so without end. Living matter seems to be naturally immortal. The living amoeba matter which crawled in the ponds a hundred million years ago is alive in the amoebas that crawl in the pond of the country wayside. Some of the living material of your body was alive in the body of Adam.

By livingness, then, we mean consciousness at work; by a living organism a unit of organized matter ensouled by consciousness, under the direction of consciousness. The directing consciousness is the life, at work with more or less intelligence and purpose.

So here we clash with the modern physiologists. They cannot deny that there is consciousness in *our* bodies, and they admit that there *may* be consciousness in organized matter all the way down the scale to the amoeba and lower yet, even perhaps in the plants.

But it does not do anything, does not guide, does not direct, is passive, inactive. There is doing; there are many doings: movements, reproduction, feeding, breathing, excretion, secretion. But all these are merely matter automatically and mechanico-chemically working of itself. The whole chain of doings that we see in organized matter is merely a long set of chemical reactions, one following another, each determining the next and determined by the last or by some stimulus from without. If there is consciousness it only looks on at a set of reactions which it cannot touch, modify, or intervene in.

And to be logical the physiologists have to say and mostly do say that *our* bodies too are only machines, all their workings only manifestations of chemical and electrical reactions, and that though, as conscious beings, we *know* what goes on in our bodies, what our bodies and brains do, nevertheless the belief that we intervene and direct, that we have and use will in any of these doings, is a delusion. We too are automata.

What are the grounds and motives of this strange contention, this denial of the deepest certainty of consciousness? What underlies it?

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Well, in part it seems to be a reaction, in part a deduction from the law of the conservation of energy, a law of comparatively recent discovery.

According to this law energy can never be created or destroyed. There is a fixed quantity of it in the universe, never increasing or diminishing through all changes in its distribution. Some of the energy of sunlight, for instance, disappears into the plants, becoming the energy by which they grow. When they die it remains locked up in the coal into which they may become transformed. Thence it reappears in the heat that results from the burning of the coal in our fires, and this again may manifest in the motion of our steam-engines or as the electricity from our dynamos. But however far it goes or whatever the changing forces in which it manifests, the total quantity of it remains the same. That is an axiom in modern physical science. A man would be outlawed who questioned it; the asylums would compete for him.

But yet — and this is of course in confidence — though they call it an axiom it is not axiomatic, nor has the law ever been proved or ever can be. Somewhere in the universe energy *may* be coming into being or may have once come into being; somewhere it *may* be ceasing to be. Our own wills *may* be actually generating a little energy all the time in our own bodies without any chance of detection. The only proof that they do not is the assumption that they cannot.

With regard to our bodies or the bodies of any animal the scientific application of the energy doctrine is this:

In the course of its existence the body takes in a certain quantity of energy from the sun, and from the earth as food — the energy in the food also really dating back to the sun. This total quantity wholly reappears again, little by little, as the work we do or that is done by our bodies in muscular movement, brain and nerve activity, excretion, secretion and so on, and in the heat generated during final decomposition. In-come equals out-go; the equation is perfect. If we could trace the process in detail we should find a long series of chemical reactions, each one set going by the previous one or by an external stimulus and itself setting going the next one: much in the same way as if you tapped the first of a long line of billiard balls your energy would be passed along from one to another and finally reappear in the jump forward and rolling away of the last one and in the vibration of its particles.

Consider some one ball of the chain, say the last one. When the energy reaches it its particles are thrown into vibration. Suppose this ball to be conscious. Then the vibrations of its particles would cause changes in its consciousness — thoughts, let us say: just as vibrations and motions of our brain cells cause thoughts in us. It might be consciously aware of having been jarred by the previous ball; would reflect

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on this experience and, having perhaps the illusion that it possessed a free will, would imagine that it voluntarily decided to move off from its neighbor and take a jaunt down the table. Or, if it did not realize the cause of its thoughts, it might imagine that it had entirely initiated its movement for private reasons.

But we should know that it really moved forward because it had no choice in the matter. The energy mechanically passed into it, shook up its particles in mechanically determined ways and amounts and then determined its motion forward, the total expenditure equaling the energy communicated to the first ball by your tap.

That is a rough symbol of the physiologists' conception of life. The whole thing is a chain of determined chemical and mechanical sequences, the same amount of energy being expended from first to last as was taken in from food, etc. The constant shake-up of our brain particles manifests in consciousness as sensations and thoughts. We do not think as a voluntary process; rather, there are thoughts excited in us. We do not will; the sense of willing is an illusion. As the energy passes into our brain cells and out again to the muscles we suppose ourselves to direct it. As a matter of fact, we are taught, the energy runs of itself along paths of least resistance. We could only push it along any other path by *creating* a little more to make the push with, and the law of the conservation of energy does not allow of that. It would be an increase in the total sum. Consciousness is therefore only an onlooker at what goes on, an accidental addition. It cannot interfere, cannot guide. We are only very elaborate automata, though automata that happen to be conscious. Nothing in our conduct would be changed if consciousness were removed.

Now as this strange conclusion is absolutely rejected by the deepest part of every man's self-knowledge, as we cannot accept it for ourselves nor really for any other form of life we can observe, not even for the plants, the amoebas, or the bacilli, we ask ourselves again, How came science to reach it? How is it that she has joyously and triumphantly tried to fortify it, instead of, as fast as the facts seemed to point to it, spending at least *some* time and energy in trying to see a way round?

Well, for one thing there is an element in man's nature that *wants* him to think himself an automaton. For in that case he is irresponsible; there is no right or wrong; if he is never entitled to praise, never, either, is he to be subjected to blame. As a mere meeting place of natural forces he has the same license as the beasts. The theory is really, in part, the claim of the passionate nature for this license, a claim arrayed in scientific terminology. But the scientist may be quite unconscious of what is biasing his thought.

So this element concurred in the reaction from Church dogma. For

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centuries the Church dominated both science and philosophy. At peril of the stake no one dared to think freely about anything important or to suggest anything in science contrary to the pronouncements of the Holy Seat.

Freedom was slowly and painfully won and the rebound of liberated thought went over the middle line of truth into materialism and mechanism. Antagonism to dogma biased the search for truth and among possible interpretations of new facts that one was sought and welcomed which seemed farthest from traditional Church pronouncements. Science was now eager for a mechanical explanation of anything that had hitherto been credited to the intervention of God. In the rush of the reaction not only was this theological figure pushed out of nature as the creator of all the species of living things, but likewise any sort of directive intelligence. Evolution was made a blind and mechanical process. And in the same reaction the law of the conservation of energy was accepted as making man likewise a mechanism and his freewill an illusion of his superfluous and passive consciousness.

But there must be and is another and corrective reaction. Man will not permanently admit himself to be nothing but a mechanism, and if the doctrine of the conservation of energy as now stated and interpreted requires him to be that, then it must somehow restate and correct itself. We have indeed, in the immense popularity of the French thinker Bergson, already a mark of the reaction. He is a sort of spiritualized Schopenhauer. Both speak of the Cosmic Will, the urge behind all things; but whereas Schopenhauer makes it blind and senseless, a mad thing to be properly fought and extinguished by each of us in himself, Bergson's conception of it is full of hope and light, making it the conscious spirit of real progression and evolution.

Can we in physiology find any explanation of the *why* of life, of what life is aiming at in all this vast turmoil, this endless compounding of living units into larger unity? Physiology as it is at present studies the body in parts, in single processes, not as a whole. We acquaint ourselves with the chemistry of digestion, the mechanism of the circulation, the structure of the sense-organs, the complicated reflexes of the nervous system. It is all very wonderful, but *why* came all these pieces of apparatus together to make an organism? Has it a reason in it? Would it seem valuable to our intelligence, if we were supremely intelligent, that what is there doing should be done? What is it all *for*?

Modern Biology and Physiology are very shy of the words 'for' and 'to,' as expressing purpose. They don't want any teleology, to use the proper word. The stomach digests food, but it is not there *to* digest food, *for* digesting food. That would imply a purpose somewhere in

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organic life. The plant turns its leaves to the sun *and* gets more light, not *to* get more light. So the organisms as a whole, our bodies, for instance, are what they are, but did not become what they are in response to any purpose behind them. There is no cosmic will building things. The aim, you see, is to make a complete presentation of cosmos as a mechanism, running of itself as such, without the active intervention or guidance of consciousness or will anywhere.

And yet no one can look at an animal or into his own feelings without seeing or feeling an intense and never ceasing will to live, will to avoid death, will to do what will give the feel of more life. The snake crawls out into the sun to get that feel, to escape the feel of less life which cold and darkness give. We eat, and the animal eats, we say to satisfy appetite. It is really to get that increased sense of life which food imparts. In all that the animal and plant do, in all that we as animals do, we can read this desire to get more sense of life, to escape the sense of lessening life. And naturally this will to live comes to its keenest in the mating instinct; for there, behind and supporting the individual's will to have the sense of more life, is all nature's will to get some more life through into manifestation.

Still reading what is visible, we will say that all the organs of the body co-operate and interbalance in providing an instrument through which the 'will to life' may be gratified. And if we are reading nature aright we shall say, were evolved *to* do it, *for* the doing of it.

And here let us note that there are two activities of will, corresponding to and working through two nervous systems. Deepest, underlying all other acts of will, is this will to live and to live more. That never ceases. It works through that nervous system known as the 'sympathetic.' Serving this will are the particular acts of will to which the word is ordinarily restricted, the will to do now this or that particular thing by use of the muscles, acting through that nervous system which is constituted by the brain and spinal cord. The other, the 'sympathetic,' is outside the brain. It runs down in front of the spinal column, not in it, and has its own system of nerves running independently throughout the body.

Now will, desire, and sensation, are states of consciousness; they belong to the *conscious* side of life; whilst, of course, the apparatus of nerves and muscles and organs through which they work belong to the *matter* side.

And here we come straight upon that difficulty about the conservation of energy. If all the bodily processes are chemical and electrical reactions, one long chain of them, each necessitating and starting the next and itself necessitated and started by the last or by some stimulus

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from without, something seen, heard, smelt, or touched — where can will come in? More generally, where can consciousness come in?

To throw the matter into the form of a picture, imagine some nerve cell in an animal's brain. The brain, you know, is made of minute nerve cells connected by fibers. This nerve cell which we have selected contains some energy locked up ready for use. To it leads a nerve fiber, let us say from the eye. From it leads another fiber, say to some leg muscles. The muscles also contain some locked-up energy. The animal sees a smaller animal in the distance, its prey. The picture of that falls on the retina of the eye and excites there certain chemical changes. These start a current along the nerve leading from the eye to the brain cell. This current excites chemical and electric changes in the cell which unlock a given quantity of the cell's energy, and this quantity runs as a current along the nerve leading to the leg muscles, unlocking some of *their* energy so that the animal's legs carry it towards the prey.

All this process is of course in reality infinitely more complicated. But the principle is the same. The whole of life, as seen by physiology, is an infinitely complicated set of storages and releasings of energy, all going of itself according to physical laws and so working out that the two sides of the equation, energy taken in and energy let out, are finally equal: just as the energy you put into an engine in the form of coal equals that which you get out of it as work plus that which escapes as heat. The engine might be conscious and imagine that it was *willing* the movement of its piston; but we should know better.

Now if a quantity of energy is sitting still, say in a nerve cell, or in course of transmitting itself along a path, a path made of nerve cells and fibers, or any other sort of path, you can only start it going, or, if it is already going, deflect into another path, by using some energy yourself. You release the energy in a match by striking it on the box, and then you release the energy in the coal by putting the match to it; or if you want to deflect a current to another circuit you must use a little of your own energy to turn a handle or screw up or unscrew something in the battery or other apparatus.

But how can conscious will, or consciousness, present in the brain, do this? Science considers energy as solely in the possession of matter, consciousness having none. And the brain cells, as being matter, can only have their energy released by the touch of energy coming to them from other matter, a nerve fiber, a sense organ, some other cells. Imagine an engine driver who was a pure consciousness, absolutely disembodied. How could he pull a lever or turn a handle?

Well, that is the way in which they think of consciousness in us, in animals, in the brain. It cannot touch the cells, cannot touch or turn

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the handle, as it were, by which their energy would be liberated. If it did so it would have to create out of itself the energy it used, however little, however easily the handle turned. And in that case the doctrine of the conservation of energy would not be true, for in the course of life *more* energy would have come out of the body than went in as food and so on, more by the amount created by conscious will. And as the current statement of the doctrine must not be impugned, the will can do nothing and therefore is nothing. Our sense of using it is an illusion and we are automata. For matter can originate nothing.

I put out my hand, take up a pen and write. All those actions are links in the long chain of necessitated chemical and electrical reactions which make up my bodily life. That is the matter side. On the conscious side I have the wish to do those things, the idea of doing them, the will to do them. And though this *corresponds* with what happens it is in no way the *cause*. There is only the marvelous coincidence, for consciousness cannot touch matter. As my arm executes those movements I *know* what is happening by the sensations and am satisfied, becoming the victim of the illusion that my will effected the affair.

This seems and is grotesque, this impassable gulf between consciousness and matter, this 'no thoroughfare' sign confronting will when it wants to get at the brain cells. And yet it is convenient and in line with the reaction we spoke of, even if it does stultify the deepest certainty of our self-awareness; for if human will were allowed to act on matter, why might not some great Cosmic Will be presently claiming to be at work on a grand scale? And *that* might introduce the theological God again! No; evolution must explain itself some other way. And, of course, if *we* have no wills, still less have the separate organs and cells of our bodies. It will, in fact, be simpler to deny them even consciousness. All their exactly done work, their marvelous co-operation as a unit, must be nothing but chemistry and mechanics.

But let us examine this direful gulf, this total breach of continuity. Nothing, we learn, can get across it from consciousness to matter, from conscious mind to the brain cell.

But how, in that case, can anything get across the other way, get from matter to consciousness? Messages do get across, never cease doing so. If not, we should never know anything that went on outside, neither see, hear, taste, smell, or touch anything. For all the senses and most of the internal organs report to the brain, and we, conscious presences in the brain, know of the report, get the report in our turn, know what is going on in our brain cells, the movements there, the incomings and outgoings of energy.

All that is certain and undeniable. But now the doctrine of the con-

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servation of energy is in danger from its own exponents. If consciousness has a sensation it has been changed. And the change has been caused by a change in brain, this in its turn caused by a change in some organ of sensation, eye, ear or what not. All changes are due to transference of energy. In this case the energy was transferred across the gulf from the brain to consciousness, resulting in the change called a sensation. *But it never gets back*, for "consciousness cannot act on matter," cannot cause changes in matter. When, in the ordinary galvanometer, an electric current runs on a wire around a magnetic needle, the needle swings to one side of its north-south position and stays there while the current flows. It wants to get back to its north-south position again, but some of the current energy disappears in keeping it in the new position, becomes locked up in it. That amount of energy with which it was displaced it restores again as soon as the current ceases, restores it in overcoming the friction of its pivot and the resistance of the air, the two amounts, that which went into it, and that which now comes out, being equal.

Similarly consciousness is deflected into the form of a sensation, a new position, as it were, by the movement or change of and in a receiving nerve cell. Work was done on it, energy went into it; or there could have been no change. Changes cannot start themselves. That is strict science; no change of any state or anything anywhere except by the application of energy, the energy disappearing into the change. Some nerve motion or energy therefore crossed the gulf and entered consciousness. And as we noted, it never returns, is lost to the physical world. Wherefore the doctrine of the conservation of energy would seem to be untrue. The energy in matter is always getting less by however minute amounts, the conscious side of nature always swallowing the energy of the material side.

But if that won't do; if consciousness *does* presently restore to the cells the energy that entered it from them, just like the needle of the galvanometer, then we have clearly room for the action of will and purpose. For if some motion may leave a nerve cell, pass into consciousness, excite there a sensation, then return to a nerve cell, run down thence to a muscle and so determine a bodily movement: then whilst it is yet in consciousness and at the moment of return to the cells, why shall it not receive a direction from the will as to *what* cells it shall return to and *what* movement of muscle and body shall be effected? In other words that is the moment at which will can intervene and guide. And so, if the whole of the energy that goes in to the presence-chamber of conscious will comes out again into the body the doctrine of the conservation of energy stands untouched *without* our being automata or machines.

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There is a place and an opportunity for will. This was made clear many years ago, and I think for the first time, by H. P. Blavatsky.

And in any case, whether they can square it with the doctrine of the conservation of energy or not, there are facts which compel the physiologists to accept the action of conscious states upon body. If I choose to call up in my mind the picture of a lemon my salivary glands will presently begin to secrete saliva. My conscious idea has played direct upon the matter of those nerve cells which govern the salivary glands. And if the doctor tells the sick man that he is looking better today, exciting in him the feeling of being better and the hope to get well, those states of conscious feeling may and often do so act upon the whole body as to turn the patient round a corner at which he would otherwise have failed and died, wake up all the cells of the body to a new and triumphant vigor in their fight with the disease. The will to live is suddenly let into the body.

Why do they play music to the very sick patients at some of the hospitals? In England there is a society, the Kyrle Society, which devotes itself to that. The music betters many of the patients, lowers feverish temperature and so on. How? The conscious feeling of the patients is appealed to, raised, harmonized. They like the music, and the renewed and more living consciousness tonics and restores the cells of the body.

The will to live, to have the feeling of more life, to have more life, is the force neglected by physiologists, the Hamlet they leave out of the play. See it as the cause of evolution, the cause of the variations in plants and animals upon which natural selection plays — all of them experiments which the will tries — and the chief difficulty of Biology disappears.

The body of the man who comes to love music alters subtly to correspond with his desire to enjoy it more. Just as the hearing cells, the cells of the organ of hearing, become finer in structure, so must the nerve cells of the 'sympathetic' system all through the body be altered. Some people feel music as a thrill throughout their bodies in addition to their hearing of it with their ears. And so all the way up the scale of evolution, in plant and animal kingdoms, we may assume that the will to respond to nature in ever fuller degree, to get more feel of life and so more life, leads to the production of tentative variations in structure, the beginnings of new organs of sense and activity, the bettering of existing ones, and to subtle interior changes of the whole nervous system throughout the body to correspond. Just as there are two forms of will, the general will to live and the separate acts of will to do this or that particular thing, so there are two forms of sensitivity or sensation. Two men look at a sunset with its banner of colors. Both see the same display;

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the sense of sight may be equally responsive in both; in that respect they have the same sensation.

That is as much as one of them gets. But the other thrills to the *beauty* of it; he has a far deeper sensation all through his being; the life-feel is intensified, raised. And the will to have more of that, the will to live, will draw him again to the same spectacle tomorrow.

Some men hear all the *sounds* of music; their hearing organ is perfect, the sensation accurate, their recognition of the particular piece quite ready. But they get little or even none of the *music*. Nothing is gained by the deep life feel in its desire for intensification. They have the surface sensation but not the deep one.

Have we not by this time got from physiology some idea of the meaning of life? Can we, without going too far from physiology into philosophy, give the meaning some expression?

We have seen that nature affects us doubly, rouses two orders of sensation. The wind murmurs through the trees on a still night, or the little waves lap softly upon the shore. To one order of sensation the sounds are noise and to the man who has but that one order they are nothing more. To the other and deeper order, which they reach through the gateway of the first, they are music, formless but infinitely appealing and suggestive, echoing in chambers of life-feeling which words have nothing to do with. To one order of sensation a tree or a sunset is just so much color; but that color once admitted through the outer gateway of sight, wakes the sense of beauty, enriches the life feel in a special way, gratifies the will to live more and finer. The scent of a rose may likewise make an appeal beyond its work upon the sense of smell.

The will toward more life, more of the life feel, never ceases; but men do often, nearly always, misjudge the way to meet its demand. On levels of life below our own, among the animals, the apparatus of animal sensation had to be developed. The will for life, the urge of life, had that work in hand. So far as we live for animal gratification, for sensuality, we have gone back to a level we should have transcended. We are dulling and spoiling our instrument, hindering it perhaps for good so far as this particular incarnation is concerned, from reaching a new level of fineness and responsiveness. For as we learn to respond to color and sound and form and scent, getting from them, beside the mere sensation, an added and finer life in the depths of our nature, so we shall begin to respond — and some do respond — to effluences in nature for which there is no name and which reach us through avenues of sensation that are not among the five we know and name. Consciousness becomes richer, the life feel finer, we cannot say how, nor say what has come in to feed it. And at the top of this scale we shall at last sense

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and gain life from that universal presence to which men have given so many names.

So evolution is the deepening and expansion and intensification of conscious life. We mount the stairs of nature, drinking more fully of life at every step. Life is joy, and when we have learned to drink life from everything, to find beauty everywhere, to find meaning everywhere as a man finds music as the meaning of sound, we shall not only have learned the art of life and understood the why of it, but also found in fullness of life the fullness of happiness.


And now a last point, in reaching which we return to the scientific doctrine of energy.

It does seem as if, ere we have done with the universe, we must assimilate *it* (along with its meaning) in a very real sense and leave nothing of it behind. Perhaps we cannot leave it and retire into ourselves with all the stored wealth of life we have accumulated till we *have* got it all.

We saw — and there seemed no help from the conclusion — that energy was continually passing across or in from matter to consciousness, causing changes there, the changes we call conscious sensation, and afterwards the other changes that are thoughts about sensations, and the life-feelings that accompany sensation. Some of this energy is returned to the nerve cells under the direction of will. But can it all be? Some of the energy of a workman disappears into the house which he builds and will not reappear till released by the fall of the house. And so it seems to me as if some of the energy or motion of the nerve cells disappears into consciousness altogether. For consciousness as it evolves, as it is built up, as it becomes richer, complexer, fuller of registered memory, must *store* energy as the house stores the energy of the workman, energy only liberated again by those who lead lives in some degree degenerate. It must absorb energy into its advancing form and structure, building itself from or with the aid of that highest form of matter, the brain: that, the brain, being supplied by food and the food in turn dating back to the sun. So that we slowly build our temple of conscious life from cosmic energy absorbed from the center of all energy.

We have got beyond physiology and yet not altogether so. It is physiology itself, and the sciences upon which it rests, that have suggested to us that in the vast course of evolution the building of consciousness means the absorption into it of the energy and at last all of the energy of the world. Energy, through us and in us, becomes transmuted into the form of conscious life, at last all transmuted. The real task of the universe, to be food for man's consciousness, will be ended.

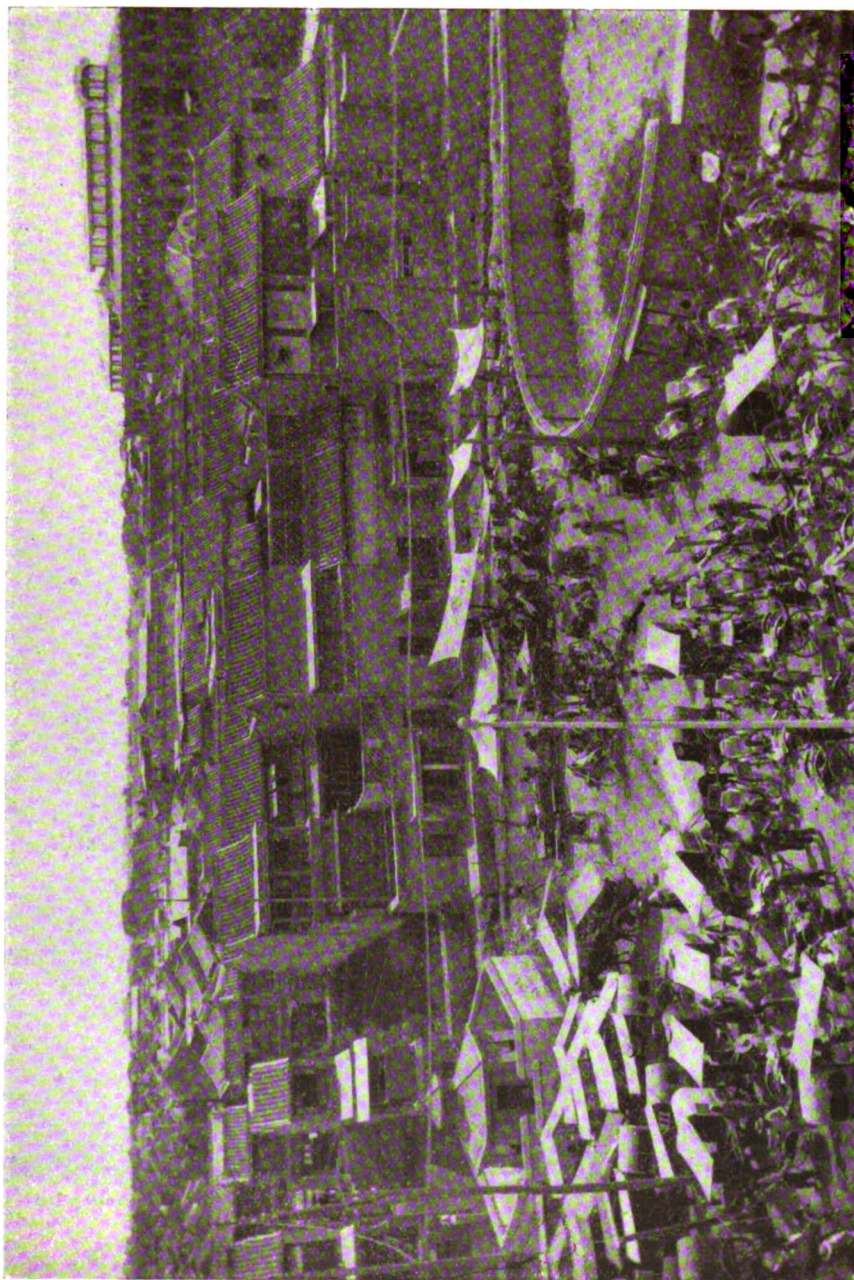
IN THE STREETS OF PEKIN: by R. L.

O walk through the streets of Pekin and see the ever-changing aspects of their teeming crowds of good-natured humanity is a fascinating pastime. In the main the thoroughfares are spacious, but in consequence of the practice of bartering in the streets rather than in the shops the space left for traffic is narrowed to a road in the middle just wide enough for two vehicles to pass.

If we stand a few minutes on the edge of the crowd we may see such sights as: a funeral procession headed by paid mourners dolefully lamenting the dead, followed by chicken coops and the coffin slung from poles borne on the shoulders of pallbearers, with the family and friends of the deceased bringing up the rear, garbed in pompous or uncouth array according to their station; perhaps following this will be a wedding procession with the bride's closed red sedan-chair, in front of which is borne the roasted pork to propitiate evil spirits, and accompanying her are gifts of fruit, furniture and domestic articles of all kinds, while the procession marches to the tune of what seems to our ears anything but music; a troop of dromedaries laden with coal from Tartary may be next in line, and a company of Manchu soldiers will possibly follow in their wake and the trailing cloud of dust; while scattered in between there will be wheel-barrow and push-cart venders of vegetables or what-not pushing their unwieldy-appearing vehicles, or else coolies carrying nondescript packages of merchandise swung from either end of a long pole borne on their shoulders; and there will likely be an occasional sedan-chair of some mandarin borne by two, four or eight retainers.

Meanwhile beside us and all around us, and on both sides of the street, there is a dense mass of humanity selling and buying, bartering and bickering, everyone talking at once, so that the resulting babble could hardly be exceeded.

Besides the merchants vending their wares, we are surrounded by jugglers and conjurers and acrobats, quack doctors and comedians, itinerant cobblers and menders of everything under the sun, peripatetic barbers, men playing battledore with their feet, others flying kites in rivalry or shooting with the bow and arrow. In addition to merchants offering the customary articles of commerce, there are also pastrymen, cooks, fruiterers, bankers, apothecaries, herb venders, booksellers, fortune-tellers, each with his table or stall or little space of ground disposed along either side of the street in front of the shops proper, everyone eager to 'catch a little pigeon.' Indeed, most of the business is transacted in the open air. By day the shop-fronts are thrown open, and the projecting roof or awning protects the merchandise from sun or rain. One of the accompanying illustrations gives a fair idea of a typical Pekinese shop.



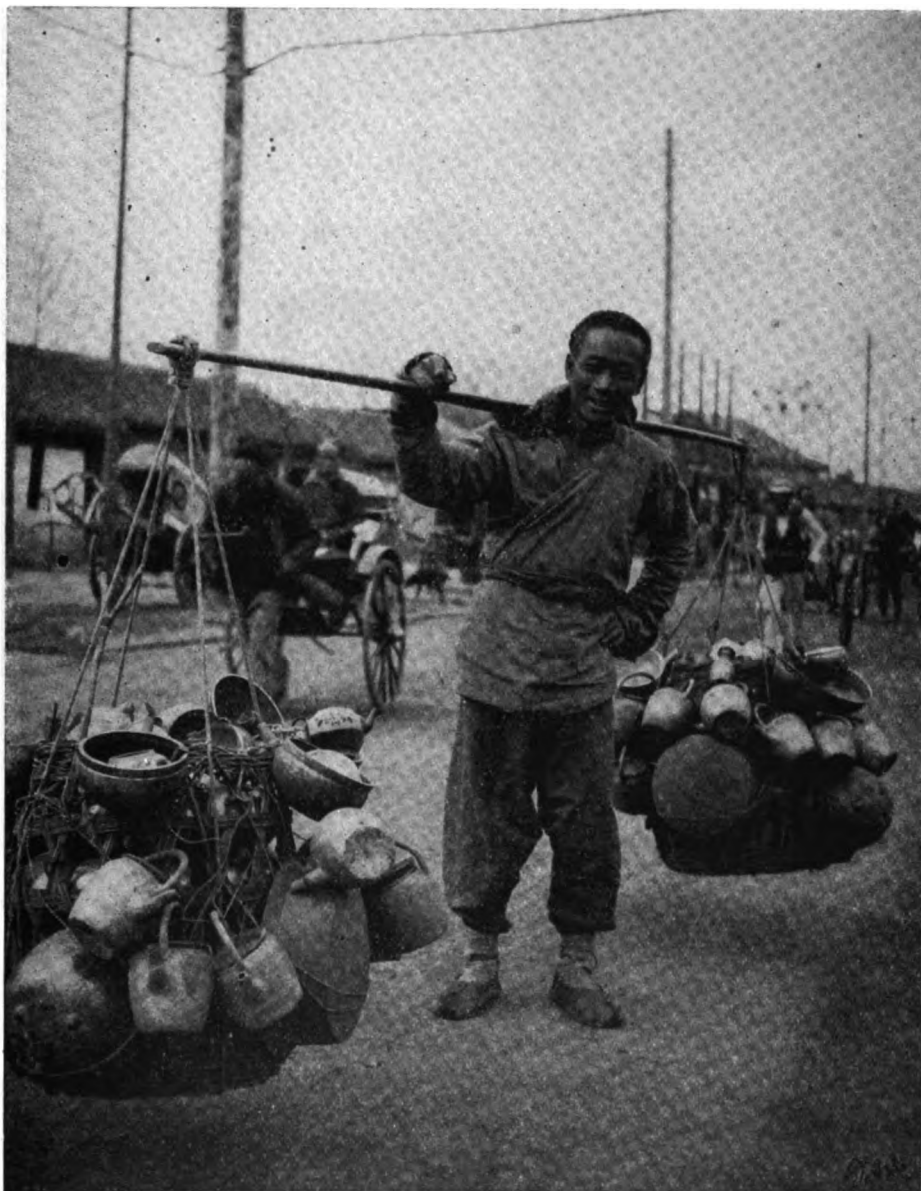
Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

A MARKET-PLACE IN PEKIN



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

A CHINESE ONE-WHEELED CART OR BARROW



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

A PERIPATETIC CROCKERY SHOP IN PEKIN



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

A TYPICAL PEKINESE SHOP FRONT

REINCARNATION

BY KENNETH MORRIS

I

WHY is this long, long corridor of years
By all these olden ghosts so wandered through?
Naught that the heart may hope, the hands may do —
No laughter, no despair, no joy nor tears —
But there-amidst some shadow-shape uprears
Out of the past — dim glimmerings into view
Of old concatenations ever anew —
Old long dead voices whispering hopes and fears.

(Even today, maybe, I greeted one
I greeted last in Thebes or Babylon;
Even today was pierced by pity or pride
Shot from my bow of old by Tiber-side
In Julius' day; had joy of victories won,
Or grief of ill deeds done ere Priam died.)


II

We are not free, and ah! we are not free,
For all the slumbering deity within.
When we would win the heights we think to win,
When we would be the things we dream to be,
Athwart our proudest hope comes Destiny
And webs us round; and we, albeit akin
To all the unfallen Thrones and Cherubin,
Go toppling down and perish piteously.

Was there no past? Were there no dreams and deeds
Wrought by ourselves of old time for sown seeds
Of this life? No things done and left undone
In this our native Earth in ages gone,
To call us back from the Asphodelian Meads
To these dim precincts of the moon and sun?

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

ON BACKSLIDING: by T. Henry, M. A.

HE title of this article might have been more learnedly written, 'Action and Reaction'; but, as that would have been vague, leaving the reader in doubt whether we meant to write on science or philosophy or what, we have used a word familiar to our pious ancestry, and about whose meaning there can be no doubt. Backsliding is a state of reaction, which, supervening upon a state of zeal, plunges the soul of the devotee in a temporary despair, causing him to do those things which he should have left undone, and to leave undone those things which he should have done. And, in order to account for the catastrophe, he is fain, professed monotheist though he be, to imitate all mankind before him and attribute his woes to an evil Potency — to wit, Satan, the Devil — modern representative of Typhon and Ahriman.

As a matter of fact, however, our zealot has merely illustrated a well-known and invariable law of Nature, which science calls the law of action and reaction. Our emotional nature is subject to such fluctuations, back and forth, from hot to cold; and if we mix up too much emotion with our piety, we shall inevitably suffer from alternating moods of exaltation and depression, self-satisfaction and self-undoing. What we need, therefore, is a steady constant devotion which shall carry us through all our emotional changes, so that we shall not be carried away by our enthusiasm, nor yet chilled by the deadness that will surely follow it. We need to separate our emotions from our genuine devotion; for the emotions are liable to change, and if we attach ourselves too much to them, we shall get carried away by them, and shall despair when there is really no need to do so.

When confronted by a law of nature, we should not resent or try to oppose it, but accommodate ourselves to it and make use of it. This principle of reaction is such a law; and in many concerns of life we actually do avail ourselves of it. If we have been doing hard work, and find ourselves tired, we do not throw down our tools in despair and vow never to work again; only an idiot would do that. We rest awhile, keeping our object in view against the time when we can work again. And meanwhile we can profitably employ our leisure in something else.

It is evident that, to every pair of opposites, there is a third or balancing state which can carry us through. A traveler does not allow his purpose to be affected by the alternating states of his body, but persists in it whether he is walking or resting. And so we should try to find this constant and unshifting basis beneath our ever-changing moods. We should aim at being "the same in pain and pleasure, heat and cold, favor or disfavor, etc.," as the *Bhagavad-Gitâ* says. Our backslider needs not to be discouraged from his efforts by his backsliding; he can recognise

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that weaknesses and old habits cannot be overcome all at once. And the next time he makes an effort, he will make it more wisely and not put so much personal emotion into it.

It is within our power to progress continually in the attainment of poise and balance; for we have only to compare our present condition with what it was in the past in order to see that already we have advanced. A person in a bad state of reaction and despondency would do well to keep as quiet as possible until the state has passed. He should not allow his mind to worry him, for the mind itself is mixed up in the state of reaction and is likely to mislead him.

Theosophy comes very much to our aid here by assuring us that, beyond our thinking mind, there is the heart, a surer steadier source of wisdom; and although the surface waters of our mind may be dark and stormy, the heart behind is tranquilly awaiting the return of calm. So if we can manage to cultivate this trust in the innate wisdom and strength and goodness within us, we can find a way to tide ourselves through all despondent moods.

Our main difficulty comes from the habit of restlessness and 'living on our nerves,' so much engendered by our way of life in this civilization. There are some people who can never be still, but must always be either working or amusing themselves; they cannot even sit still on the cars, but must read a novel or a paper, or smoke, or chew gum. With these people, the real strong side of their nature never gets a chance; they do not give it one. They let themselves be pulled about hither and thither by the calls of the body and its nerves, by the stomach, and by the idle or troublesome thoughts that flit unbidden into their mind. It would do such people much good to cultivate the power of sitting quiet occasionally, just so that they might see to what extent they can control their impulses if they really try.

Hence most of our backslidings and moods of despondency are not due at all to any infirmity in our purpose or to any change of heart or lack of zeal. They are simply due to the fact that we have not learnt to control our body and nerves and thoughts and emotions, and that we allow ourselves to be swayed by these. After a time we come to realize that this is so; and then we find a new power to let the currents go by without being upset by them. We discover that our purpose is constant, and that we are true all the time, and we give up making mountains out of molehills and getting discouraged because we cannot keep our bow ever on the stretch.

Both in our philosophy and in our conduct we are always striving to unify dualities, to bring harmony out of contrasts, to solve dilemmas, reconcile opposites, and come to a conclusion or a decision. One of the

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commonest symbols of the universal mystery-language is that of a wheel rotating; it signifies continual motion and change around a motionless center. We are built on this pattern, and have the power of shifting our mind about from one part of our constitution to another; so that we can dwell either in the rim of the wheel or in its center. If we dwell in the rim, we rise and fall with every tide in continual restlessness; but we can gravitate towards the center, rest there, and watch the changes going round. Another symbol of equilibrium is the balance, as seen in the zodiac; and if we hang from each pan of the balance another balance, making three altogether, the symbol becomes even more suggestive. Every tendency in our nature is related to some other tendency, of the same kind, but of an opposite pole; and if we know this, we may be able to control both tendencies by balancing them against each other, just as we can carry a long heavy pole by holding it in the middle. Ignorance of the fact may cause us to fail in overcoming a fault, because it is connected with something else and we do not suspect the connexion. For instance, we may be striving to overcome our unpleasant emotions, such as anger and resentment, while all the time we are unwisely indulging our pleasant emotions. Both conditions are emotional, and indulgence in the one leads to indulgence in the other. We need to overcome all emotional weakness, both pleasant and painful; so that, if we cannot overcome one fault alone, it may be quite easy to overcome two at once. And so with other habits which we may find it hard to overcome; they may be subtly connected with something else which we unsuspectingly tolerate, and thus we may be frustrating our own efforts.

From all this it will be seen that action-and-reaction is a fundamental law of nature; and therefore we should learn how to make use of it. When we have worked so long at one thing that the tools and material are overheated, it is time to work a spell on something else.



“THE gods of sects and specialties, may perhaps be failing of their accustomed reverence, but in the mean time, there is dawning on the world, with a softer and serener light, the conception, imperfect though it still may be, of a conscious, originating, all-pervading, active soul — the ‘Over-soul,’ the Cause, the Deity; unrevealed through human form or speech; but filling and inspiring every living soul in the wide universe according to its measure: *whose temple is Nature, and whose worship is admiration.*”

— Osgood Mason

CLEAR THINKING: by R. Machell

DEALS are always liable to be misunderstood, misinterpreted, or misapplied. This is inevitable because of the differences of character, education, and stage of evolution existing among people who pride themselves on their equality. Men meet as equals, discuss some subject, each from his own particular point of view, misunderstand each other, disagree, and part with rancor, raised by the apparently deliberate perversion of their views, and by the opposition they encounter from others, who ought to understand the matter in discussion and see it in the same light, because the disputants are of a presumed equality; which same equality is a mere myth; for no two men are equal in any particular, being different. But over and above these constant causes of confusion there are others that are avoidable. One is the habit of lazy thinking. It requires an effort to clear up one's mind on any subject, so as to know just what one actually means by words and phrases, by forms of thought, and phrases currently used and very loosely understood in general. The effort is rarely carried to a successful issue, if one may judge by the confusion of mind evident even among professors of a particular science or philosophy.

The habit of loose reasoning is very prevalent, particularly among dogmatists, who seek to stiffen a weak conviction by violence of assertion, which reacts upon the dogmatist by producing a sense of triumph easily mistaken for sincere conviction. It also leads to violent denunciation of all opponents, for denunciation is easy, and every one understands it; while reason is difficult to acquire and is not easily intelligible to others.

In order to know what one actually means by words and phrases such as individualism, nationalism, or universalism, a good deal of careful thought is necessary. Dictionaries are useful, but the essential is clear thinking and honesty of purpose, neither of which is possible to a man whose first desire is to assert himself, or to prove himself right, or to demonstrate the absurdity of the 'other fellow's' point of view.

The question of individualism occupies an important place in social philosophy, as well as in the higher branches of philosophy, that is to say in the study of life itself and of our own relation to the universe. In truth there are no higher or lower branches of philosophy, but there are deeper or shallower perceptions of the truth, and there are broader or narrower applications of general principles; and unfortunately we are all too much inclined to differentiate between our theory and the application of our own conclusions to our own lives. Many a careful thinker finds no incongruity between his own egotism and his conviction of the truth of universalism: and on the other hand an avowed individualist may here and there be found practising the most altruistic form

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of universalism. Such incongruities as these are nature's safety-valves.

The individualism that consists in a personal revolt against authority is hardly philosophical; although it is common enough to be a rather positive factor in all social movements. It is based on the illusion of separateness, and is usually due to a mental negation of the higher nature, the soul. Whereas the philosophical conception ranges from the idea of souls eternally separate even in their ultimate association, loosely conceived of as infinity, up to the universalist ideal of the essential unity of all souls, with or without the intervention of an oversoul. In fact the term serves to include the various ideals of all opposing parties: a laxity of thought that has its drawbacks as well as its conveniences.

The universalist is hardly less generous in the variety of interpretation that he allows himself. He not infrequently employs the term to hide his absolute incapacity to formulate anything worthy to be called a thought. He is "all things to all men"; which high-sounding phrase may be practically understood to mean being nothing to any party in particular; which critically considered is hardly to be distinguished from mere egotism; and which works out in actual life as the systematic avoidance of all responsibility. On the other hand the designation may be applied to those who claim that the essence of their own individual soul is the supreme. Such universalists may recognise the unity of all souls in the oversoul, as well as the separateness of all personalities in material life. They may maintain that those personalities are practically separate and real existencies on their own plane, and yet not ultimately disunited from the Universal Soul. Or they may hold that all personalities are mere illusion, having no reality, separate or otherwise.

And there are many more modifications of philosophical interpretation possible under the general headings just alluded to.

So long as the English language is so little used for philosophical discussion, so long will it be extremely difficult to avoid misunderstanding. The real cause of confusion, however, is in the habit of loose thinking and mental laziness. Deliberate self-deception is another matter, unfortunately not so rare as one might wish to believe. But if a man can clear his own mind, so as to know whether he has any definite idea upon a subject, and if so what, then he will find some means to make his meaning clear to those who are trying, like himself, to reach to an understanding of themselves.

Self-knowledge is necessary.

When a man begins to know himself he finds all other men become intelligible to the same degree. When a man knows just what he really thinks and means, he finds that very simple language serves to express all that he has to say. But if his own mind is not known to himself,

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and if he is consumed with the desire to instruct his fellows, or rather, let us say, to persuade them to adopt his terms and phrases, his creed in fact, then he will find language (no matter which) entirely inadequate. For that which he has within is in itself a chaos, and there are no definitions known in chaos—chaos is incoherent. So will he be, until he find himself.

To say that language is inadequate to express the notions of the soul is to enunciate a truism; but to persuade oneself that language can not express a clearly formulated thought is to deceive oneself.

Let a man recognise the spiritual nature of the soul as well as the material nature of the brain-mind, and he will find himself on the way to understand what thoughts are capable of utterance, and why the Wise Ones always command Silence where the unutterable is concerned. For there is that in Man which is not to be uttered or expressed in words, nor even formulated into thought; it remains ever in the condition of the universal, although the individual may be the reflexion of its radiance mirrored in the waters of illusion, as the material world is called in the old philosophy.

Clear thinking will help us to define the limits of our mental faculties, and free us from the overwhelming sense of helplessness, that falls upon a man who with his brain-mind tries to grasp infinity.

And aspiration to the infinite will purify the higher mind, and give it more control over the lower nature. So order may take the place of confusion, and a man may find unexpected power of utterance come to him when he no longer labors confusedly to define the absolute.

KARMA AND SUICIDE: by H. Travers, M. A.



NEWSPAPER paragraph records the case of a young man who shot himself because he had tuberculosis. He preferred an immediate end to the prospect of a lingering death.

Suicide is never justifiable, and may well be regarded as evidence of insanity — temporary at least. Under Christian ethics, it is an impious interference with the Divine will, entailing future retribution. As to the attitude of a man who believes, or claims to believe, that death ends all, we find this position so untenable that we are unable to use it as a basis of argument. Under such a belief, life becomes so absurd and meaningless a farce that one can find no serious arguments either for or against suicide.

A disease has of course its physical causes, which can be traced. It

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may be due to careless living by the individual or to heredity. But we are not at present concerned with the physical cause; it is not enough to know the *how*; our intellect demands to know the *why*. The ethical side of the question calls for consideration. This can only be understood by accepting the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation. We incur suffering because we ourselves, by our own acts, have sown the seeds of it, either in this life or a preceding one. We reap the consequences of our own acts; but these consequences need not be considered as merely punitive; they are educative; they are due to the desire of the Soul to restore the balance which has been destroyed — to realize justice. To attempt to evade the consequences by suicide, is merely to postpone them; the Karma must be worked out some time. In addition, the suicide has sown new seeds of bad Karma by his violent and unnatural act. If he was out of his mind when he did the act, he will not suffer so much; for the consequences of an act return upon the actor; and the mind is involved in those consequences only to the extent in which it was the actor. The act of self-destruction does *not* end all; the victim hurls himself violently into the next world before his time, interfering with the natural orderly processes that attend a natural death.

We are here for the purpose of learning; and every experience is an opportunity. It has been said that those who suffer live more truly and learn more thoroughly than those who do not. By suffering, the will is exalted. We have to master the meaning of pleasure and pain some time. So the law which decrees that a suicide cannot avoid his fate is a merciful law, because it decrees that he shall have again the opportunity which he has thrown away.

Our lot in life is, in the last analysis, the lot which we have elected for ourself. As an athlete in training will willingly undergo hardship for the sake of his purpose — that of strengthening himself; so the Soul plunges willingly into mortal life for the sake of experience.

And one of the conditions of that experience is a temporary forgetfulness. Thus we lose sight of our real purpose and become confused. Inadequate education has perhaps shorn us of the power to invoke our spiritual will; we have never accustomed ourselves to resort to that divine aid.

Many people spend their lives battling with ill-health or deficient vitality; it was needed for the strengthening of their will. A spend-thrift needs the lesson of poverty to teach him thrift. Courage that is dependent on physical strength is not the best sort.

The moral of the whole matter is that a better understanding of life is needed; and on this we can found a more adequate education.

OFFICIAL RECOGNITION GIVEN POINT LOMA STUDENTS

Judge Advocate General Renders Opinion That Classification As Divinity Students Is Within Meaning Of Law In Instructions Issued; Rulings And Correspondence Given

OUR readers will doubtless remember 'The Statement of Facts' relative to the nature and purposes of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and of The School of Antiquity, published in the February issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH. This statement had reference to the claims for exemption filed by several resident students at the International Theosophical Headquarters, who as students of Divinity in the School of Antiquity are preparing themselves to become ministers of the doctrines of Theosophy, — but which claims have been denied by both the Local Board No. 1 of San Diego, and the District Board of Division 1 of Los Angeles. We now publish copies of important official documents bearing upon the subject, as follows:

- (1) Minority Report of Colonel Ed. Fletcher, member of the District Board of Los Angeles.
- (2) Letter from Mme Katherine Tingley in *The San Diego Union*, March 24, 1918;
- (3) Letter from Mme Katherine Tingley to the Local Board No. 1, San Diego, California, March 23, 1918;
- (4) Letter from Provost Marshal General E. H. Crowder to Mme Katherine Tingley, March 11, 1918;
- (5) Letter from the Office of the Provost Marshal General to the Adjutant General of California, March 11, 1918;
- (6) Opinion rendered by the Acting Judge Advocate General regarding the matter, March 6, 1918;
- (7) Letter from the Adjutant General, State of California, to the District Board of Los Angeles, March 21, 1918.

COL. FLETCHER SUBMITS REPORT ON EXEMPTION DENIAL TO THEOSOPHICAL STUDENTS

In connexion with the denial of exemption from military service of forty-two students at the School of Antiquity, Point Loma, Col. Ed. Fletcher, San Diego member of the District Board, has submitted the following minority report:

"To the District Board of Division One, Southern District of California, Los Angeles, Cal.

"Gentlemen: You have asked me to hear the appeal and make recommendation in the case of Charles Milton Savage, who claims deferred classification for the reason that he is a student

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of divinity in the School of Antiquity situated at Point Loma Homestead, San Diego. I respectfully submit that the following are the points at issue:

“(a) Is the School of Antiquity a school of divinity, employing the word ‘divinity’ in its proper sense as relating to the Divine, to Deity?

“(b) Is it a recognized school of divinity?

“(c) Are the young men claiming exemption from military service as students of divinity in the School of Antiquity actually such, and were they such at the time of and prior to the date of the Selective Draft Act?

“The Rules and Regulations as prescribed by the Provost Marshal General grant deferred classification to a ‘student who on May 18, 1917, was preparing for ministry in a recognized school.’ On page 40, Selective Service Regulations, issued by the Provost Marshal General, is the definition of a minister of religion as follows:

“‘A regular minister of religion is one who, as his customary vocation, preaches and teaches the principles of religion of a church, a religious sect, or organization of which he is a member, without having been formally ordained as a minister of religion, and who is recognized by such church, sect, or organization as a regular minister.’

“The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is one of the four Theosophical societies listed in the bulletin of the United States census, entitled ‘Religious Bodies, 1906,’ and recognized therein as one of the religious denominations of the country, and claims a membership of 50,000 throughout the world.

“The School of Antiquity, of which said Savage is a member and student, was founded some seventeen years ago by Madame Katherine Tingley, who is still its recognized head. It is the only divinity school connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and Point Loma is the only place where students who expect to make the spreading of this branch of Theosophy their life work can be sent to be taught and trained. The School of Antiquity is a corporation properly authorized by its charter to carry on spiritual education for the purpose of training young men and women to spread the gospel of Theosophy and Brotherhood, and holds the same relation to the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society as does any other divinity school to the particular denomination with which it may be affiliated. It is recognized by the United States as a divinity school, in the following language:

“‘The School of Antiquity was incorporated for the special purpose of establishing colleges, academies, etc., for the study of Rāja Yoga. . . . The schools include in their Curriculum the studies taught in primary and high schools, colleges and universities, but place special emphasis upon the building and development of character and self-reliance as based upon the essential divinity of man.’ (From page 640, Special Reports of the Bureau of Census, Religious Bodies, Part II, Separate Denominations, Issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor.)

“Said Savage has been preparing himself for ministry in this organization since 1912; has dedicated his life without compensation to this work, and is designated by the society as a minister, or ‘worker,’ or ‘teacher.’

“These students now number approximately two hundred and twenty-five, and in this particular line of work there are forty-two. The principles of the order and the teachings of the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood, as they appear without conflict in the evidence, may be summarized as follows:

- “1. A belief in an all-wise and all-kind Deity, whose laws should be revered and obeyed.
- “2. Amongst the most important of those laws are the laws of purity of life and of charity.
- “3. A belief in a future existence, in which one’s status will bear relation to his conduct on this earth.
- “4. That God is good, and our whole life a school for good — a system of progressive development.
- “5. That conduct will not be judged solely by the acts of the individual, but by his acts in view of his opportunities to know and follow the truth.
- “6. Charity has a value, not alone for the good of the act itself to the recipient, but also because of the higher and finer development of the doer of charity wrought by his kindly act.

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"The above, in general, gives the principles of the order. As to its practices, and here I speak with a knowledge of seventeen years' personal observation, the members of this order have an enviable record for observance of the law and for charitable deeds, particularly in taking hundreds of young children without parents, home or other means of support, giving them splendid educations and making of them clean, upright citizens. This is, to my mind, the unquestioned record of principle and practice.

"In most, if not all, religions there is an element of divine truth that demands powerful recognition. Can we not say, therefore, that intolerance is in itself a sin?

"The patriotism of the order is unquestioned, as shown by the testimony of its leaders; also by the fact that already fourteen young men from the Point Loma institute have gone into the service of their country voluntarily, and it is only because of the recognition which the student feels to be due to his religion, and the fact that these students are the ones who are expected within the near future to play an important part in the spreading of the gospel of Theosophy, that said Savage asks to be placed in the same category with other divinity students.

"The question is this, is Savage a student preparing for the ministry in a recognized school, and thus within Subdivision C, of Class 5? To my mind, there is but one answer. Undoubtedly he is. But, even if doubt could be said to exist, it must be resolved in favor of Savage's contention, under the order of the Provost Marshal General to all boards to approach the consideration of questions such as this with 'sympathy and common sense.'

"Religion is defined as 'any system of faith and worship' (New Universities Dictionary), and the difference between a theological school and Theosophical Institute such as that of which Savage is a student is a difference merely in words; the theologian studies the Laws of his Deity; the Theosophist studies the Wisdom of his Deity. Both alike are seekers after divine truth; both alike are desirous of molding their lives on definite law and wisdom.

"The Constitution of the United States guarantees freedom of religious belief, and this means a reasonable recognition of religious faiths and views. It is not the size of a religious order or school which stamps it as entitled to recognition. The Christian faith was founded by our Savior, and for some time He and His twelve disciples were the Christians of the world. Religion as recognized by our Constitution is not limited to those who entertain any particular belief in one and the same Supreme Being. Mohammedans, Jews, Buddhists and Christians are alike under the benign protection of our laws. Does it not appeal to the reason that an organization of 50,000 members holding the same views on things divine and preaching and teaching its doctrines of divinity, which doctrines find expression in a high standard of morals of life and charity, should be regarded and classed as a religious organization? Certainly, it is a recognized order, and it cannot be too strongly emphasized that these students of divinity now claiming deferred classification have ever since the dedication of their lives to this religious work been under special training for the sole purpose of carrying on the religious work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. It is these men that the organization intends to send out, and soon, as their apostles or ministers of the gospel to preach the word, and if the said organization shall now lose their services it will be a serious blow to the continuation of the work of the society. It should be remembered that out of all their students it is only the members of this special advanced class for which the society is asking deferred classification.

"It is a rare thing, indeed, for young men of character and ability to offer their lives in a work of this kind, without expectation of pecuniary reward, and with the sole object of bettering human conditions and fostering sound and comprehensive religious philosophy. Far be it from me to be so wise as to officially declare, in view of all this, that the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is not a religious order. It is proper to add that I am not a member of the order, but a member of the Congregational Church.

"I beg to refer the members of the District Board to the affidavits made by a number of well-known citizens of San Diego who agree with me in this matter, and whose honor and probity are beyond question, among whom are the following:

"Judge William R. Andrews, George Burnham, Dr. Francis H. Meade, James MacMullen, Duncan MacKinnon, Rev. Willard B. Thorp, J. B. McLees, Rev. E. R. Watson, John Forward,

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Jr., Joel W. West, and I also particularly call your attention to the affidavit made by one of the most highly respected citizens of the United States, Governor George W. P. Hunt of Arizona.

"I am aware that three of the five ministers of the Gospel who so kindly accepted our invitation to hear these cases with us, and make recommendations have decided adversely to said Savage's claim for deferred classification; also, that in the case of one divinity student from this institution, the board of which I am a member refused to recognize his claim for deferred classification.

"This whole question is not one that has to do merely with the exemption of a dozen or so young men from military service, but it is a question of principle and of the rights of the citizens of this United States. The principle involved is the one of religious liberty. I cannot help but believe that if the members of this District Board realize that the whole question hinges upon facts and not upon opinion, and if they realize what is involved in their decision that they will see what is the course of justice. I respectfully submit that the District Board has no other course open to it than to follow the instructions of the President and Congress, as explicitly stated in the Selective Service Act; namely:

"That the students who at the time of the approval of this Act are preparing for ministry in recognized theological or divinity schools shall be exempt from service in the army."

"In making this provision just quoted for the exemption of students of divinity, it must be absolutely clear to all true citizens of the United States that such provision was made after the whole matter had been carefully considered by the President and by Congress, and the provision is so carefully worded and so in harmony with the Constitution of the United States that it must be perfectly clear to anyone who thinks at all that it was intended to do justice to all, without any discrimination against any religious beliefs; and the highest tribute is due to the President for so carrying out the principles of American liberty with a view that justice might be done to all students of divinity, whatever be their faith or belief.

"My conviction is that it is against the principles of our government to interfere with the citizen's 'Freedom to Worship God,' but that in this case that freedom is denied compels me to express my views in recommending, as I do, that said Savage be given deferred classification C-V to which he is entitled.

"Very sincerely yours,

"ED. FLETCHER,
Member District Board."

EDITOR, *San Diego Union*: In my desire to do full justice to all concerned and particularly to the local and district boards in the matter of the exemption of the students of divinity in the School of Antiquity, I wish to state that, to my amazement, I have today discovered that a statement, signed by a delinquent member of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society was forwarded to the District Board in Los Angeles, which statement contained allegations grossly false and defamatory of the School of Antiquity, its officials and myself, a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end.

It is my belief that this statement was one of the principal factors which caused the adverse decision by the District Board, and as far as I have been able to learn, no effort whatever was made by those responsible for sending this statement to the District Board to ascertain the trustworthiness of its author or the accuracy of his allegations, or even whether he had ever been in a position to obtain the information which he furnished.

I appealed to the Local Board to give me an opportunity to correct any

OFFICIAL RECOGNITION GIVEN POINT LOMA STUDENTS

adverse testimony in their possession or within their knowledge, and although they refused to do so, yet their reticence may have been prompted by their interpretation of their official duties.

I now ask you to publish the enclosed copies of correspondence.

KATHERINE TINGLEY.

POINT LOMA, CAL., *March 23, 1918.*

"Point Loma, Cal., Mar. 23, 1918.

"LOCAL BOARD NO. 1,
"SAN DIEGO, CAL.

"Dear Sirs: The enclosed documents from the War Department, I received last Sunday through the courtesy of General Crowder.

"My reason for now transmitting these copies to you is that I have learned that you have not received copies of the same through the Adjutant General.

"As the opinion of the Judge Advocate General has placed the School of Antiquity as a divinity school, all that remains for your board is to act within the province of its duties.

"Yours very truly.

KATHERINE TINGLEY."

"WAR DEPARTMENT,
"OFFICE OF THE PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL,

"*Washington. March 11, 1918*

"MADAME KATHERINE TINGLEY,

"*President, School of Antiquity, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, Cal.*

"DEAR MADAM: In compliance with my promise to you that careful consideration would be given to the papers submitted to me by you, and to the matters discussed with you pertaining to the status, under the selective service law and regulations, of students in the School of Antiquity, I have transmitted to the Adjutant General of California a copy of the opinion of the Judge Advocate General of the army in this regard, as will be seen by reference to the enclosed copy of this opinion and a letter to this Adjutant General.

"As the enclosed letter indicates the Selective Service Regulations place the final determination of matters of this kind in the hands of local boards originally, and district boards upon appeal. Any opinion of this office or of the Adjutant General of California will not be binding upon the District Board but merely advisory. However, I indulge the hope and expectation that the District Board having jurisdiction of your students will reconsider its former decisions in regard to them in view of the opinion of the Judge Advocate General.

"Further than this I cannot go, but we can now only await the action of the board.

"Very truly yours,

(Signed) "E. H. CROWDER,
Provost Marshal General."

"*March 11, 1918.*

"FROM THE OFFICE OF THE PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL TO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL
OF CALIFORNIA.

"*Subject: 'Students in the School of Antiquity, Point Loma, Cal.'*

"1. It is understood that the District Board having jurisdiction of the students of the School of Antiquity located at Point Loma, Cal., requested you to give it a ruling in regard to the status of these students under the Selective Service Law and Regulations, and that you

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gave your opinion to be that they were not entitled to deferred classification as divinity students and that your opinion was followed by the Board.

"2. The enclosed copy of a second indorsement from the Judge Advocate General of the Army gives the opinion of that official to be that students of the School of Antiquity are to be considered 'students who are at the time of the approval of this Act preparing for the ministry in recognized theological or divinity schools,' as the term is used in Section 4 of the Selective Service Law and in Section 79, Rule XII, paragraph (C), of the Selective Service Regulations. This conclusion was reached, as will be seen by reference to the second paragraph of the indorsement, after each phrase of the above quotation was taken up and discussed in connexion with the School of Antiquity.

"3. The Selective Service Regulations provide that Local Boards shall have original jurisdiction of cases of this kind and that District Boards shall have appellate jurisdiction, and that the decisions of the latter Boards shall be final. The regulations also provide that Local or District Boards may call upon the Adjutant General of the State or the Provost Marshal General for an advisory opinion, but these opinions are not binding upon the Boards.

"4. In view of the fact that at the request of this office the Judge Advocate General of the army has rendered an opinion in connexion with the students of the School of Antiquity, you are requested to transmit a copy of the same to the appropriate District Board for its advice in order that if it is of the same opinion, it may make its decisions with regard to these students accord with the opinion of the Judge Advocate General.

"5. You are requested to advise this office concerning the action taken by the District Board upon the matter herein discussed.

(Signed) "H. S. JOHNSON,
Colonel, Cavalry, N. A., Deputy Provost Marshal General."

"WAR DEPT., J. A. G. O.,
March 6, 1918.

"TO THE DEPUTY PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL:

"1. The papers in reference present the question whether students in the Divinity Department of the School of Antiquity of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society are students preparing for the ministry in a recognized theological or divinity school within the meaning of Section 79, Rule XII, subdivision (C) of the Selective Service Regulations. These papers disclose the following facts:

"(a) The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is a society organized and maintained for the purpose of the study and dissemination of the doctrines of Theosophy, which is defined by its adherents as not a religion, but as religion itself.

"(b) The representatives of said Brotherhood and Society were admitted to the World's Parliament of Religion at Chicago, Ill., in 1893, as representatives of a world religion.

"(c) The reports of the Census Bureau of the United States government have classified the said Society as a religious body.

"(d) For the advancement of the objects of the society the School of Antiquity was established. This school was chartered by the State of West Virginia in 1897 with power to establish and conduct schools for the spiritual education of its students.

"(e) In this school a special department was organized in 1900, known as the Divinity Department, whose purpose is to train students as ministers of the religion of Theosophy.

"(f) The curriculum of this department includes the study of the Bible, of other world-religion books, of comparative religions and of other cultural subjects. Its students come from many different countries.

"(g) Students of this department conduct religious rites and ceremonies, including funeral rites, and on occasion, marriage ceremonies, even before graduation therefrom.

OFFICIAL RECOGNITION GIVEN POINT LOMA STUDENTS

"(h) A student is not graduated from this department into the ministry after the completion of any specified course of study, but only when, in the opinion of the leader and official head of the society, such student has attained a sufficient mental, moral and spiritual development. Upon his attainment thereof the student is inducted into the office of minister of Theosophy with appropriate rites and ceremonies.

"(i) This department, in the opinion of an orthodox minister of the gospel of the community in which the school is located, bears the same relationship to this religious society as the usual denominational theological seminary bears to the particular denomination. (No evidence to the contrary is submitted.)

"2. In view of the foregoing facts there cannot be the slightest question that the Divinity Department of the said School of Antiquity is a theological school — a place where instruction is given in 'the science which treats of the existence, nature and attributes of God and His relations to man.' Nor can there be any doubt that the students therein are 'preparing for the ministry,' for the term ministry is not limited to orthodoxy or to Christianity, but comprehends every person duly appointed in his respective church to officiate and minister in its interests. (34 Cyc. 1142, 1143, and notes 79, 80.) The only remaining question is whether the school is a *recognized* theological school. The United States Bureau of Education has informed this office that it has not so recognized the school, but the same is true with reference to schools of Christian Science, Mormons and other sects. Lack of recognition by the United States Bureau of Education is not controlling. (*Hawkes v. Moxley*, 33 T. L. R. 308.) The school is chartered by the State of West Virginia, has been in operation since 1900, has students from many different countries, is put by a member of the local orthodox clergy in the same class as denominational seminaries, and is regarded by the members of the Brotherhood and Society all over the world, as the proper place of preparation for its ministers of religion. It is, therefore, recognized by the State of West Virginia, by all adherents of this particular type of religion, and by at least a portion of the orthodox clergy. Consequently, it is the opinion of this office that it should be regarded as a recognized theological school within the meaning of the Selective Service Regulations.

"3. It is the opinion of this office that students in the Divinity Department of the School of Antiquity of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society are students preparing for the ministry in a recognized theological or divinity school within the meaning of Section 79, Rule XII, subdivision (C) of the Selective Service Regulations. Whether any particular individuals were on May 18, 1917, students in said school, preparing for the ministry, is a question upon which this office expresses no opinion.

"S. T. ANSELL,
Acting Judge Advocate General."

"March 21, 1918.

"FROM THE ADJUTANT GENERAL, STATE OF CALIFORNIA, TO DISTRICT BOARD No. 1,
SOUTHERN DISTRICT, LOS ANGELES.

"Subject: 'Point Loma divinity students.'

"1. Yesterday this office forwarded to you an opinion of the Judge Advocate General of the Army to the effect that students in the School of Antiquity at Point Loma should be considered divinity students.

"2. It is now learned that prior to a possible receipt by you of this opinion your Board held that these students were not divinity students.

"3. Please reconsider these cases in light of the communication from the Provost Marshal General and the opinion of the Judge Advocate General.

"J. J. BORREE,
Brigadier General, N. N. C."

THE SCREEN OF TIME

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

ISIS THEATER MEETINGS ON SUNDAY EVENINGS

Mme Tingley on Reconstruction after the War Prefacing her lecture, on March 17th, with a telling description of war conditions in the East, and of the changes that have come about within the past year, Mme Tingley continued: "This age, which heretofore

I have declared to be not yet an age of inquiry, has indeed become so. In particular, the doctrine of reincarnation, of death and rebirth, is fastening itself upon the minds of thinkers and indeed all classes of minds, from the most untrained to the most cultured. This war, with its problems, is bringing people to a condition of inquiry that in the course of time will give rise to enlightenment — an enlightenment which possibly could never come in any other way.

"How can our country become reconstructed? How long is it going to take? The broadest minds are considering this subject from all points; but the need of the spiritual education of man, which is the most essential, is not yet realized; something is lacking which every heart, in its questionings, still is seeking. It is a lack of spiritual knowledge."

Mme Tingley declared that the urge of her heart was "preparation for the reconstruction of man individually and collectively. Can we be just to our homes, our neighbors, or our nation, or to our fellow-men throughout the world, until we have become absolutely just to ourselves? . . . We must rebuild, reconstruct the whole system of human nature. We must turn to the true philosophy of life — Theosophy — and rebuild on that foundation, on the foundation of Theosophy, which gives hope in place of fear, which lays the foundation so grandly and optimistically and sublimely, that no one who rightly approaches the subject can turn away from it, for it gives an answer to the yearnings of the soul; it gives one an understanding of life and its meaning, its duties and responsibilities. The mission of Theosophy is to lift the burdens from the people.

"It is of the utmost importance that we study not only reconstruction and preparation for the grander life that must come after the war, but also the means to be employed in meeting the questions of the day and of our own souls. It is impossible for me to speak enthusiastically in defense of Theosophy without urging each and all to look at tomorrow in a new way, and with a quality of inquiry which will demand an answer. The answer will come not only from the inner nature, but also through the mind; and in the illumination that will follow, the way will be opened and humanity will be able to look beyond the shadows of war, the horrors of slaughter and the sacrifice of human life, and see the rising star of a new time, a light for all the world, a hope for eternity, a joy sublime, and a peace that will bring spiritual contentment."

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

Urgent Need of Mme Tingley, in continuation of the same subject
New Light in on March 24th, said in part:

Human Life

"It seems to me that tonight of all the nights we have ever known we must almost apologize for living, when we realize that for the last forty-eight hours there has been going on a horrifying slaughter, with thousands upon thousands of lives blotted out in the twinkling of a star. One must also realize that out of the confusion, out of the agony and the pathos of this hour, something surely awakens in our nature to bring us closer to the needs of humanity. Under the stress of these horrors it cannot be possible that there is a single human heart that does not feel the need of new light. In realizing this, one must also realize that some of the most profound questions are being asked by those dying men before they pass out.

"I think of this when looking at the soldiers. A soldier may be a good man under ordinary discipline; he may be obedient to every order; but he will be a grander and a more useful man and a better soldier, if he can realize his divinity, and if he is building his character on lines that will not fail him in the end.

"It matters not how discouraging outward aspects may appear, how poor, how hungry, how badly treated one may be, there is a power within the heart that will come to the front when needed, if only it is recognised. And it will shine out in the life, it will strengthen the character and purify the whole nature.

"A great change is coming. It is a critical time. If we are to reach a point where real peace of mind may come to us, where we shall feel secure in our homes and in our lives, it must be through an accentuation of the divinity of man — so truly and so beautifully that many of the questions that we now have in reference to the injustices of life will all be explained on the lines of Theosophy — that 'as ye sow so shall ye also reap.'

"The growing soul cannot stand still; it must be ever moving out and on and up, ever energizing its life in every way that it may gain the conquest over self that shall make us realize that the gods verily do walk among men. Christ was an example of this inner conquest and glory. I do not see how one could think of him in any other way. He had become perfected in other lives of effort, and when he stepped out into the broad arena of human thought as a Teacher, his Divinity was manifest not only in his speech, not only in his sermons, but in his silent presence, in his very atmosphere. I cannot conceive but that some of you, at some time in your lives, perhaps under considerable pressure of happiness or of trouble, have stepped unexpectedly into an atmosphere of inner freedom which allowed the godlike qualities in your nature to manifest. Your aspirations at such times must have carried you out into a larger world of thought, away from the common brain-mind ideals of life, and into the higher life of the soul. Can you not conceive what magnificent types we should have, if that condition could remain? if all humanity could live in the aspirations of soul-life?"

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

**Mme Tingley
on the Message
of Eastertide**

A large and appreciative audience greeted Madame Katherine Tingley on her appearance at Isis Theater on March 31st. The subject of her address was 'The Message of Easter,' and her inspiring words conveyed an interpretation of the awakening of the Christos Spirit in man, that is seldom heard from a modern platform. A band of charming children opened this impressive Easter Service of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, with appropriate songs and the reading of quotations from the Bible as well as from writings of the Theosophical Leaders. The picture of their healthy bright faces, together with the profusion of white lilies decorating the stage, constituted a fitting introduction to the address which followed.

Madame Tingley spoke for an hour, and strongly emphasized the need of a deeper comprehension of the meaning of the Easter Festival. She declared that Easter Day had for at least many thousand years been a day of sacred associations and ceremonies, and that the ancients considered Nature as a deep and profound expression of God, Easter being the resurrection of that which had been sleeping. She said: "And can you conceive of an occasion more opportune than now, at this time of horrors, filled with the awful spectacular things that we see, though we are not there, — can you not see that now would be a time to resurrect the Christos in our own natures, and bring it forth in all its sublimity, grandeur and power for the uplift of humanity? . . .

"Nature is ever teaching us new lessons, yet human nature fails to hear the deeper notes, those of Divinity, present even in the tiniest flower."

Madame Tingley declared that Christ never raised himself above his fellows; he simply set an example of what all men may realize in themselves; he had no church, no creeds, no dogmas. He preached simple truths; accentuated the divinity of man; and showed what is possible to all men. There was nothing supernatural about Jesus. He was one of those great souls who had attained the highest human state. He was superbly simple, yet so great as to say of himself that "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."

**The Real
Education
is from within**

In some respects Mme Tingley on April 7th, continued her Easter address of the previous week, touching principally upon the divine qualities within each of us, and the power of the heart. She declared that practical religion, wherever found or under whatever form, is an expression of the divine power. Only in our own higher attributes have we true relationship with all that lives. In illustrating this point Mme Tingley pointed to the life and example of Christ. She said, "According to Theosophy the great center of real education lies in man himself; and there is no one

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who believes in Jesus, the Nazarene, who will question that statement, because you know he said that 'the kingdom of heaven is within'; and that 'greater things than these shall ye do'; and he said many things in a very simple and beautiful way, showing a very affectionate relationship, as I said last Sunday, with humanity, a wonderful nearness to humanity. And the reason of this is because this teacher — like many others in their progress, in their advancement through different schools of experience and different lives — had gained a knowledge of humanity; and if we examined the history of the private lives of all those great teachers, we should find that they began with themselves, being conscious of their divinity, their responsibility, their relationship with the universe and with Deity; and that thus they began to feel how wondrously great and sacred were their duties.

"It matters not how much scholarship we may have nor how much knowledge, theological or otherwise, of religion, — unless we have made our philosophy of life and our religion a practical thing in our everyday life, we have been asleep. True religion can only fully express itself through the heart life, and wherever we find true religion there we shall also find an expression of divinity of such a quality as to evoke better thinking and better living.

"The real mission of Theosophy is to accentuate the spirit of brotherhood."

Continuing, Mme Tingley spoke of the present hour as one that called for a larger expression of heart-power. Man, as a religious being, realizes that he has to control his instincts and accentuate his better nature. We must do something more than in the past, to meet the great needs of the present hour. Thinking minds are asking new questions to which a proper answer must be given. Mme Tingley spoke also on the need of educational reform. She declared that the systems of education that have come down the ages have not fostered the human relationship with the divine life. Thus we have been left unacquainted with ourselves and our relationship with all that lives and breathes. The great multitude, the speaker declared, must be taught to reach out to the glory of a higher life. Each one through his own aspiration and courage must push on into broader fields, into more inspiring life.

In conclusion Mme Tingley spoke on the spiritual redemption of mankind. "When the whole human race," she said, "is lit up with that light that maketh clear everything, that eternal and spiritual light, then we are going to have a realization of the beauty and charm of life and the glory and the happiness of it, and its sacredness. And then, almost in the twinkling of an eye, we shall see passing away these errors that we have hugged to our hearts and believed in so long, these ideas of duty that were false. We shall find ourselves close to the Divine Law, and in a sweet and beautiful relationship with it; we shall feel ourselves never alone, but always above and behind us and in our hearts and life that companionship that words cannot describe; and we shall then know the meaning of the heart-doctrine and the true spirit of brotherhood."

F. J. DICK, editor

BACK TO NATURE

WORD comes from the McCaul Hospital for officers, in London, that the psychology of color and perfume is being used with gratifying results in certain cases of shell-shock and nervous disorders. The most effective motive in this treatment is an environment for the patient which continually suggests the delights of springtime to his unhappy senses. Yellow walls, of cheery, sunny tone, sky-blue ceilings, a judicious use of the violet ray, flowered bed-coverlets and delicate perfumes wafted through the wards, combine to make an 'atmosphere' of harmonious colors and associations, which continually appeal to the brain and nerves through the special senses. The colors blended into ineffable shades, and the refreshing perfumes, suggest the vital charm and restfulness of Nature at her best and brightest, making a challenge to human nature to find *its* potential power and beauty of balanced action.

The results are quoted as marvelous, as well they may be from these wholesome 'experiments,' in therapy, which waste no time searching for incidental germs, and take no toll of suffering from the lower animals. Methods which invoke the finer forces in human make-up are in keeping with the highly-organized modern brain and nervous system. The ease and perfection which Nature displays in leading the lower kingdoms in the paths of growth, stand as a silent reproach to the diseased and disorderly progress of our more conscious human evolution. Materialistic conceptions of life have led both profession and laity far afield in seeking causes and cures. Slowly but surely, however, the artificial estimate of humanity is proving itself incomplete; and step by step we are being made to recognise the natural, vital place of joy and peace and beauty in making for sane and sound human life.—L. R.

ART

THE world-famous Hermitage Gallery of Petrograd shelters thousands of priceless pictures, mainly of the Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, and has a greater number of Rembrandts, all masterpieces, it is stated, than any other two galleries of Europe put together. Some idea of its extent can be gained from the fact that the catalog alone (in French) occupies three volumes.

This great gallery was founded by the Empress Catherine II, who was noted for her patronage of art and letters, and took its name from that of the group of buildings attached to the Winter Palace. Some of the most valuable of the Old Masters in the collection were donated by the Empress herself, and at sales held in Paris and elsewhere during her reign her agents were instructed to secure whatever was good from the standpoint of art or

ART

valuable archaeologically. In 1814 (this under Czar Alexander Paulovich) thirty-eight pictures from the Empress Josephine's beloved 'Malmaison' were added to the collection.—G. K.

AMONG the many valuable paintings acquired by national museums during the last two years may be mentioned, as of special interest, a 'Madonna' attended by angels, painted at the beginning of the fifteenth century by the great Florentine master Masaccio. The picture was previously in a private collection in England and is now in the National Gallery of London. It is the only large picture by this famous painter in any collection outside of Italy.

The Berlin Museum has lately acquired a large 'Venus' by Titian: and just at the beginning of the war this gallery bought a very important panel by Giotto representing the Dormition of the Virgin.

The works of Giotto are of course extremely rare now as the master lived at the beginning of the fourteenth century, and their importance can hardly be exaggerated as Giotto was the real founder of modern painting.

No doubt the art of today has been profoundly affected by the present war conditions. As is well known many artists are in the trenches, where they occupy their spare moments in producing pictures with the extremely limited technical means at their disposal. Without paints or brushes they have made pictures not less expressive than those painted in the studios; and while the more important of these are not illustrative representations of battle or camp life in the traditional method, they are intensely concentrated expressions of the new vision of life revealed to the artists by their own experience.

Of much less consequence is that large amount of mere illustration produced for journalistic and historical purposes and only too eagerly circulated throughout the world.

Another phase of art under war conditions may be studied in some prison camps in which artists who have become prisoners of war are allowed to continue their artistic production. Some very interesting works by these prisoners have been shown at Exhibitions in various countries; and most of them are fine examples of what may be evoked in man when he is deprived of all that seems necessary to an artist for the creation of great work, and is thrown back on his own resources.

While these works may at times show defective technical execution, yet in all of them the creative impulse of the artist has found a new and often a most fascinating form of expression, which testifies to man's ability to rise superior to his surroundings and to express the 'motions of his soul' in a noble manner even though subject to ignoble material conditions.—R. M.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either at 'large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

June, 1918

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for June opens with an editorial by Mme Katherine Tingley, the present Leader of the Theosophical Movement throughout the world, under the heading

FORCE WHICH ENDOWS THE STRONG:

Mme Tingley writes, "the divine laws which govern the manifestation of the vibratory forces of nature cannot be forever stayed. At a certain epoch there come forth forces which break through all limitations of condition. . . .

"We need today a larger faith and trust, and once having attained this we shall find ourselves living in a condition where everything is possible, where everything we touch may blossom forth and bear gladness and joy to others. . . . Behind man, back of all things broods the eternal spirit of compassion."

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY: by H. T. Edge, M. A., Part I.

The writer quotes extensively from Mme Blavatsky who, he says:

"has written much on the subject, and the burden of her writings is that the true and original gospel of Jesus Christ has been so obscured and misunderstood that his followers have, as it were, been cheated out of an inheritance and fobbed off with spurious goods, or a mere pittance. And this is the reason why Christianity has not succeeded better in producing such conditions as would have averted our present catastrophe. . . .

"But she [Mme Blavatsky] does not go to the extreme of denying that there was a historical Jesus Christ, as some people, even among Christian divines, have done; though she maintains that even the historical Jesus, like his teachings, has suffered from the hands of some of his followers, well-meaning or otherwise, and become metamorphosed into a conventional figure."

The writer further takes into consideration two points of view; "Christ as a mystic symbol and Christ as a historic personage."

STEPS TO A HIGHER LIFE: by R. Machell.

"When one has been trying to take the initial steps, that lead to the higher life, for a good many years, one realizes that one is on trial all the time, and that there is never a moment without its opportunity. In fact, life is all opportunity — and experience is the true initiator."

"What if man aspired to live divinely? Then the earth ceases to be a prison-house, and becomes a paradise. Life is what man makes it; and it is his mission to make it beautiful. As a stairway consists of steps, so progress toward the divine is gradual."

STUDIES OF CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING: by Osvald Sirén, Ph. D., Professor of the History of Art, University of Stockholm.
CHAPTER VI: CHINESE LANDSCAPE-PAINTING. Illustrated.

"If one wished to describe in one word the essential character and ultimate aim of Chinese landscape painting, that word should be: Infinity."

"These landscapes (of the Sung period) are no mere representations of nature in the sense commonly attributed to this term, but impressionistic renderings of inner moods rather than of outward principles."

The article is illustrated with reproductions from noted Chinese paintings the originals of some of which are in Mr. C. L. Freer's collection, and in Boston and other Art Museums.

**REINCARNATION, AND THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANTINOPLE
HELD IN A. D. 553: by the Rev. S. J. Neill.**

This article is prefaced as follows:

"It is the aim of the following remarks to give some idea of the causes which led up to the Council of Constantinople in 553, A. D., at which some have thought the ban was placed on the doctrine of reincarnation."

According to the writer, if the question of reincarnation came up at all it was "as a side issue, or as part of another larger question."

OLD AGE AND SENILITY: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

"The question of personality and survival is not to be solved like a problem of Euclid. . . . But the essentials are clear enough; that which is high and noble in man is imperishable, and therefore cannot grow old; the more the man lives in this the less does he yield to the influence of senescence."

STUDIES IN VERGIL: by J. O. Kinnaman, A. M., Ph. D. Part IV: HADES. In this, the concluding chapter of these valuable and interesting studies, Prof. Kinnaman discusses Vergil's description of the abode of the dead, as given in the most fascinating of all that author's writings, the Sixth Book of the *Aeneid*.

"Vergil teaches the dual nature of man, his divine origin, his fall into sin because of Reason's failure to rule the animal side of human nature; and above all, KARMA and REINCARNATION.

"Vergil teaches that Life is Love, and that man's mission upon earth is SERVICE to humanity and to the state."

The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



Rd. 586799

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VOL. XIV NO. 6

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

JUNE 1918

SINGLE COPY Domestic 30c. Foreign 35c. or 1s. 6d. SUBSCRIPTION \$3.50, Canadian postage \$0.35; Foreign \$0.50

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian

Monthly



Nonpolitical

Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethies, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

Edited by Katherine Tingley

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

THE punishments, therefore, which are inflicted with justice on the wicked, it is proper to refer to the order which leads everything in a becoming manner. Such things, however, as happen to the good without justice, as punishments, or poverty, or disease, may be said to take place through offenses committed in a former life. For these things are woven together, and are presignified, so that they are also produced according to reason. . . .

Hence the unjust conduct of one man towards another, is indeed unjust to the doer, and the agent is not without blame, yet being co-ordinated in the universe, it is not unjust with reference to it, nor to him who suffers the injury, but it was thus fit that it should take place. But if he who is injured is a worthy man, the end of these things is good to him. For it is necessary to think, that this co-ordination of things is not without divinity, and is not unjust, but is accurate in the retribution of that which is appropriate; but that it has immanifest causes, and on this account is the occasion of blame to the ignorant.

— Plotinus, *The Soul*, xvi; Trans. by Thomas Taylor

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

Published by the New Century Corporation, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter, July 25, 1911, at the Postoffice at Point Loma, California

Under the act of March 3, 1879

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COMMUNICATIONS

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to 'KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Editor THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, Point Loma, California.'

To the BUSINESS MANAGEMENT, including subscriptions, should be addressed to the 'NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, California.'

MANUSCRIPTS

The Editor cannot undertake to return manuscripts; none will be considered unless accompanied by the author's name and marked with the number of words. The Editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

SUBSCRIPTION

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, THREE DOLLARS payable in advance, single copy, THIRTY CENTS. Foreign Postage, FIFTY CENTS, Canadian, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

REMITTANCES

All remittances to the New Century Corporation must be made payable to

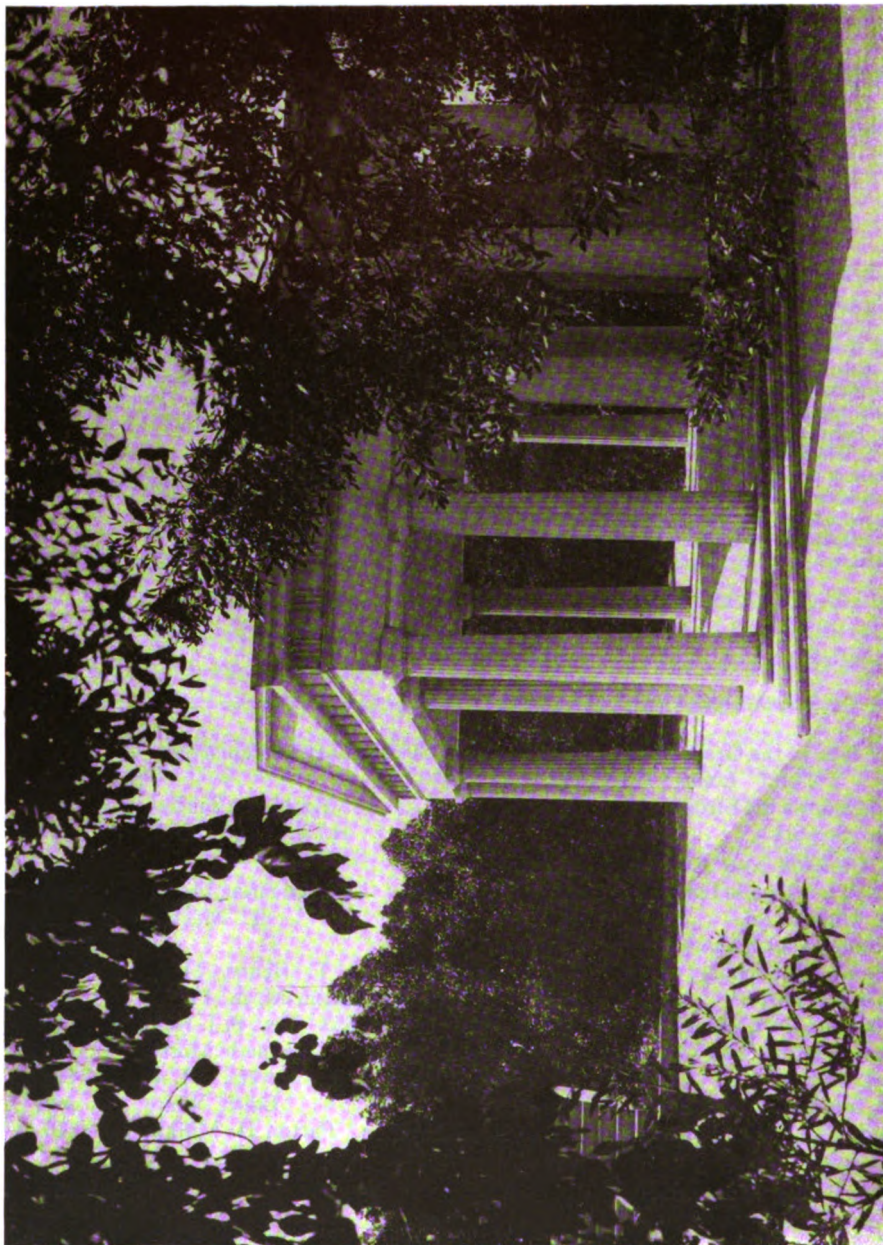
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Point Loma, California

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A GLIMPSE OF STOA IN THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIV NO. 6

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"WHATEVER comes from the Gods to the man who is beloved by the Gods, will all be the best possible, unless he has some necessary ill from former miscarriage. Hence, if the just man happens to be in poverty, or disease, or in any other of those seeming evils, these things issue to him in something good either whilst alive or dead. For never at any time is he neglected by the Gods, who inclines earnestly to endeavor to become just, and practises virtue, as far as it is possible for man to resemble God."

— PLATO, *The Republic*, Trans. by Thomas Taylor

FORCE WHICH ENDOWS THE STRONG:*

by Katherine Tingley



HE divine laws which govern the manifestation of the vibratory forces of nature cannot be forever stayed. At a certain epoch there come forth forces which break through all limitations of whatever kind they may be.

We are, in this cycle, in close proximity with this new solar energy, this force which endows the strong with fresh courage and removes the timid gently from its course, to be no longer weights on the wheels of the chariot of life.

These forces at work today cannot be brought down and enshrined within the limitations of the past. Humanity is reaching out to receive them as something dropped on its travel down the ages. Men are beginning to realize that their divine birthright is no dream. The utterance of the statement brings with it a living power reviving the embers in the heart. It is possible to reach today a higher plane of thought than could be reached yesterday. All nature is evolving.

Students who have reached a certain point, sometimes wish to have full explanations given to them so that in some way they may derive personal benefit from the knowledge; but without the stimulus of effort, without trust, without faith, nothing is possible. We go to sleep with full

*Originally published in *The Crusader* (London) 1898. Republished by request.

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faith that we shall arise the next morning. We sow a seed with full faith that Nature will perform her part, and the seed spring up to bear fruit.

.

We need today a larger faith and trust, and in this we find ourselves living in a condition where everything is possible; where everything we touch may blossom forth and bear gladness and joy to others. Receiving ourselves unstintedly, ungrudgingly, of that large and ample life which animates everything throughout universal space, we shall give freely with open hearts, so that no impoverished life shall ever flow from us.

In the true condition of mind and heart there arises a sweet peace which does not descend upon us from above, for we are in the midst of it. It is not like the sunshine, for no transitory clouds obscure its rays, but it is permanent and ever-abiding through all the days and years. Nothing can move us when that condition is reached. We have but to take the first step in the true spirit of brotherliness, and all other steps will follow in natural sequence. We have to be warriors and fight the old fight unceasingly, but leagued with us in this ancient fight are all the great workers of the past. Behind man, back of all things, broods the eternal spirit of Compassion.

.

We should not become so absorbed in the little achievement of today as to render it impossible for us to receive the key to the wider knowledge of the future. If we began to realize the voice of the soul working behind the ordinary mentality, we would consciously become receptive to higher influences and more spiritual realities, we would bring about that condition within ourselves where we should hear the divine melodies, restoring harmony throughout all Nature. In this way, we should become pioneers, opening up the vision of men to the vast and unexplored regions of life, and, being conscious of this possibility, so stimulate every energy that the very atoms in space, the atoms composing every organism, would change and begin to respond to the divine impulse thus called forth.



"HE who strives to resurrect the Spirit *crucified in him by his own terrestrial passions*, and buried deep in the 'sepulcher' of his sinful flesh; he who has the strength to roll back *the stone of matter* from the door of his own *inner sanctuary*, he *has the risen Christ in him*."

OLD AGE AND SENILITY: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

WE have been reading a scientific article on old age and its attendant phenomena, in the course of which the author, after marshaling a motley array of facts, elicits the conclusion that the mental and moral faculties need not share in the decrepitude of the body, although in many cases they do so. Some old men retain their mental and moral vigor unimpaired until their last summons; while others become more shut in, selfish, and feeble in temper and ability, in proportion as their bodily tissues grow stiff and clogged. This of course is commonplace knowledge, nor does it seem to gain much in importance from being clothed in more or less technical language. Science investigates the corporeal changes incidental to old age; and certain materialistic theories would fain have us believe that these corporeal changes stand as causes, and that the mental and moral nature follows them. But experience shows us that such is not the case; the mental and moral natures suffer in varying degrees; a circumstance which sufficiently proves their independence of the bodily changes. Nay, they are even capable of arresting the physical decay of old age and thus of prolonging life.

In thus stating the facts, the writer in question leaves a somewhat vague and trite effect, for want of a clear and definite philosophy by which to arrange his ideas. Also, from the attempt to follow conventional theories without contradicting experience, he seems to vacillate and contradict himself. The duality of the human mind is not sufficiently dwelt upon. The fact is that the lower half of the mind gravitates towards the body and identifies itself with the bodily sensations; so that a person who has cultivated that side of his nature over-much, loses control in old age and becomes senile in his faculties and temper. But the higher part of the mind aspires towards the moral faculties; instead of blindly following sensual impulse, it acts with will-power in pursuance of principle; hence a person who has cultivated this side of his nature is able in old age to withstand, and even to avail himself of, the changes incidental to senescence.

The fact that the mind and body react on each other is not to be denied; but it is equally true that the higher nature can control the mind, and can control the body through the mind. Hence the materialistic theory is just true enough to be false; it approximates to the truth in cases where the person is of a low grade of development, and deviates more widely from the truth in the case of persons of fine character.

Who shall venture to set limits to the extent to which the higher faculties can control the lower? Common experience shows us that persons can retain their judgment and sympathies intact, and even ripen

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than ever, to the last day; it is conceivable that even bodily decay might be indefinitely arrested, supposing that to be desirable. But what an argument for immortality! that which grows old, the body, dies; but the mind grows not old; the inference is that it does not die — that is, the higher part of the mind. And such is in fact the teaching of Theosophy.

The body dies, and with it also perish some other principles not known to modern science. The real Self is immortal. Between these two stands the *personality* — not the immortal *Individuality*, but the temporary self that lasts but for one incarnation. The relation of these three with each other may be roughly illustrated by taking some geometrical figure, a circle for instance, to represent the Soul, and another circle to represent the body. When the two circles overlap, a third area is produced between them; when the circles are drawn apart, this third area vanishes. Thus the personality, formed by the overlapping of Soul and body, disappears when the Soul separates from the body; but the Soul does not disappear. This however is but an imperfect representation and must not be pushed too far; we can scarcely expect to define Individuality and personality in such simple terms. The teachings on this subject outlined by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Key to Theosophy* state that the most refined and spiritual aspirations of the personality are preserved, so that the immortal Ego reaps a 'harvest' from each incarnation. We have to define man as a trinity; otherwise there would be no connexion between his two halves, and no conceivable purpose in incarnation. The *human soul* stands between the *spiritual soul* and the *animal soul*, and is the link. The following quotation also is apposite:

"The human soul . . . is the only and direct mediator between the personality and the divine Ego. That which goes to make up on this earth the *personality*, miscalled *individuality* by the majority, is the sum of all its mental, physical, and spiritual characteristics, which, being impressed on the human soul, produces the *man*. Now of all these characteristics it is the purified thoughts alone which can be impressed on the higher, immortal Ego. This is done by the human soul merging again, in its essence, into its parent source, commingling with its divine Ego during life, and reuniting itself entirely with it after the death of the physical man. . . . Only that which is worthy of the immortal God within us, and identical in its nature with the divine quintessence, can survive. . . .

"The mental and spiritual ideations of the personal 'I' return to it, as part of the Ego's essence, and can never fade out. Thus of the personality that was, only its spiritual experiences the memory of all that is good and noble, with the consciousness of its 'I' blended with that of all the other personal 'I's' that preceded it, survive and become immortal."—*H. P. Blavatsky*

It will be seen therefore that the question of personality and survival is not to be solved like a proposition of Euclid; nor indeed could this be expected. But the essentials are clear enough; that which is high and noble in man is imperishable, and therefore cannot grow old; the more the man lives in this, the less does he yield to the influence of senescence. He uses it as one of the normal states of the body, and

OLD AGE AND SENILITY

avails himself of its advantages. Dramatic dialogues can be written, showing the contest between ardent youth and cynical old age; but both contestants are equally under the sway of the body: the one, ardent, because the body is young; the other cynical, because the body is old.

Death and rebirth occur continuously in the body, as biologists can tell us. An unremitting will-power resists the natural tendency of the body to disintegrate; dead remains are excreted and new materials generated. Death itself is the same thing on a larger scale; the cycle of mortal life and death is a large cycle comprehending smaller ones of the same kind, just as the annual cycle comprehends the diurnal. Some people hold that, though the Spirit be immortal, it merges into the World-Soul, as indistinguishably as a drop of water is (or is said to be) lost in the ocean. But Theosophy teaches that Individuality is not lost; though, in entertaining this idea, we must be careful not to confuse Individuality with personality. The alleged survival of the mere *personality* — a notion toyed with by men of science — seems to many people a prospect worse than extinction, a veritable living death; and the character of the alleged communications from the deceased is all that is needed to prove the low source from whence they emanate.


A conviction of the truth of reincarnation is calculated to give us such a new conception of life that it is impossible to forecast the effect which such a belief will have on humanity when it becomes more general. The conventional ideas tempt people to say: 'All is over; it is no use doing anything now'; and to live in memories and regrets instead of in prospects and resolves. But there is no more reason for thus giving way than there is for abandoning hope and effort because a day is closing in. The ability to accept as a fact the weariness of the body, and even that of the mind and spirits, and yet to fall asleep in the full assurance of renewed strength on the morrow, is one that we all have; and it is only a matter of evolution and growth before we shall be able to face old age and death in a similar spirit.

If birth and death are processes which take place continually in the body and also in the mind, and we are continually resisting the tendency to disintegration, we achieve a kind of immortality in the course of daily and hourly victory over our mortal elements. But it is anger, fear, lust, and jealousy that are associated with the disintegrative forces in our body; while the nobler thoughts and emotions are associated with constructive powers. Therefore it is well, in the interests of youth, to cultivate these finer and constructive qualities and to eschew the destructive ones. There is a saying, to which we will give a different significance: "Whom the Gods love die young." That is, they never grow old.

STUDIES IN CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING:

by Osvald Sirén, Ph. D. Professor of the History of Art,
University of Stockholm, Sweden

CHAPTER VI — CHINESE LANDSCAPE-PAINTING

F one wished to describe in one word the essential character and ultimate aim of Chinese landscape-painting, that word should be: infinity. All that to the artist is implied in that word of freedom from the fetters of the material world, of visionary suggestion, of contemplation of the hidden mysteries of nature reflected in his own soul, flows as an undercurrent through the whole wealth of landscapes in monochrome produced during the Sung period. These landscapes are no mere representations of nature in the sense commonly attributed to this term, but impressionistic renderings of inner moods rather than of outward appearances. In them the objective motive seems to sink completely into the peaceful depths of the creative soul and to reissue brighter and stronger, replete with an inner life that is suggested by means of tone and rhythm.

The most important element in the transcription of such inspired vision is atmosphere. The atmospheric tone is the very breath of life in these landscapes; its more or less diffused character awakes dim gleams of yearning and divination. The means that stood at the disposal of the artist were also admirably adapted to the expression of atmospheric tone. The means were various qualities and gradations of ink, light and dark, wet and dry, or ink mixed with blue pigment. The tone employed was generally monochrome but within this simple scale was produced the greatest variety of light and shade, as well as a suggestion of delicate modulations of color which the Japanese call *notan*. In producing these effects the actual handling of the brush was of decisive importance; through it came rhythmic structure; it was so to say the warp while the atmospheric tones formed the woof in the fabric of the picture.

For example, we may recall the great Sung painter HSIA KUEI, who, according to Chinese experts, carried decorative *notan* to a high point of perfection. He is said to have executed his pictures in deep ink, (called *suiboku*) with vigorous strokes of the brush, "as if they were falling in drops." His contemporaries said that his ink seethed or that it seemed as if it actually had color, and that "his wrinkles were rough," meaning that the inkings traditionally used for rocks and trees were expressed in heavy yet luminous masses. Of other artists it was said that their *notan* gleamed like silver, or that their manner was flowing and 'river-like.' We have already spoken of certain definite kinds of strokes that

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had become established as appropriate for the painting of mountains, each one of them characterized by a special name and used for particular subjects or ideas.

Atmosphere, whether as mist, vapor, or clouds, is the ensouling principle of these landscapes, whose material structure is composed of mountain and water. High, steep mountains, wild and unapproachable, with sharp crests rising above the clouds and cleft by fathomless abysses, is an ever recurring subject. From the crevices of the mountains spring foaming streams whose waters gather in the valleys into peaceful lakes. These two elements have given the name to Chinese landscape painting of *sensui*, literally signifying mountain-and-water-picture. They express the sustaining and upbuilding power of nature as well as the continuously changing and shifting movement of life. They, like all other elements in these pictures, usually have symbolic significance, but whatever this may be and however the mood may range from sunny joy to gloomy pathos, there is in them always an underlying tone of grandeur and a liberating sense of infinity. These Chinese Sung landscapes are never commonplace or banal; they may be more or less expressive, but they always have in them something lofty and immeasurable.

"Only in landscape," writes a critic of the Sung time, "are depth and distance united with delights which never cease to charm. Therefore literary men who take up painting devote themselves to landscape. Human figures, birds, insects, flowers and plants belong to the artificer's class, their beauty is exhausted in a single glance even if they are painted with the greatest skill." And old Kuo Hsi from whose notes we have frequently quoted, asks: "Why do virtuous men so dearly love landscape?" To this he himself answers:

"It is for these facts: that a landscape is a place where vegetation is nourished on high and low ground, where springs and rocks play about like children, a place which woodsmen and retiring scholars usually frequent, where monkeys have their tribe, and storks fly crying aloud their joy in the scene. The noisiness of the dusty world, and the locked-in-ness of human habitations are what human nature, at its highest, perpetually hates; while on the contrary, haze, mist, and the Senin sages (meaning, poetically, the old spirits that are supposed to haunt mountains) are what human nature seeks, and yet can but rarely see. But if there be great peace and flourishing days in which the minds, both of the ruler and subject, are high and joyous, and in which it is possible for one to regulate his conduct with purity, righteousness, and honesty during his whole career; then what need or motive would there be for the benevolent man to hold aloof, shun the world, and fly from the commonplace? Rather would he join the people in the general jubilee. But since this is not the case, what a delightful thing it is for lovers of forests and fountains and the friends of mist and haze to have at hand a landscape painted by a skilful artist! To have therein the opportunity of seeing water and peaks, of hearing the cry of the monkeys, and the song of birds, without going from the room! In this way a thing, though done by another's will, completely satisfies one's own mind. This is the fundamental idea of the world-wide respect for *sansui* (landscape) painting, so that if the artist, without realizing this idea, paints *sansui* with a careless heart, it is like throwing earth upon a deity, or casting impurities into the clear wind."

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This statement reminds one not a little of Leonardo's exaltation of the power of painting to evoke the magic beauty of nature even for one who is far away from the bewitching scene (in the Introduction to his Treatise on Painting); but a certain difference lies in the fact that Kuo Hsi, who writes 550 years earlier, attaches more importance to the representation of the inner life and essence of nature than Leonardo, who generally is the advocate of objective illusion and definition of plastic form. Kuo Hsi has also left us notes relating to most important traditional elements of Chinese landscape painting such as clouds, mountains, and water, and these are highly characteristic of the Sung painters' ensouling vision of nature.

"The aspects of clouds in *sansui* is different according to the four seasons. In spring they are mild and calm; in summer they are thick and brooding (melancholy); in autumn they are rare and thin; in winter dark and gray. And in painting clouds, if one does not try to carve out every minute detail, but will paint only the great total aspect of the thing, then the forms and proportions of the clouds will *live*. Among clouds there are returning-home clouds. There are strong winds and light clouds; a great wind has the force of blowing sand, and a light cloud may have the form of a thin cloth stretched out."

About the different aspects of mountains and waters, Kuo Hsi writes:

"A mountain is a mighty thing, hence its shape ought to be high and steep, freely disposing itself like a man at ease, or standing up with grandeur, or crouching down like a farmer's boy, or as having a cover over it, a chariot below it, seeming as if it had some support in front to lean over, or something behind to lean against, or as gazing down upon something below; such are some of the great form-aspects of mountains.

"Water is a living thing, hence its form is deep and quiet, or soft and smooth, or broad and ocean-like, or thick like flesh, or circling like wings, or jetting and slender, rapid and violent like an arrow, rich as a fountain flowing afar, making waterfalls, weaving mists upon the sky, or running down into the earth where fishermen (sages or retired scholars) lie at ease. Grass and trees on the river-banks look joyous, and like beautiful ladies under veils of mists and cloud, or sometimes bright and gleaming as the sun shines down the valley. Such are the living aspects of water."

The descriptions of the good Kuo Hsi are as graphic in form as his observation of nature is poetical. To read his notes is like seeing long makimonos gradually unrolled with successions of high mountains of weird formation, wide vistas of sea, foaming waterfalls, and rivers that wind between smiling banks. The pictures are caught by the intuitive eye of a true artist who endows the varied scenes with individuality. One of the leading principles in Chinese landscape painting he expresses in the following words:

"If a mountain has no mist or cloud, it is like springtime without flowers or grass. Mountains without cloud are not fine, without water not beautiful (the word beautiful used here is that applied generally to women), without a road or path not habitable (or suitable), without forests not alive."

In order to accentuate the subjective character of the picture re-



Loma'and Photo & Engraving Dept.

SNOW SCENE IN THE MOUNTAINS
IN SZECHUAN (ARTIST UNKNOWN)

(From the Catalog of the Art Institute, Chicago)



Lowland Photo & Engraving Dept.

LI CHENG: WINTER LANDSCAPE
(Boston Museum)



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

HUI TSUNG: AUTUMN LANDSCAPE
(Private collection, Japan)



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

STYLE OF MA YUAN: LANDSCAPE WITH
MAN LOOKING AT THE MOON
(Private Collection, Japan)

CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING

flected in the artist's soul from which flows the music in these landscapes, a figure is usually placed in some position of prominence in the foreground looking out into the veiled distance. This is the artist or the philosopher in whose contemplative soul the vision of nature gathers strength and unity and inner meaning. It is he who reads the great book of nature — the only book in which the Zen philosopher would seek wisdom. According to Fenollosa, who had a life-long experience of Chinese and Japanese modes of thought, this figure represents the sage who looks out over the land and finds that the path he has been following loses itself in the mists of doubt and ignorance. Instead of plunging into the unknown or attempting a hopeless struggle he sits him down to wait and watch the phantoms of the fog (man's passions). He knows that all conditions change and pass.

One who is accustomed to such a mode of thought can well understand that these peaceful and noble landscapes have a religious significance to those who know their true import.

Besides the general elements which we have indicated as specially characteristic of the Sung landscapes are found several other motives which gradually won the sanction of tradition and attained more or less definite symbolic significance. Everyone knew for instance that flying wild geese meant autumn, that the willow-tree signified spring, and so on. By the introduction of such generally understood natural symbols, the artist could arouse a quantity of associated ideas in the mind of the spectator and give expression to the literary or emotional import of his painting which otherwise would remain obscure. Thus their pictures assumed a more human interest.

Certain sets of motives were much affected: the four seasons were represented sometimes by landscapes, and sometimes by particular flowers; the occupations, writing poetry, making music, drinking tea, and playing chess, are also generally represented as open-air scenes, the dragon and the tiger — symbolizing the spiritual and the animal powers in nature — often appear in highly developed landscapes, and the same is true with regard to other symbolic and religious motives which were treated in sets of two, three or more pictures. It was a common thing to paint pictures in pairs representing opposite sides of the same subject, as for instance, sunshine and rain, snow and blossom, foaming waterfall, and the moonshine mirrored in the stillness of the lake. Very famous and often repeated when romantic landscape art was in its prime were the eight views from the districts of the Hsiao and Hsiang rivers; they are known by the following names: Homeward-bound boats in the distance; Fair weather after storm near a lonely mountain town; The autumn moon over Lake Tung-ting; Night rain on the rivers Hsiao

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and Hsiang; Snowy evening on the Yangtse river; Wild geese alighting on a sandy plain; Sunset glow at a fishing village; The evening bell from a distant temple. These eight views formed a series of classic landscape subjects which have been treated by many well known painters. We do not exactly know what was the inner symbolic significance attributed to the different subjects, but the titles alone appear to us significant and indicative of the general character and tendency of this lyric landscape art. It may seem strange that great masters so often repeated the same motives, the same views, the same combinations of mountain and water, trees and birds, snow and flowers, but we have to remember that the real motive was not the actual scene itself nor the objective phenomena, but this reflexion in the soul of the artist where the light could break in a thousand different ways.

It is still more difficult to trace a continuous evolution in Chinese landscape painting than to follow the gradual development of figure painting. There are so few pictures known which can be accepted as examples of the Tang mode, and the sculptures offer no such assistance in the study of early landscape art as they do in the classification of figurative art. Only a few words about landscapes previous to the Sung period may be inserted here; later discoveries will perhaps enable us to give a more complete presentation of this particular phase of Chinese painting. One of the best examples we can choose is a picture in Mr. C. L. Freer's collection which is said to be a Sung copy after an original by the famous WANG WEI, who was one of the greatest painters and poets of Tang time in China. Wang was born in 699 and served the state in a high official position. Later on he retired to a country house and "ended his days at the age of sixty in the enjoyment of such pleasures as may be derived from poetry, painting, and music, and with such consolations as may be afforded by the Buddhist religion in which he had always been a firm believer. We are told that his pictures were full of thought and rivaled even Nature herself; also that his ideas transcended the bounds of mortality."

The picture represents a steep mountain ridge that rises in successive waves or steps, deeply corrugated, as if by the action of water. In the foreground are some trees and buildings and a tranquil creek. The decorative effect of the picture is mainly dependent on the linear definition and construction of the mountains. There is not much of an atmospheric tone in the picture — as compared with Sung landscapes — but a unity of drawing and rhythm which is most effective. The composition is not a direct comprehensive impression of a nature motive, it is not based on vision, as later Chinese landscapes, but on intellectual calculation and striving for rhythmic design. Everything is definitely stated

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with a view of serving in a continuous narration or illustration of some legendary or religious idea. It is very likely that the peculiar concentric forms of the rocks that are repeated over and over again have a symbolic meaning; they seem to be constructed for a narrative rather than for a purely esthetic purpose. At the same time a most remarkable decorative effect has been achieved by the continuous repetition of certain characteristic forms and lines. As the picture is not a unified vision neither is the space effect of an illusive or a subjective kind. The flat silk ground on which the painting is executed is plainly preserved, and the successive mountain waves seem to bulge out from this, yet relative distance between the different ridges is plainly discernible and one can follow the path that winds between the rocks. The artist has combined the idea of flat decoration with that of relative distance and made them both subservient to a religious or legendary purpose which probably was his main inspiration. His work can be read from different points of view, and when we look upon it as a peculiarly fascinating decorative design it is well to remember that it was to the Chinese pre-eminently a symbolic rendering of certain aspects of nature replete with spiritual significance.

Other pictures reproducing early Tang landscapes, such as the *makimono*s in the British Museum and in Mr. Freer's collection which are known as copies of compositions by LI SSU HSUN, the founder of the 'Northern School' of landscape, exemplify in part the same principles of conception and execution. They are all definite linear compositions, illustrative and intellectual in their presentation of successive motives of mountains, water, trees, and buildings and not illusive renderings of visual impressions. They illustrate a legendary idea in a manner that owes its decorative importance to a rhythmic repetition of certain forms constructed according to a preconceived idea, and it may well be that the formal definition appears still sharper and more rigid in the copies than in the originals. The space effect is not unified but is nevertheless sometimes highly developed by the skilful arrangement of the successive constructional parts of the composition. There is apparently open air as well as distance between the mountains and over the waters, but these different elements are not yet integral parts of one great vision.

The nearer we come to the Sung period the more apparent becomes the purely poetic and visionary aspect of the landscapes. Linear definition is gradually resolved into a tonal mode of suggestion, which of course is of greatest importance for the unified decorative effect. Naturally there are many intermediate stages, pictures which illustrate the gradual progression towards a free impressionistic rendering of subjective

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ideas. Among such pictures may be mentioned a beautiful little kakemono by the early Sung master LI CHENG in the Boston Museum. We get here still an impression of the flat ground on which the painting is executed; the mountains seem to project in folds the one before the other. At the same time a remarkable attempt at aerial perspective and atmospheric effects is discernible, though these elements are not as far developed as in the works of the later Sung painters. The constructive design still attracts almost as much attention as the quality of tone and the chiaroscuro. The execution is careful and detailed; the forms of the trees and the mountains are not simply suggested or broadly synthesized, but completely and sharply defined. One is forced to look somewhat closely into the picture, which to some extent counteracts the visionary impression. There is no general scale of distance, and consequently the unity of the picture is decorative rather than spatial.

It would however be wrong to deny that even in these earlier pictures distance and atmosphere play some part; they are not merely flat decorations as are some of the primitive European landscapes, although the method of expression had not yet reached that freedom and modulation which it attained in the later impressionistic art of the Sung period. One still feels very distinctly that these landscapes are composed from a number of carefully studied elements, rocks, trees, water, buildings, etc., whose forms and movement are often well characterized but which do not conform to any general scale of distance. — Another fine example of this early Sung mode of landscape painting is the large kakemono by FAN KUAN in the Boston Museum here reproduced.

No more than the figure-paintings can these landscapes be looked upon as descriptive of visual impressions made from the point of view of a spectator who stands apart and constructed according to the rules of linear perspective. They are essentially pictures of abstract conceptions, decorative syntheses of meditative moods stimulated by the contemplation of the sublimity of nature. The artist seems to hover over the earth on the wings of imagination; he glances down upon his object from some lofty standpoint far away. But this does not result in a mere bird's-eye view because it is less with the outer than with the inner eye that he looks at his subject so penetratingly yet from so far away. Looked at from an outer standpoint the picture is full of details which hardly could be observed from a distance. The technical method is not sufficiently developed to respond readily and fully to the demand of such an abstract conception; the form has not yet attained the freedom necessary to reflect the vision completely. Later on this discrepancy between form and vision disappears, and the landscapes become more complete and suggestive in their pictorial as well as emotional aspect.

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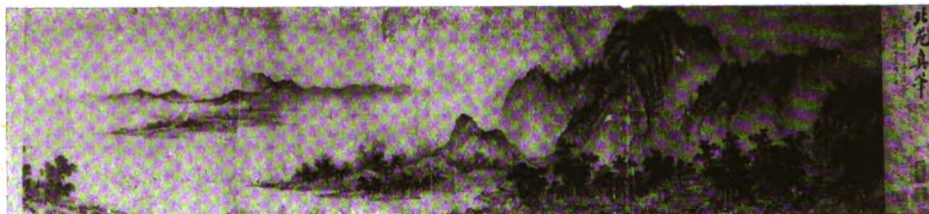
This was achieved towards the end of the eleventh century. Chinese landscape painting attained full maturity during the so-called Northern Sung period (925-1126). Then was developed that monochrome impressionism which for centuries remained the method specially adopted for landscape painting in China and Japan. In Europe it has become known mainly through the later Japanese imitations, which, however skilful and vital, never approach the ancient Chinese models in regard to inner significance and power of expression. It would be useless to enumerate here all the Northern Sung landscape painters that are known: their name is legion. We only wish to present a few characteristic examples to illustrate general principles of representation.

We have already come to know the great Kuo Hsi through numerous quotations from his notes on landscape painting. Other famous contemporaneous or somewhat later masters deserving particular mention were MI FEI (1051-1107), MA YUAN and his brother MA KUEI, TUNG YUAN, HSIA KUEI, and not the least among them was the Emperor HUI TSUNG (1100-1135), who founded a famous academy of painting and calligraphy. The Western student who approaches the subject for the first time will probably be more interested in the general characteristics of the whole school than in the peculiarities of separate masters. A glance at some pictures by Ma Yuan, Ma Kuei, and Hui Tsung, will show that they present similar modes and methods of composition. The individual differences of style depend chiefly on shades of *notan* and the rhythm of the brush. The composition is always unsymmetrical. On one side of the picture stands a high steep mountain and usually a big tree that sends forth long knotty branches towards the center of the picture. These serve to indicate the principal structural lines of the composition, vertical and horizontal; between them many lines of minor accent are interwoven. The horizontal lines do not lead the eye perspectively through the composition into the distance, but remain within the plane of the picture (which is a relatively shallow space). Sometimes, however, lines flowing obliquely may serve to carry the eye into the distance.

While these later pictures do not conform any more than the earlier ones to the rules of linear perspective, yet they express much more depth and distance. The scene is opened up by means of a delicately modulated aerial perspective, and the mode of representation has become broad and flowing. Linear definition of subordinate forms and details has to a great extent been replaced by delicate suggestions of the appearance of objects; tone now plays a more important part. Only the essentials are clearly and precisely presented with great simplification of form; everything else is enveloped in an atmosphere of mist. Objects gradually

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lose themselves in a haze which passes almost imperceptibly into the unpainted brownish ground of the silk. One has the impression that infinite depths of space stand open where the painting ends. This vague melting away of forms stimulates intuition and imagination. We are induced in fancy to place ourselves far away and to gaze into depths



TUNG YUAN: MOUNTAINS AND SEA
(Part of a Makimono, Boston Museum)

greater than the eye can measure. The graduated tones of the painting are so skilfully used as enveloping atmosphere in which forms are dissolved that all sense of limitation ceases and we seem to be gazing into the infinite. The artist has aroused in our imagination that undercurrent of inner harmony which is the soul of his conception — the empyreal beauty of the infinite, the breath of eternal life. It does not matter how small the picture is—it may be no larger than a fan—it still opens to our fancy a limitless perspective, an impression of infinity, a religious feeling.

See, for instance, a small fan painting in the style of Ma Yuan in the Boston Museum. Here the nearest mountain stands out sharply defined with rhythmic, living contours, but its foot is lost in fog that rises from the stillness of the water, and further off floats another mountain faint as a shadow. A great twisted branch stretches out a sheltering arm over the philosopher and his servant sunk on the rock in the foreground. The sage gazes across the waters towards the veiled distance, and in his soul is mirrored peace and the immeasurable depth of spiritual harmony. He listens to the pulse-beat of nature's mighty heart.

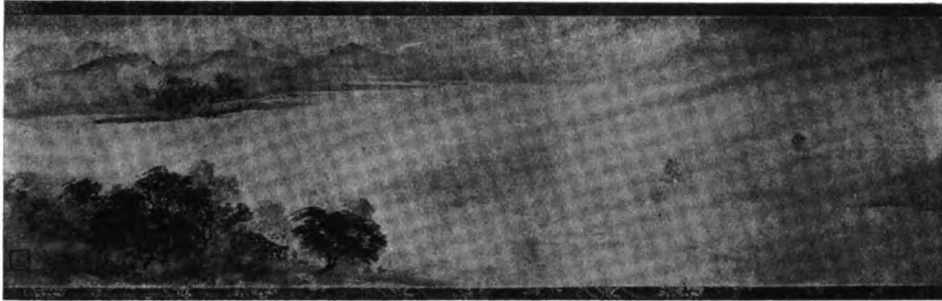
Atmospheric tone is the very soul of the picture, but there is also a rhythmic structure that carries the leading motive of the representation.

The sharp silhouettes of the mountains, the branches with their living curves, the rocks in the foreground, the broadly sketched figures, all these elements are presented in varying shades of ink, producing a rhythmic interplay of tones. The dark masses are balanced with extremely fine sense of their relationship to the empty or blank parts, and are executed with strokes of the brush, every one of which testifies to the artist's feeling for "the movement of the spirit through the rhythm of things."

In the somewhat later Hsia Kuei's paintings one may notice a stronger and deeper *notan*; it has been said that it gleams like silver. His trees

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and rocks seem as if wet with rain, and the atmosphere seems saturated with moisture. The sheer beauty of painting is here even more developed than in Ma Yuan's works; the brushmarks "fall like heavy drops." Several of his compositions are executed with a relatively low line of



MU CHI: BOATS RETURNING IN A MIST
(Private collection, Japan)

sight and in this way they are more like European landscapes. But there is no consistently maintained point of sight, and perspective construction is hardly more perceptible than in the works of earlier masters. The pictures are compounded of impressionistically conceived parts which are blended by atmospheric tone into a unity. The rocks and trees of the foreground form one motive, and the faintly indicated silhouettes of the mountains in the background another; but between them the mist spreads its thick veil concealing all that might serve as a measure of distance. Here also the sense of infinity is the dominant quality, even though this artist more than his predecessors dwells upon the visual beauty of objects in the foreground.

The artist's respect for the unifying ground on which the picture is painted which at first sight may produce an impression of flatness should not be mistaken for evidence of lack of observation or insufficient power of expression; it is caused by his highly developed decorative feeling and by his desire to use it as a ground for rhythm of tone and line. He preserves the surface of the silk as carefully as a musician does the sounding-board of his instrument; his art is also a musical expression of emotions and ideas. He uses material form only in so far as it seems necessary for the indication of the rhythm inherent in things; but he never allows it to destroy the abstract character of the subjective reflexion. This foundation on which the picture is constructed is to him like a symbol of time and space, that screen on which are woven the living images of the natural world.

The greater number of the later Sung landscapes contain convincing evidence that these artists had carefully observed the effect of distance

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upon the relative size and appearance of objects. Among Kuo Hsi's notes we find several statements specially dealing with the effect of distance in landscape. The first speaks of the three dimensions in mountains, the height, looking upwards, the depth, looking from front to back, and expanse, as apparent in distant mountains. Then he goes on discussing the relative sizes of man, tree, and mountain, showing that size is relative, not absolute, and that its appearance is affected by distance; finally he gives the following characteristic description of how mountains and water should be treated in a picture.

"A mountain, though intended to be tall, cannot be tall if every part of it is shown. It can be tall only when mist and haze are made to circle its loins. Water, though intended to be distant, can be distant only through visibility and invisibility interrupting its course. Nay, a mountain shown in all parts is not only without beauty, but is awkward, like the picture of a rice-mortar. And water shown in every part is not only without grace of distance, but resembles a picture of a serpent.

"Though valleys, mountains, forests, and trees in the foreground of a picture bend and curve as if coming forward, as if to add to the wonder of the scene, and though it is done with great detail, it will not tire the beholder, for the human eye has the power to grasp all detail that is near. And, in other parts, though they have flat and far expanse, folded peaks that are continuous like ocean waves reaching off into distance, the beholder will not weary of the distance, because the human eye is capable of seeing far and wide."

If one turns from kakemonos or vertical pictures to makimonos, or horizontal rolls, the flowing style of composition which results from a constantly changing point of view becomes more apparent. These long horizontal pictures are not a succession of independent views, but they are continuous as a diorama intended to be seen as the picture is gradually unrolled. The changing scenes merge one into another as do the various phrases of a musical composition; the atmosphere of the picture is like the ocean of tone from which the waves of melody arise to sink again harmoniously resolved. Broad seas with islands and distant sails, headlands and bays with fishing boats, rich fields and grove-sheltered hamlets, smiling valleys and lofty peaks, follow one another rhythmically, appear and disappear again in the depths of the dim grey mist. The very form of the composition itself conveys an idea of movement and compels continuous changing of the point of view; but at the same time offers great opportunities for the display of the immeasurable expanse and the ceaseless rhythm of nature. It is a form of composition that hardly has any correspondence in European art, except perhaps in a crude and primitive form; it does not lend itself readily to perspective construction, but it is well fitted for an art that is not concerned with the finite or with concrete, material form, but seeks to grasp the changing momentary moods and the infinity of nature.

The utmost that has been achieved in visionary impressionism and in ephemeral landscape effects, we find in the works by MU-CHI and



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STYLE OF MA YUAN: LANDSCAPE ON A FAN

(Boston Museum)



Lomeland Photo & Engineering Dept.

HSIA KUEI: MOUNTAINS AND MIST

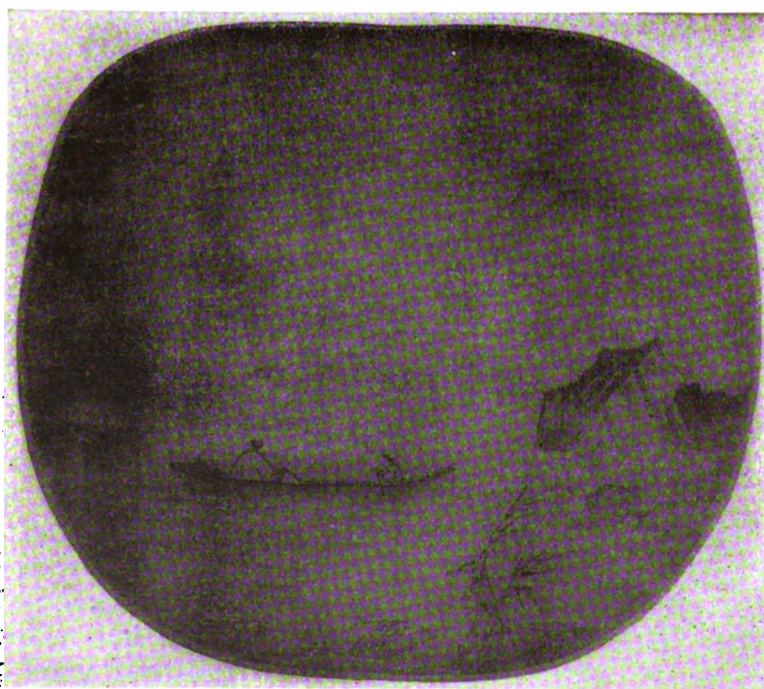
(Private collection. Japan)



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

STYLE OF HSIA KUEI: ROCKS AND BIRDS

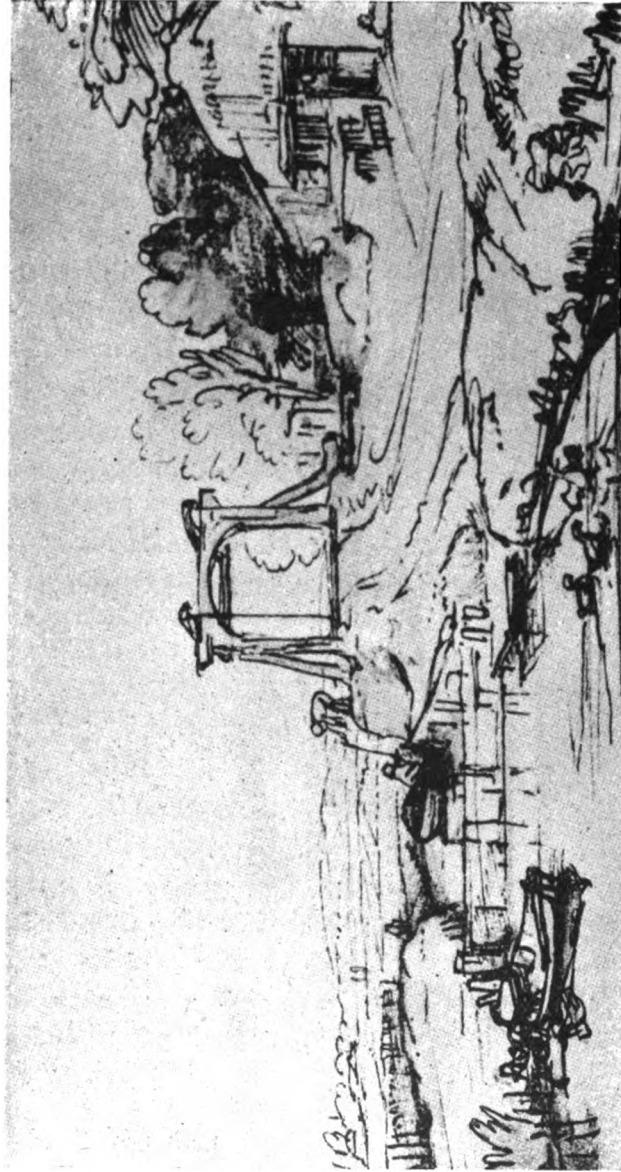
(Landscape on a fan, private collection, Japan)



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

SUNG PAINTER: TWO MEN IN A BOAT

(Landscape on a fan, private collection, Japan)



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REMBRANDT: LANDSCAPE DRAWING

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LIAN KAI. In these pictures separate objects have hardly any independent form or existence; they melt into the whole, glowing darkly in the dimness of the misty atmosphere. A fragment of Mu-chi's makimono, 'Returning sails on a distant sea,' may serve as an example. The whole picture is enveloped in a dim gray tone. In the foreground stand trees, undefined, like wavering shadows in the mist. Still fainter are the contours of the mountains in the background, and the sails in the distance are more felt than seen. But one is conscious of the chilly evening breeze which sweeps the fog into long wisps and makes the soft tree tops wave like silky plumes. It is less a visual impression than a vibrating reflexion from the artist's soul which forms the motive — a tone, a breath of wind, a movement in the air — all that gives wings to his imagination and makes him see something more than simply a few boats in the fog.

Mu-chi was not merely an ordinary Zen philosopher and nature-poet; he was ordained as a priest in this sect. He was known for his unusually free and 'river-like' style by which even the swiftest movement and the most ephemeral light-effect could be presented. His touch was soft and sweeping as the driving mist of evening; his *notan* was not deep as Hsia Kuei's, but pale and pearl-gray. The gradations of tone in his works are infinitely delicate; there are no strong accentuations or effects of mass; the tones interblend. It is not the music itself that we hear but an echo that sounds from far away.


Characteristically enough the official Confucian critic in China was never willing to recognise the artistic greatness of such an uncompromising individualist and nature-worshiper as Mu-chi. It was said of his compositions that they were "concise but yet coarse and repellent"; they "lacked refinement." In Japan, however, Mu-chi's art was highly esteemed; all the famous Ashikaga painters of the Kano school, Sesshu, Motonobu, Noami, and others, studied his refined impressionism and sought to vie with him in seizing the fleeting vision.

Of European painters scarcely any but Rembrandt can bear comparison with Mu-chi. He also is an impressionist of the first water in his pen-and-ink drawings. Like the Chinese, Rembrandt simplifies the form of objects to the utmost by merely indicating the most decisive elements of light and shade. He fixes the essential with a few strokes of the pen and wraps it all in throbbing atmosphere. This is not so dense and misty as in Chinese pictures, yet it is felt as an underlying medium of music or a vehicle of deeper life. Rembrandt does not, however, present such abstract conceptions as the Chinese; he holds more closely to the visual impression and creates his pictures from a fixed point of view according to linear perspective. The sense of space may be very wide

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and imposing in his compositions, but he does not suggest infinity; we see the lines converge toward the background and the clearly defined horizon. The eye can measure distance in his pictures and does not lose itself in mist or in the indefinable depths of the unknown. In Rembrandt's sketches, objects appear solid and real and not like splashes of light and shade wavering in the mist. His conception is less abstract, it is more objective, more dependent on the outer than the inner eye. But nevertheless some of Rembrandt's sketches are the most living, poetical, and grand landscape work that was ever produced in Europe. They are products of a creative imagination that lifted the motive from the rank of accidental observation to the level of poetic perception, thereby endowing it with a more permanent existence. No artist succeeded better than Rembrandt in fixing the rhythm of an inner life in a medium of light and shade. He approaches in this respect sometimes very nearly the Sung painters. But for him the impression he receives from nature holds the first place; he draws what he sees and he draws it grandly and convincingly. For the Chinese artist, material motives lose their importance as he steeps himself in contemplation of the inner ideal and listens to the music of his soul. He seeks to convey the impression of infinity he feels.

STEPS TO A HIGHER LIFE: by R. Machell

 SUPPOSE that there are few people who are so completely self-satisfied as to imagine that they are living the highest kind of life to which it is possible for them to attain. If there are any such it is sure that they will not be found in a meeting of Theosophical students nor among the readers of Theosophical literature. Therefore we may ignore them for the moment and assume that we are all interested in the question of how we may attain to a higher life.

There are certainly a good many who are more anxious to see others make efforts and experiments in that direction than to venture themselves upon the upward way. This is unfortunate; for it indicates a complete misunderstanding as to the meaning of what is called the higher life.

It has been too often taught that the higher life is a path of woe; which is ridiculous. The old books that use this form of expression are all written in allegorical form, and are moreover designed to protect the aspirant from the danger of reaction and discouragement, by warning

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those who seek to tread the path, that it is not a path of pleasure in the ordinary sense, for the first step is sacrifice and the second is renunciation.

But what does that mean? Simply that to go forward one must sacrifice one's present position, and in order to reach to a higher state one must renounce the lower one at present occupied. To travel in a train one must sacrifice one's home-comforts and renounce the society of one's associates. That is an obvious necessity of travel.

Certainly such a simple proposition might be taken for granted, were it not quite evident to any thinking person that human beings are not really rational, though they like to call themselves so. We all know that travelers do spend a good deal of time in complaining about the loss of their home-comforts and the strangeness of foreign countries. It is sometimes a source of humiliation to them to find that it is they who are the foreigners, and not the strange people they are visiting, and whom they have hitherto spoken of in such terms.

So too it is certain that the aspirant to the wider experience of the higher life frequently is discouraged at the prospect of being compelled to abandon the little comforts and pleasures that have hitherto served to make existence endurable if not altogether enjoyable.

A sensible person who wishes to travel on a train knows that when the train starts he or she must either part with the loved ones on the platform of the station or renounce the journey. Any hesitation is dangerous. Yet it is necessary to protect people against their own stupidity in the matter of leaving a car, for some nervous individuals will leave a moving car and keep hold of it till they are dragged along to their own injury. All sorts of strange accidents happen to travelers from just such foolish mistakes on their own part; and the carrying companies are all the time trying to protect themselves from blame and reproach by devising arrangements for the protection of the public. And of course warnings are printed and notices posted indicating the dangers that are to be guarded against by those who wish to travel in their conveyances.

Similar warnings are given to those who aspire to lead the higher life. And if any are deterred from making the attempt by the fear of the sacrifices and renunciations indicated, then it is reasonable to assume that such timorous pilgrims are not yet ready for the path, and that they will necessarily have to wait for some further experience to enlighten them as to the worthless character of the joys they at present fear to sacrifice, and the ephemeral nature of the attachments they hesitate to break.

Experience is the great teacher. It has been called the mill of the Gods, which though it grinds slowly yet grinds exceeding small. It takes many repetitions of an experience to teach us lessons, that might be

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learned without any such suffering as accompanies the ordinary acquisition of knowledge.

So we find some of the most valuable treatises on the nature of the path written in a key of such alarming tragedy as to cause a revulsion of feeling in some, who might safely venture on the first steps that lead to the path. What are these steps?

The first one must surely be a comprehension of what it is that the aspirant is looking for. Naturally this is different in different cases. Some seek the path because they have an internal conviction that the life they are living is not the one they were born to find, or that to which they are entitled to aspire. These will not be daunted by any warnings, but will heed them, as one would heed such ordinary cautions as "Beware of the trains!" "This hill is dangerous!" "Mind the paint!", and so on. These are not hindrances, but aids, to one who is bent on going forward.

Then the books tell in mystic symbol and allegory of the trials and dangers that are to be met at each stage of the journey. These allegories have to be interpreted by the travelers, each for himself eventually; for the experience of each one is different. That is because the path is inward; the pilgrim is in reality exploring the unknown regions of his own nature, and so no other person can give him the knowledge he is in search of. Such knowledge is the fruit of experience, and experience is a personal matter.

I remember hearing Madame Blavatsky answer one of her followers, who asked how we should set about it to lead the higher life. We were in a London drawing-room at an evening party, and Madame Blavatsky had come in unexpectedly with two of her students. It was summer, and there were strawberries on the table with other things. Madame Blavatsky began by protesting that it was no use asking her such a question. She said: "You might as well ask me how to eat strawberries; you know how, as well as I. If you want to eat them, you will not ask how, and if you don't want them, why you will wait and perhaps eat them later. I don't know." Then she began to talk, and for the first time in my life I realized that I was in the presence of someone who was absolutely sincere and uncompromisingly in earnest. The path was open, and I knew that it was up to me to follow it or fail. Up to that evening Theosophy had appeared to me as an interesting study and a fine ideal. After that it became a reality, and I knew that the difficulties in the way were all in my own nature, and further that unless I chose to overcome them they would not be overcome. I realized that if I would enjoy the fruit I must eat it myself.

That is one of the first steps to be taken.

I know well enough that this simple truth is not highly interesting

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to those who want something dramatic, some great danger to be faced, some mysterious initiation to be passed, some spectacular trial to be undergone. Well, all that is child's play. If you want the real thing you know where to find it. It is right with you, in yourself, in your daily life, in your thoughts, in your acts, in your ordinary duties. You know some of your weaknesses, and you have no need of any occult teacher to tell you what they are. Though such a teacher may light the spark of desire for the higher life in your heart, that is about all the help you can expect, until you have done what you know should be done to clear the path of the immediate obstacles.

When one has been trying to take the initial steps, that lead to the higher life, for a good many years, one realizes that one is on trial all the time, and that there is never a moment without its opportunity. In fact, life is all opportunity — and our daily experience is the true initiator.

But there are others who seek the path and notably those who have found life unsatisfactory, perhaps even to the point of utter disgust with the whole business and despair of finding any solution to the miserable problem of how to be less miserable. These are more numerous than one might suppose from the spectacle displayed by the streets of a city, in which the crowd seems mostly gay and frivolous. — *Seems* gay. Yes — but look into the faces of the gay ones and see the lurking sneer of pessimism behind the laugh, and the tragic emptiness of the eyes, in which no faintest gleam of joy is to be seen, though the rest of the face may be contorted with apparent gaiety. Those who are trying to escape the dreariness of their own minds are many, and those who are running away from themselves are even more numerous. But they get nowhere, and sooner or later they must try to find a better, a higher life.

This miserable sense of dissatisfaction will not open to them the path of true life, but it may give them the desire to find the way, and that is a big step; for it means that, inside, such people know that there is a higher life and that they are entitled to find it; otherwise they would not seek it.

When such people do find the way; when they find Theosophy, and learn that there is a higher life that leads to happiness, even here on earth, they are apt to fall into despair at the contemplation of their own past, which seems to cling so closely as to be a part of them. It seems perhaps that they have made themselves fit for nothing but just the life they are now living, and that the higher life must be left to a future state after death. That is a hard step to mount in most cases — it seems so reasonable to accept the old adage: "As you make your bed, so must you lie in it." But there is another view that is even more rational to one who

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knows that his nature is dual and that he can live in the higher or the lower at will.

That other view is simply that the lower life is lived by the lower man; and that the real man can identify himself with his other self and refuse to be any longer the slave of the lower nature. The past life is passed, and what survives does so by the man's permission.

It is up to him to break the connexion. He can only do this by deliberately attaching himself to his higher nature and living in it.

He must forget. That is a big step, but it is as necessary as it is to get into a train before you can begin a railway journey.

The old system in vogue among so-called religious people was for the devotee to assume a continual state of repentance. And, as the idea of repentance was generally misunderstood, the result was a continual revival of the memory of past mistakes, which served merely to strengthen the tie between the man and his weaknesses or sins. The true idea of repentance was, and is, that of turning away from the undesirable condition. But that can only be done by deliberately putting such things away entirely, or forgetting them. You can not get rid of a memory if you persist in nursing it. Regrets and remorse are forms of memory, and constitute links with the past, from which the aspirant to a higher life must separate himself. Therefore it is necessary to turn your back on the past, as if it never had been, and face the future with the conviction that it holds for you another chance, if you will but let go of the past. That is the one absolute condition of progress.

This old teaching was well expressed in the very old Scandinavian Saga of Brynhilda the wise, who says:

"Wilt thou do the deed and repent it, thou hadst better never been born;
Wilt thou do the deed and exalt it, then thy fame will be outworn:
Thou shalt do the deed and abide it, and sit on thy throne on high,
And look on today and tomorrow, as those that never die."*

Self-gratulation on deeds well done is as fatal as self-condemnation for mistakes and misdeeds. The wise one looks on the deed that is done as seed that is sown, which will in due time bear its fruit; and he shall reap its harvest, good or bad as the case may be. The results of past deeds are bound to come; and therefore it is folly to waste time in trying to escape the inevitable. Accept it, and learn your lesson. So shall the past mistakes become steps on which you may climb; but not if you keep digging them up and repenting over them.

I think this is one of the most valuable lessons of practical Theosophy,

*From William Morris' *Sigurd the Volsung*.

STEPS TO A HIGHER LIFE

this fact that a man has a future before him in which he can reap what he has sown when the seed has produced its natural crop: and that he can dismiss the past, in which that seed was sown, from his mind, as something that is out of his charge. Nature will take care of that. He need not worry.

The book of the wisdom of Brynhilda is a remnant of very ancient philosophy dating from long ages before the establishment of most of our modern religions; and all such old books contain traces of Theosophy, for Theosophy is the wisdom of the gods, which is not a thing of today or yesterday, but of all time. That particular book or collection of fragments continually insists on the necessity for courage, and it vigorously denounces fear as the worst of all offenses against the law of life.

In the aphorisms translated by Madame Blavatsky from *The Book of the Golden Precepts*, the same teaching is found: "Beware of fear!"

Man is divine. Man is a soul. He is not his body. He is not a worm. He is not a miserable sinner, no matter how many miserable sins have been committed by his miserable personality: for he himself is something bigger. He himself is eternal, though he forgets himself in his body and for a time, even perhaps for a life-time or two, imagines himself to be no more than the lower personal man. Yet in his better moments he has feelings that should warn him that he really is something more than a mere animal; and most men have had moments when they would have dared to assert their own divinity if such an idea had not been made almost impossible to them by the education they have received, and which was apparently intended to stamp their minds with the seal of self-contempt, the source of human baseness and weakness.

So the freeing of oneself from fear and self-mistrust is one of the necessary steps in the stairway that leads to the higher life.

Now it is a fact that we see life through our own eyes, and we interpret what we see by means of our individual intelligence, which is molded in the shape of our personal character; and the result is, that each one looks on the world through colored glasses, and sees in those about him the qualities that predominate in his own makeup.

So the one who has no faith in himself is likely to have no faith in others.

It is this distrust of human nature that makes us all so cruel to one another. I mean collectively, more than in our individual conduct. Collectively we are not inclined to give our weaker brothers a chance to get on their feet, once they are down. Our laws and institutions are full of this kind of cruelty, bred of fear and mistrust. Fear will be found at the root of nearly all cruelty that is not due to degeneracy or dehumanizing conditions. Fear is the enemy of man, and is peculiar to the lower

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nature. To be free from it is to be, to some extent at least, identified with one's higher nature.

Individually some are more merciful than the laws which they support and which they wish to see enforced. But such an attitude is anomalous. For we are not ultimately separate from one another.

The higher nature of man is nearer to the Divine, that is the Universal, in which there is Unity. Therefore the higher the man the nearer is he to consciousness of the Universal Brotherhood. To all men there are moments when such an idea appears good and desirable, and to many such a condition appears as too good for this world. But to others nothing is too good for man on earth, nothing is too high for him to aspire to.

What if he aspire to live divinely? Then the earth ceases to be a prison-house, and becomes a paradise.

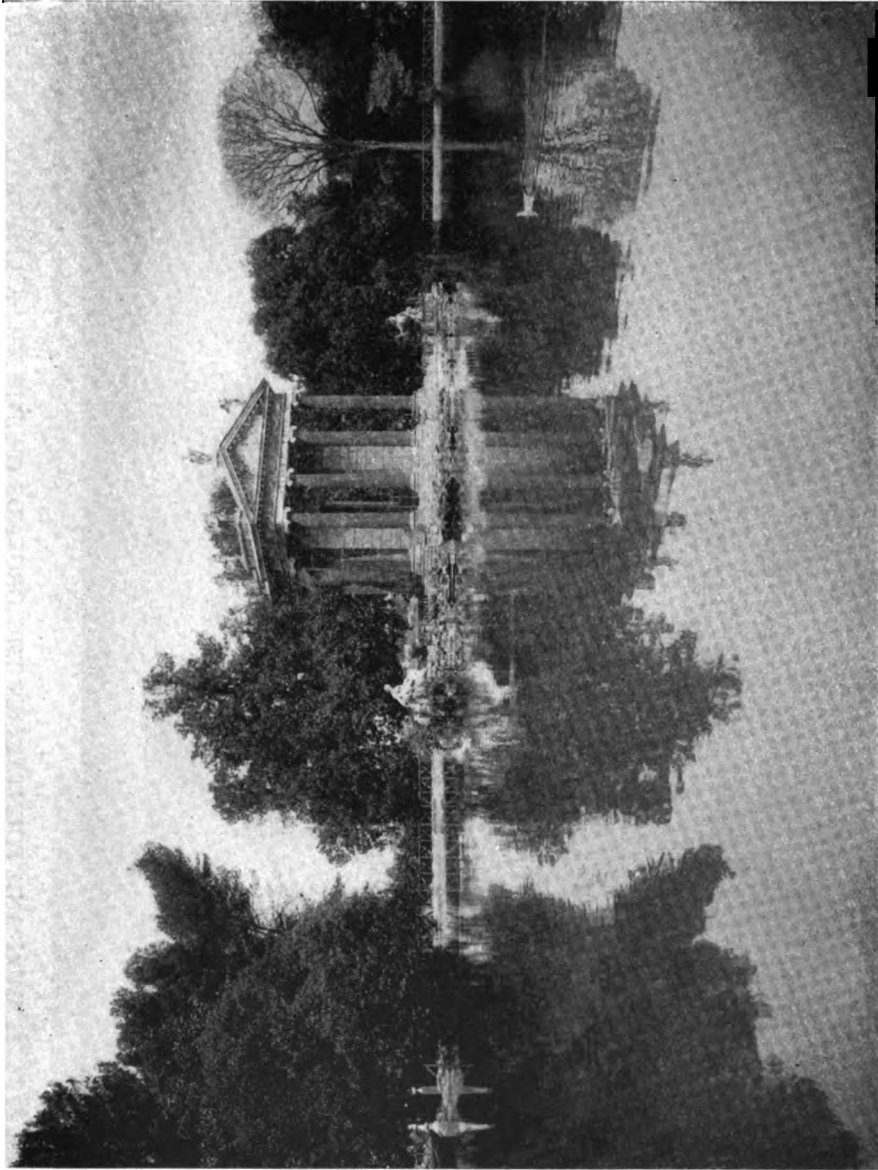
Life is what man makes it; and it is his mission to make it beautiful.

As a stairway consists of steps, so progress toward the divine is gradual. So no reform should be despised, no step neglected.

But the pilgrim, wandering upon the mountain, can see vastly farther than he can reach at the moment; and it is well for him that it is so; otherwise he might not know that there are other heights than those that he has climbed.

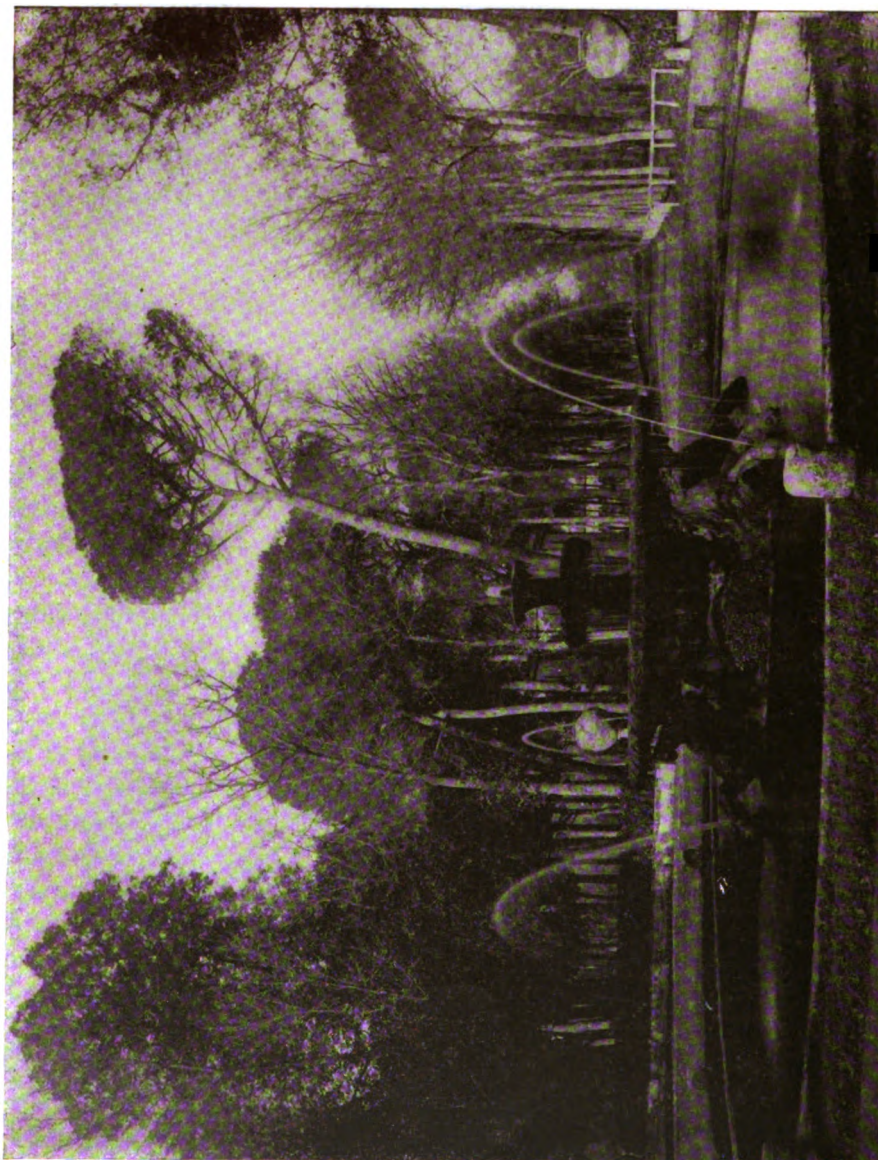
So at all times, even when groping our way from step to step, we may look up and see a glorious future, that may seem very far away perhaps, and that may be very near in fact: for distance is deceptive.

The fact of life is that Truth is Eternal, not something that once was, or that will be hereafter, and that can not be now. On the contrary it is now all the time: and we may rise to the heights of joy internally at any moment that we are able to let go, to be free of the fear that makes us cling to our lower animal nature. We have no need to long for Liberation or to pray for Salvation; we have but to look up for a moment and know that we are free, just as one wakes from a dream. Waking is Liberation. And surely it is one of the steps that must be climbed. Or shall we not rather say that all steps on the stairway of progress are stages of awakening to a realization of one's own possibilities in life, and to an intelligent conception of the object of existence? Such an awakening is possible for everyone at any moment, and it may come most naturally without any sensational conditions, or it may come in a flash of glorious illumination, as the sun rises over the mountains. The coming of the day is not more certain than the eventual awakening of humanity, because the Soul of Man is the great reality; and when it rises the day of evolution dawns. For man is the maker of the World and eventually its Redeemer.



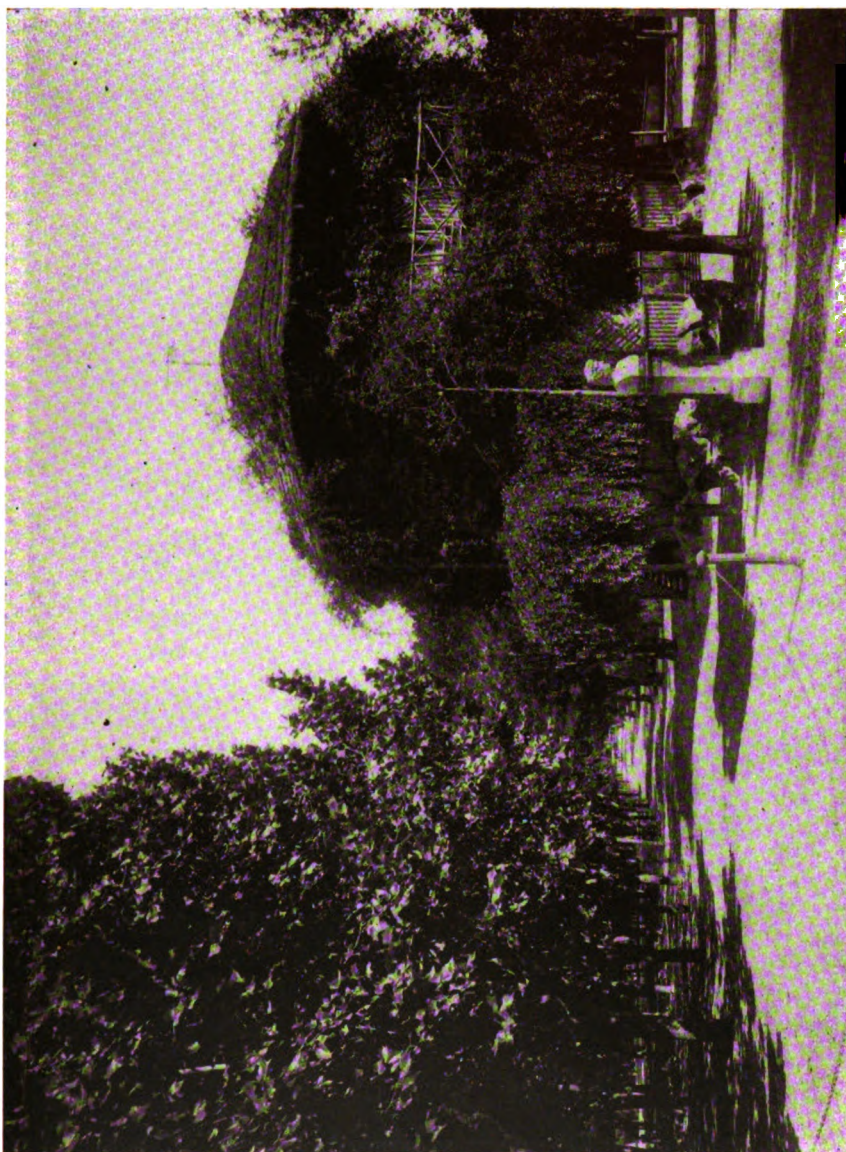
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THE LAKE OF THE VILLA UMBERTO (FORMERLY BORGHESE), ROME, ITALY



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

WALK AND FOUNTAIN IN THE GROUNDS OF THE VILLA UMBERTO



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SWISS CHALET IN THE PINCIO GARDENS, ROME



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MOSES LAID AMONG THE BULRUSHES
A Marble group by Brazzà, Pincio Gardens, Rome

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY:

by T. Henry, M. A.

I



CHRISTIAN apologists point to the fact that Christianity has survived for nearly two millenniums against tremendous opposition; while their opponents call attention to the ills wrought in spite of Christianity, or even in its name, and to the state of the world at the present moment. But the same might be said of other religions, some of them older than Christianity. The explanation is that these religions were founded on Truth, but have been much tampered with by man in the ages succeeding their foundation. Hence the Truth lives on, however much it may be hidden behind unseemly veils; and ever and anon old husks are burst and revivification takes place.

Many earnest Christians, struck by the failure of Christianity to cope with present conditions, have felt that the faith needs to be re-constituted. They have said: "Christianity has not yet had a real chance; we have not understood it aright." So says Theosophy.

H. P. Blavatsky has written much on the subject, and the burden of her writings is that the true and original gospel of Jesus Christ has been so obscured and misunderstood that his followers have, as it were, been cheated out of an inheritance and fobbed off with spurious goods or a mere pittance. And this is the reason why Christianity has not succeeded better in producing such conditions as would have averted our present catastrophe. The sectarian aspect which it has assumed was surely borrowed from the spirit of the ages wherein it has been fostered in bygone centuries; and we have outgrown that spirit now to a great extent. Christianity must be a reconciler and unifier rather than a conqueror; and surely this is the spirit of its founder and of his gospel.

As H. P. Blavatsky points out, much of the unbelief in Christianity and antagonism thereto on the part of disbelievers and rationalists has been caused by a too narrow insistence on the dead-letter interpretation of the Bible in the final form in which we have it now, and a too rigid insistence on certain dogmas which owe their origin to a later date. In consequence, people have been given the alternative of accepting everything, including many things which neither their reason nor their heart can indorse, or else rejecting Christianity altogether. Whereas, could they have had Christianity presented to them as it ought to have been presented, they would have had no reason for enrolling themselves in the ranks of deniers and scoffers. Wherefore it behooves Christians to study more deeply their own religion, that they may extract therefrom

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some of the priceless jewels of wisdom and help that still lie hidden from their sight therein.* For:

“Why should men who strive to accomplish union with the one eternal and absolute Deity shudder at the idea of prying into its mysteries — however awful?” — *The Esoteric Character of the Gospels*, by H. P. Blavatsky.

As to what the above writer says about the Bible, we cannot do better than quote the following from the work just cited:

“No more than any other scripture of the great world-religions can the Bible be excluded from that class of allegorical and symbolical writings which have been, from the prehistoric ages, the receptacle of the secret teachings of the Mysteries of Initiation, under a more or less veiled form. The primitive writers of the *Logia* (now the Gospels) knew certainly *the* truth, and the *whole* truth; but their successors had, as certainly, only dogma and form, which lead to hierarchical power at heart, rather than the spirit of the so-called Christ's teachings. Hence the gradual perversion.”

As an instance of such perversion, allusion is made to the well-known case of *Mark* xvi, verses 9 to the end, which are admitted by the Revised Version of 1881 to be spurious and to have been interpolated; they contain the words: “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.” Needless to say this is not one of the original wise sayings of the Teacher, recorded by his instructed scribes, but one of the man-made dogmas which H. P. Blavatsky mentions as having been grafted on the original gospel. Again, she calls attention to the expression: “What shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?” — which in the Revised Version is correctly translated:

“What shall be the sign of thy presence, and of the consummation of the age?”

We see that a dogma as to a second coming of Christ in the flesh influenced the translators; and that the conscientious modern revisers can find no sanction in the Greek for such a rendering. On this, H. P. Blavatsky says:

“‘The coming of Christ’ means *the presence of* CHRISTOS in a regenerated world, and not at all the actual coming in body of ‘Christ’ Jesus; this Christ is to be sought neither in the wilderness nor ‘in the inner chambers,’ nor in the sanctuary of any temple or church built by man; for Christ — the true esoteric SAVIOR — *is no man*, but the DIVINE PRINCIPLE in every human being. He who strives to resurrect the Spirit *crucified in him by his own terrestrial passions*, and buried deep in the ‘sepulcher’ of his sinful flesh; he who has the strength to roll back *the stone of matter* from the door of his own *inner* sanctuary, he *has the risen Christ in him*. (‘For ye are the temple of the living God.’ — 2. Cor. vi, 16)”

*In the many discussions of the present position of Christianity, by prominent divines and learned exegetists, we find everywhere a determination to accept boldly the results of Biblical criticism, as having strengthened the position of Christianity. Such must assuredly be the case, where the critics are truly devout and conscientious men; thus, sure of our own motive, we may claim the sanction of a goodly fellowship.

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But she does not go to the extreme of denying that there was an historical Jesus Christ, as some people, even among Christian divines, have done; though she maintains that even the historical Jesus, like his teachings, has suffered from the hands of some of his followers, well-meaning or otherwise, and become metamorphosed into a conventional figure. And she insists particularly on the teaching of Christ himself, as well as of his instructed apostle Paul, that all men are potential Christs, inasmuch as the Supreme is our common father, and upon all men was shed the breath of the Divine Spirit which is the channel between man's terrestrial mind and his Divine nature. Jesus is spoken of as 'the Christ,' the latter being not a name but a title. The Teacher of Nazareth was a Christ — that is, a man who had *attained* to self-knowledge, wisdom, emancipation. Hence he had the power to show others the Way. The same attributes pertain to other Christoi, as we find in other great religions. Krishna, in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, speaks with the same self-identification with the Deity, and teaches the same eternal truths.

The identity of the ancient teachings, wherever found, whether in the Christian Gospel or elsewhere, is also pointed out by H. P. Blavatsky. This can no longer be denied by anyone with even a smattering of erudition, so wide has now become the general acquaintance with comparative religion and ancient rituals. Hence it is no longer a question of proving or disproving the fact, but of explaining it. Rev. Dr. Lundy's *Monumental Christianity* is a well known book giving numerous instances of doctrines and rites, once supposed to be originally and exclusively Christian, but familiar to many different peoples, before and after the advent of Christianity.

"The more one studies ancient religious texts, the more one finds that the ground-work of the New Testament is the same as the ground-work of the *Vedas*, of the Egyptian theogony, and of the Mazdean allegories. The atonements by blood — blood-covenants and blood-transferences from gods to men, and by men as sacrifices to the gods — are the first keynote struck in every cosmogony and theogony."— H. P. Blavatsky, *op. cit.*

And, in a quotation from the erudite scholar, Gerald Massey, in the same work, we find:

" 'The soul of Horus was represented as rising from the dead and ascending to heaven in the stars of Orion. The mummy-image was the preserved one, the saved, therefore a portrait of the Savior, as a type of immortality. This was the figure of a dead man, which, as Plutarch and Herodotus tell us, was carried round at an Egyptian banquet, when the guests were invited to look on it and eat and drink and be happy, because, when they died, they would become what the image symbolized — that is, they also would be immortal! This type of immortality was called the *Karest*, or *Karust*, and it *was* the Egyptian Christ. . . . This image of the *Karest* was bound up in a woof without a seam, the proper vesture of the Christ! . . . Further, Jesus is put to death in accordance with the instructions given for making the *Karest*. Not a bone must be broken.' "

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Not to cumber our page with quotations, we must be content to refer to the well known fact that these close analogies are to be found, not merely in ancient Egypt, but in many other places. All these were based, as H. P. Blavatsky says, on one and the same primitive type — the voluntary sacrifice of the *logoi* — that is, of the divine rays incarnate in humanity. For Man is a God incarnate in a fleshly tabernacle; and this incarnating is a sacrifice, symbolized by crucifixion, which means fastening to a cross; the cross being the familiar symbol of matter. Resurrection meant the triumph of the Divine in Man over the material nature.

It will be noticed that we have under consideration two points of view: Christ as a mystic symbol, and Christ as an historic personage. The former view has obtained among some modern divines of an extremely broad school; but often they have gone too far to one extreme, and have reduced the whole matter to one of mystic symbolism. At the other extreme we find those, much more numerous, who insist overmuch on the personality of Christ, and thus depreciate or ignore the mystical aspect. Avoiding such extremes and seeking the truth, Theosophy gives due recognition to both elements. On the one hand it is indisputable that the mystic Christ was familiar throughout antiquity among many great civilizations, and that this element has entered into the Christian gospel; on the other hand it cannot be denied that there was a Messenger, an initiated Teacher, at some time near the date assigned for the opening of the Christian era, and that the mystic drama has been woven around a story of his life and work. But even that story, we say, has been tampered with, as is indeed only to be expected when we consider the vicissitudes through which Christianity passed.

But what is this mystic Christ that was so venerated throughout the ages, in Egypt, India, and Greece; in Syria as Mithras; in India as Krishna; etc.?

The better to explain this, it is necessary to refer to the ancient institution known as the Mysteries, so much venerated by the greatest minds of antiquity, but so little understood by many modern scholars who have foregone notions about ancient knowledge. The Mysteries were Inner and Outer, or Greater and Lesser; the former for the elect few, and enacted in privacy; the latter publicly represented. The principal episode in the mystic drama was the emancipation of the human soul from its thralldom to the illusions of bodily life — the resurrection of the Christos or entombed Soul. But this event takes place, not by the sudden passage of the Soul at death to an eternal heaven, but at any time during incarnation at which the candidate may have arrived at that point in his evolution when he is able to take the great step. In the Inner Mysteries such candidates were received on probation and

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afforded the opportunity for testing themselves and making the trial. If successful they thereby renounced their worldly ambitions and became enrolled among the accepted Helpers of mankind. The process of trial and initiation was a drama of entombment in the flesh and of triumphant resurrection therefrom; and at the outer Mysteries it was thus dramatically represented, so that the truth was kept alive in the public mind without revealing anything that could not be given to the public. Jesus himself is made to say that he taught his disciples in secret, and the public through parables.

Now Theosophy is the modern name for that Wisdom-Religion or Secret Doctrine which has been venerated throughout the ages, forming the root of religions, and being the subject of the instructions given directly in the Greater Mysteries, and by symbolic drama in the lesser or public Mysteries. Around the time of the Christian era many old schools and religions were overthrown, and a good deal of their teachings and symbolism were used as part of the new Christian religion then in process of formation. This is notably the case with regard to Gnosticism, the Essenes, the Neoplatonists, and the Mithraists; and scholars are perplexed to solve the relations between these schools and early Christianity.

Jesus himself, whoever he was, and whatever his exact date, was a Teacher, who proclaimed the ancient teachings, speaking as one initiated and as the mouthpiece of Deity, but also insisting that other men could follow in his footsteps. When, how, and why did this gospel become transformed into the dogma that the person of Jesus was unique, and that he was the *only* incarnation of Deity? The answer is that this very process of transformation has attended other religions besides Christianity in the course of their history, and that it represents a decline of faith and knowledge among the adherents, and a progressive trend towards fixed dogma and ecclesiastical forms. The power of Christianity is due to its connexion with the ancient Teachings, and its weaknesses have been due to the extraneous elements. Be it ours, in this day, to resurrect Christianity from its tomb; and, if we cling to time-honored usages, let us be sure that we *go back far enough* in our conservatism.

Much of what we have said, together with more, is summed up in the following passage from *The Esoteric Character of the Gospels*:

"The first key that one has to use to unravel the dark secrets involved in the mystic name of Christ, is the key which unlocked the door to the ancient mysteries of the primitive Aryans, Sabæans, and Egyptians. The Gnosis supplanted by the Christian scheme was universal. It was the echo of the primordial wisdom-religion which had once been the heirloom of the whole of mankind; and therefore one may truly say that, in its purely metaphysical aspect, the Spirit of Christ (the divine *logos*) was present in humanity from the beginning of it. The author of the Clementine Homilies is right: the mystery of Christos — now supposed to have

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been taught by Jesus of Nazareth — 'was identical' with that which *from the first* had been communicated 'to those who were worthy.' . . . We may learn from the Gospel *according to Luke* that the 'worthy' were those who had been initiated into the mysteries of the Gnosis and who were 'accounted worthy' to attain that 'resurrection from the dead' *in this life*. . . . In other words, they were the great adepts of *whatever religion*; and the words apply to all those who, without being Initiates, strive and succeed, through personal efforts to *live the life* and to attain the naturally ensuing spiritual illumination in blending their personality — the 'Son' — with the 'Father' — their individual divine Spirit, the *God within* them. The 'resurrection' can never be monopolized by the Christians, but is the spiritual birthright of every human being endowed with soul and spirit, whatever his religion may be. Such individual is a *Christ-man*."

Thus true Christianity implies a recognition of our divine birthright and of our power to attain to wisdom and liberation. It means an acknowledgment of the Christ. The actual existence of an historical Christ is not denied, but it is necessary to recognise also the existence of other such Teachers besides the one who appeared at the Christian era.

Theosophy can hardly be expected to favor a doctrine which reserves special privileges and immunities for that comparatively small part of mankind, through the ages, who chance to have heard the Christian gospel. Nor is it usual nowadays for anybody to maintain that the heathen and all those who lived before the Christian era will be excluded from salvation. Yet it is difficult to maintain that salvation depends on the acceptance of certain articles of belief and the making of a certain declaration, and yet at the same time to make matters all right for those to whom the Christian message has never come. It is necessary therefore to believe that salvation depends on the acceptance by man of the Christ within him, and that the means for doing this, as well as the inspired Teachers, have existed in all ages. Salvation, in fact, must mean the saving of man from error and ignorance by the purification and sublimation of his nature through the working of the divine Spirit within him. And 'justification by faith' should be taken in the sense that the character of the man undergoes a regeneration and purification through his faith in his own divinity. Some have sought to make the phrase mean that man is, in spite of his guilt, justified as before a judge. Justice however demands that we should incur the consequences of our mistakes; although, by recognising our divinity, we may avoid making more. A man thus enlightened is freed from his sins, in the sense that he now has attained the victory over himself and has escaped from the delusion which led him to commit them. As long as he remains unenlightened, he continues to mistake the issues of life and to blunder; he throws himself earnestly into his desires and sacrifices his zeal to vanities. But when self-knowledge comes, these delusions are dispelled and he is freed from the endless chain of cause and effect set up by his deluded desires.

It is not difficult to divine the motives which have always led mankind,

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in its weakness and folly, on the one hand to crave, on the other hand to proffer, a means of salvation by special favor, in place of the only valid method — salvation by conscious effort of the will and genuine desire of purity. It is related that a wise physician once proclaimed that sicknesses might be cured if the patient would fare forth at dawn to a summit two miles off, and drink the morning dew; but a company was formed, and a hotel built, so that patients might lie abed and have the morning dew laid on in pipes in their bedrooms. They did not get well, but a roaring business was done, which pleased both parties to the bargain. Similarly it has been supposed that salvation could be dispensed — laid on, as it were, in pipes, to save trouble.

In *The Esoteric Character of the Gospels* there is an able discussion of the meaning and derivation of the word *Christos* (χριστός) and also of the word *Chrēstos* (χρηστός); while the meaning and origin of the name Jesus (Ἰησοῦς) is also gone into at length. In various footnotes and digressive remarks, numerous hints are thrown out for those interested in numerical keys, astronomical keys, the Gematria and Qabbâlâh, etc.; so that these articles are a good deal more than just a writing on Christianity and show the author's profound knowledge of many other subjects. All goes to show that there is much more in Christianity than we have yet gotten out of it. What the world needs today is, not religions or a religion, so much as Religion itself. The word *religion* contains the root *lig-*, meaning to tie, as does the word *obligation*. Religion may be defined as the summary of our duties as members of the great world of living beings — as opposed to our merely personal leanings. The need for Religion springs from our innate sense that we are part of a great whole. The attempt to satisfy personal desires or the cravings of the lower nature will not fill a man's being and bring peace; he craves something more. This craving sooner or later leads him on the path of inquiry, and he finds that there is a higher destiny for man to fulfil; that man has a divine nature, which also demands expression. The satisfaction of these higher aspirations demands that he shall set aside his personal desires; for these latter pull him away and chain him to a narrow sphere. But perhaps he is repelled by the sectarian and dogmatic form under which religion is presented to him; and not knowing that there is any other form, he seeks refuge in agnosticism. To people in such a state, the light which Theosophy sheds on Christianity and on all religion comes as a great relief. Theosophy assures him that the real teachings of Christ can never run counter to the voice of conscience or the light of intuition. Christ says: "Seek, and ye shall find: knock, and it shall be opened unto you." This saying, and many similar ones, are strictly in harmony with Theosophical teachings, as we hope to show in a subsequent paper.

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APPENDIX

LEST our views should be thought too liberal or too unpopular, we hereby fortify ourselves with a few quotations from (1) an article in the *London Daily News and Leader*, Jan. 5, by the editor, and (2) from an officer's letter to the same paper, Dec. 18. We think it really necessary to give their source, for otherwise readers might think they were from the *Century Path* or Madame Blavatsky's editorials in *Lucifer*.

(1) "It is in the session of our private thoughts that illumination comes."

"It is in the realm of the spirit that we win dominion over the material."

"It is in this hour of emergency that the organized spiritual resources that we believed we possessed have proved bankrupt. In the general catastrophe that has befallen society, the churches have suffered the most complete collapse."

"The general attitude of the spiritual leaders of the world has been pathetically unequal to the world's great argument."

"With such halting and equivocal guidance the churches have abdicated."

"Christianity is no more dependent on the churches than art is dependent on the Royal Academy."

"Christianity is immortal, not in its creeds or its institutions, but in its spirit. . . . It is not caged in definitions. It does not live by virtue of relics and superstitions and miracles. . . . It lives as the wind of the ideal, the vision without which we perish."

"It is not religion that has failed the world in these dark days. It is the institutions of religion."

"But if the churches have abdicated, religion has not."

(2) "The Christian, when taxed with the possible 'truth' of Hindûism, Mohammedanism, or Confucianism, is fond of replying: 'Which produces the best life?' 'Very well,' you reply; 'by their fruits shall we judge them.' Then those who live the best life possess the true doctrine. . . . But what is the best life? What is goodness? . . . Goodness is doing good things things that produce harmony, goodwill, happiness. . . . Which is the greater good, to deal justly with thy neighbor, or to believe in the Virgin Birth?"

"Almost every creed and religion has its 'saints.' None has a monopoly of goodness. Noble natures shine like a beacon above the crowds of all the churches. In all ages and countries have been men content not to seek worldly advantage nor to acquire possessions. . . . They sought the kingdom of heaven. . . . They did good for its own sake. . . . To them virtue was its own reward; and sanctity, fostered by their creed or philosophy but not fashioned by it, was the natural expression of their natures. They possessed a certain standard of moral beauty, and the striving to live up to it was sufficient to fill their lives. . . . Is it to be believed that only those of the 'true faith' will be free to continue their good works in whatever may be after death?"

"Naïvely ignoring the creeds of other lands and ages, sweeping aside or denouncing the other creeds of his own, each exponent boldly proclaims his parochial vision to be the only true one: by no other means may a man 'save his soul alive.'"

(To be continued)

STUDIES IN VERGIL: by J. O. Kinnaman, A. M., Ph. D.

PART IV — HADES

IN the Sixth book, Vergil takes up that ever-absorbing question, the abode of the dead. It is a question that has been occupying the attention of men for ages, and perhaps we are no nearer a solution today (outside of the Theosophical teachings, where the facts are set forth) than when the first philosophers began to think and teach; we may not be as near the truth as were the teachers millenniums before Pythagoras and his school.

We would like to know the original source or beginning of the doctrine concerning the abode of the dead, as it came to classical Greece. But as far as we are able to trace, the unknown still surrounds it. We are coming to know more of the thoughts and beliefs of the common man as the spade of the excavator clears away the débris of the ages that have covered them. We know not whence came the doctrine into Greece nor where it first appeared. It may be that later the question can be answered, but not at present.

In Greek literature, the oldest form of the doctrine, of course, is found in the *Odyssey*, but the picture there is very gloomy, and the condition of the departed from this world is very undesirable.

Odysseus goes to the very rim of the world, just where or in what direction Homer gives us no definite grounds for conjecture, though there are scholars who have written learned dissertations to prove that the voyage is historical and marks the first recorded sailing into the southern hemisphere. However that may be, Homer describes the land as gloomy, never visited by the sun, always in the mist, and in every way undesirable.

He digs a trench into which is drained the blood of victims offered in sacrifice. The shades of the departed gather around the trench, and the words of Achilles draw for us the condition in the land of departed souls, if one can call these dim and substanceless shades, souls. We find here no divisions geographical, we may say, no division or separation on moral grounds; these faint and dim shadows all dwell together. Why? Because, some think, moral philosophy had not yet been carried into thought beyond the grave. It is the later confusion of the tale of Homer and the teachings of moral philosophy that gave rise to the long development of the hell idea.

The next step in the development seems to be the Mysteries. What these were, no two scholars have ever agreed. Literature is either entirely silent upon the subject, or so open about it that we do not suspect it when presented to us, in that we are blind to the plain facts before us because we are searching for something hidden, mysterious, unspeakable.

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Whatever the Mysteries may have been they seem to have had their foundation in the Homeric Hymn to Demeter, the Orgiastic, Dionysiac rites associated with Iacchus, Orphic and Oriental rites. From this it seems probable that these rites took somewhat the form of what were later called miracle plays. This would seem to be probable from the 'lodge-rooms' that have been discovered. There has been discovered nothing that would indicate anything deeply mysterious or intricate in any way, not even facilities for offering sacrifice in any manner.

Two doctrines arise, the Pythagorean and the Orphic. The former centers in the idea of the 'transmigration' of souls, the latter in the idea of the child-god mutilated by the Titans, from the ashes of whom sprang the human race with its two-fold nature, the good and the evil ever struggling against each other. It is an attempt to explain the strange contradiction in human nature, also to disentangle the *divine* element. The two doctrines unite in 'the fall of the soul by sin.' The soul is of divine origin, it misses its mission, it becomes blinded to its true purpose, it loses its purity, Reason loses its ability to control Desire, and thus sin came. Atonement comes through punishment; punishment produces purification. Purification is produced or accomplished in several ways: penalties in Hades, cycle of births, and reincarnation. When all stain of sin has been washed away then the soul can return to its origin.

Plato gives us the whole story of the soul in the *Phaedrus*, and the *Phaedo* gives the topography of the underworld.

There were two other thinkers who influenced Vergil: Lucretius and Cicero.

In brief we have traced as far as possible the development of the Hades idea up to Vergil's time. Now let us turn to the poet and see how he treated the subject, what new ideas he had to offer, what reconciliations he effected, and what new problems he evolved.

Aeneas lands at Cumae and at once proceeds to the groves and temple of the Sibyl. While awaiting the return of Achates who has been sent ahead, Aeneas and his companions view the temple, and especially the great doors of bronze wrought in relief upon which were figured several traditional subjects: (1) the Athenians paying the penalty of their fourteen boys and girls yearly to Minos; (2) the labyrinth. The question of sending these young people from Athens to Crete has been a matter of speculation for ages, also the question of the labyrinth, but we are in a better position than Vergil himself to answer the question.

There is no longer any doubt in the minds of the majority of scholars that the Athenians did pay a tribute of youths and maidens annually to the Cretan monarch; and there is no doubt of the existence of a real labyrinth, thanks to Sir Arthur Evans, who has excavated this same

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maze of winding corridors. This palace was destroyed about 1500 B. C. by some foreign foe who brought the great Cretan Empire to an end.

If the labyrinth is an established fact, what can we say about the legendary inhabitant of it? Was there such a creature as the Minotaur?

All scholars have rejected the possibility of such a thing, and passed it by as too absurd for further consideration. So the matter rested until something like a year ago, when two archaeologists of unquestioned reputation seem to have satisfactorily solved the problem. Farnham Bishop and Arthur G. Gilchrist have written a novel in which they set forth their theory, which to the present has not been attacked. The Minotaur, according to the theory of these authors, was a great brazen image having the head of a bull and the body of a man. In the base of the image was a great fiery furnace. The arms, hands, and jaws of the monster were worked by means of levers or some sort of machinery. The victim was placed blindfolded between the knees of the image, the hands grasped the person in the region of the waist, then the arms lifted him to the massive jaws, and the ill-fated one disappeared into the flames of the furnace.

The story of Daedalus and Icarus lack not for an interpreter and an interpretation. Dr. Charles Hallock, President of the Washington Academy of Science, writing in *The American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal*, sometime during 1911 or 1912, set forth a theory to account for this story as being founded on something more than pure imagination upon the part of the Greeks.

He holds that this tale is a remnant of a truth that has been handed down through the ages from the time of the disappearance of that much discussed lost continent, Atlantis. He further holds that certain of the Atlanteans made their escape from the doomed continent by means of some kind of air-craft, perhaps the progenitor of the modern biplane; and in being handed down through the countless ages during the cycles of civilization the tale was mutilated until its significance was entirely lost. But the central fact of flying through the air never died out as a legend from among the descendants of the Atlanteans.

The Sibyl arrives and interrupts Aeneas in his contemplation of the doors. She feels the influence of the god, and then orders Aeneas to offer up his prayers, and not to delay in so doing. This the mighty leader does, and vows a temple to Apollo, — a vow which was rather slow in fulfilment, for Vergil had in mind the temple of Apollo on the Palatine, built about 28 B. C., also the Ludi Apollinares, which were celebrated for the first time after the battle of Cannae during the Second Punic War. (Book VI, 69-70).

Aeneas now beseeches the Sibyl not to intrust her reply to the leaves

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to be blown about by the fickle winds, but to answer with her own lips. This she does, but tells the hero nothing that he does not already know.

Two elements now demand our attention that have baffled all attempts at answer: the golden bough, and the sacrifices offered to the gods of the nether world. In regard to the first, the most probable interpretation is that of survival of tree worship. For want of a better we shall let it rest there. The efficacy of the sacrifices has no interpretation that can hold our serious attention.

Finally the Sibyl utters her final admonition, VI, 261:

Nunc animis opus, Aenea, nunc pectore firmo,

and dives into the open cave and takes her way to the first region of the Plutonian kingdom with Aeneas following close by her side.

What is the import of the invocation in lines 264-267? Is it, as Professor Knapp suggests, an invocation that Vergil may follow and rely upon current tradition, or is it that he is asking permission to reveal certain phases of the Mysteries? He uses a religious term in his prayer for permission, *sit mihi fas audita loqui: sit, numine vestro, pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas*.

Sit mihi fas, "May it be right (religiously) for me, etc.,"
Pandere . . . mersas, "to reveal the secrets (*res*) hidden in the depths of earth and mystery (*caligine*)."

Aeneas passes through the vacant halls and empty realms of Dis, as dim and uncertain as are objects beneath the moon upon a semi-cloudy night. Then he comes to the vestibule in the very jaws of Orcus where swarm all the ills of mankind and some of the mythical monsters whom we may pass without further comment.

Acheron is reached, and Charon in all his squalor and sordidness is seen. The poet draws his image vividly in a few lines, with a master hand that equals some of the master-portraits of Homer. Charon is a somewhat new figure with which to deal. He seems to be an old type in the tenets of religion, but whence came he as Vergil portrays him? In the prehistoric tombs found in Etruria are to be seen wall-paintings representing the grim old ferryman and his crazy boat. Did Vergil glean his description from these same tombs upon which we can today gaze in wonder?

On the river banks are the throngs of the dead, as many as the leaves of the forest that fall with the first frost; to this is added the simile of the birds driven by the cold to a more sunny clime. In the fourth *Georgic* we find most of the description here offered, though the arrangement in this book is somewhat altered and of a far more serious import. The *Georgic* lines date from Vergil's Alexandrian days, while the lines of

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Book VI reveal to us the more contemplative side of the poet; the playfulness he displayed in the *Georgics* has vanished, and seriousness and earnestness of purpose run through the whole story. Life is not extinct: the soul is more in earnest than ever in the life of the upper air. The Hades that Vergil pictures is the very antithesis of that depicted in the *Odyssey*: mythology, philosophy, and religion have all contributed their share to the composite whole.

The numberless throng crowd to the river's bank to be ferried across the dark-hued stream. Some the ferryman takes, some he leaves and drives afar from the river's edge. Those that are taken have received the rites of burial, those that are rejected are the poor and those that lie upon earth or within the sea without a sepulchre. These unfortunate ones must wander and flit about these shores for an hundred years before they can cross. The ancient world at large had very gloomy thoughts in regard to the unburied and their lot in the underworld.

The episode of Palinurus is, of course, suggested by that of Elpenor in the *Odyssey*, XI, 51-80. Elpenor's distress seems to have been due to his self-respect, while that of Palinurus can be attributed to his deep feeling of need.

In lines 344-346 we have something of a puzzle. There is really nothing in the *Aeneid* to explain the allusion. Commentators usually refer to Book V, 814, but in this verse Neptune is speaking, not Palinurus. For want of better explanation, we are compelled to fall back upon that ever ready refuge of ignorance, the lack of revision on the part of Vergil. In the remainder of the episode, patriotism seems to be the prevailing notion, and the poet ever has Italy in mind, though his attention is fixed upon Hades.

Aeneas next enters the so-called five doubtful regions. These regions are occupied by: (1) children who have died in infancy, (2) by those unjustly condemned to death, (3) by innocent people who have committed suicide, (4) by unhappy lovers, (5) by those who have fallen in war.

There are inconsistencies here that scholars have failed to reconcile; Norden, the greatest exponent of consistency, failed in his object. To illustrate: Why are some fallen heroes found here, while others are in Elysium? Why the grouping of lovers in the manner which we find: Pasiphae, Phaedra; Dido, Sychaeus? But this is a technical point into which we shall not enter, for Vergil, in a word or two, could have explained his reason, but he did not.

Plato had already formulated the notion of moral law beyond the grave, but Vergil did a daring thing when he preached the doctrine of

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the divine right of the state. This he accomplishes by sending to the depths of Tartarus, which Aeneas did not visit but which was described to him by the Sibyl, those who betrayed their country for gold, or cheated their clients, or committed adultery, or sold justice, or hated a brother. It is undoubtedly true that Vergil had in mind the Twelve Tables, the legal Roman code that every schoolboy knew by heart.

Aeneas at last comes to Elysium and into the presence of his father, his avowed purpose in coming. In a secluded valley he finds him gazing upon the waters of a river, and upon the souls of men "as many as the bees in summer." The river is Lethe, the River of Forgetfulness, and the souls are those destined for birth into the upper air. These are the souls of the future great men of the Roman Empire. Note that Vergil is here teaching not the Orphic doctrine, but one that antedates it by many millenniums, a doctrine as old as mankind itself, *viz.* that the soul has always existed and will continue to exist.

Then Vergil unfolds his philosophy of life, which he places in the mouth of Anchises:

"Know first, the heaven, the earth, the main,
The moon's pale orb, the starry train,
Are nourished by a soul,
A spirit whose celestial flame
Glows in each member of the frame
And stirs the mighty whole.
Thence souls of men and cattle spring,
And the gay people of the wing,
And the strange shapes that ocean hides
Beneath the smoothness of his tides.
A fiery strength inspires their lives,
An essence that from heaven derives,
Though clogged in part by limbs of clay
And the dull 'vesture of decay.'
Hence wild desires and grovelling fears,
And human laughter, human tears:
Immured in dungeon-seeming night,
They look abroad, yet see no light.
Nay, when at last the life has fled,
And left the body cold and dead,
E'en then there passes not away
The painful heritage of clay;
Full many a long contracted stain
Must linger deep, perforce, in grain.
So penal sufferings they endure
For ancient crime, to make them pure:
Some hang aloft in open view
For winds to pierce them through and through,
While others purge their guilt deep-dyed
In burning fire or whelming tide.
Each for himself, we all sustain

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The durance of our ghostly pain;
Then to Elysium we repair,
The few, and breathe this blissful air:
Till, many a length of ages past,
The inherent taint is cleansed at last,
And nought remains but ether bright,
The quintessence of heavenly light.
All these, when centuries ten times told
The wheel of destiny have rolled,
The voice divine from far and wide
Calls up to Lethe's river-side,
That earthward they may pass once more
Remembering not the things before,
And with a blind propension yearn
To fleshly bodies to return." (Conington's translation.)

Let us study more closely the basic meaning of some of the important words employed by Vergil.

In line 726 the subject of *alil* (sustains) is *spiritus*, a noun derived from the verb *spiro*, meaning 'to breathe,' 'to blow,' originally without any idea of intelligence being connected with it. It seems to be the same root-idea as the Greek *πνεῦμα* (see John III: 8). In line 727 he uses the word *mens* as the subject of *agitat*. *Mens* is altogether different in its import from *spiritus*, in that it has the idea of intelligence behind it, and that intelligence has the power of discrimination or judgment to direct the impetus of its own forces. Hence *mens* must be translated 'Divine Intelligence,' in contradistinction to *spiritus*, a force without intelligence, mere law, or the resultant momentum of the *expressed* creative force of divine intelligence.

In line 730 the word *vigor* is used. This word or noun is derived from the verb *vigeo*, meaning 'that which has strength and force *per se*'; so the noun means 'force' in the sense of 'field of force' in the terms of electric nomenclature. *Origo* has the meaning of 'origin' as we employ it in common usage. *Seminibus* carries the idea, primarily, of that which has the power to grow from its own internal force, as for instance, the seed; but here it has the force of 'particles,' or rather, it seems, it may have the idea of that which physicists call 'electrons.' Therefore, we may well translate this line: "Fiery is the force and heavenly the origin of these particles" (electrons); the *seminibus* being the particles or electrons that form the basic substance of the soul of human beings, the essence that is the spiritual true element of man, if you please.

In line 733 is found the word *auras*, usually translated as 'heavenly light.' But I would not so interpret it. If we take into consideration the meanings of the words as given above, such translation becomes

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absurd and meaningless. The word may mean 'light' in the sense that we usually assign to it; but it can mean 'light' in the sense that the Theosophist assigns to it, *viz.*: a consciousness of its (the soul's) own divinity and divine origin. If we interpret lines 733-34 in this manner, we are, I think, interpreting as Vergil wrote, otherwise we are interpreting everything in a literal sense, and most absurdly literal, and thus we utterly fail to catch the occult meaning that Vergil surely must have had in mind. So let us translate: Hence arose man's fears, his desires, griefs, and joys, nor do the souls discern, pent within gloom (ignorance) and dark prison-house, the 'light of their own divinity' (*auras*).

According to Vergil's philosophy, death does not wipe out the stains of sin committed in the body. These stains leave their mark deep-ingrained (*penitus inolescere*) and can be removed only by some form of atonement, *i. e.*, by paying the penalty in some form of punishment. It seems to the writer that here we have the doctrine of Karma. If that is not it, what doctrine have we here? Any other would detract from the deep learning of the poet. After a long period of purification, after time's appointed cycle has been fully run, then the heavenly intelligence and divine spark is left pure and unpolluted. After this the soul may begin to wish to return to and dwell within human bodies again.

This is NOT the doctrine of transmigration of souls as the majority of interpreters would have us believe, but the doctrine of REINCARNATION. The same doctrine that we find in *John* I: 14: "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us." *Καὶ ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο καὶ ἐσκήνωσεν ἐν ἡμῖν.*

In this passage the word *λόγος* has the same root meaning as the Latin *mens*. It has three primary meanings, (1) Reason; (2) The one speaking; (3) Means of communication. The first is the meaning in the passage quoted. The word *σὰρξ* has several meanings. In the singular it means 'flesh'; in the plural, 'muscles of the body'; then following those come 'human nature,' 'human kind.' In this passage it is a kind of *zeugma* implying the ideas of 'human body' and 'human nature.' So if we fully interpret (not merely translate) the passage, we have something like this: 'Reason took upon itself the form of a human body and the nature of a human being.' It seems to us that Vergil in his famous and much discussed passage teaches Karma and Reincarnation, even in a more philosophical and direct manner than the great Christian Apostle.

There is very little more of importance over which we may spend our time, except to call attention to lines 848-853 in which Vergil displays one of his marvelous moments of foresight, sufficient to class him as a seer in the Middle Ages, and of sufficient genius to challenge our admiration:

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Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera;
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus;
Orabunt causas melius, coelique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent:
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
Hae tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

("Other nations will mold with softer grace the bronze into breathing, life-like form, I doubt not; they will shape the living countenance from the marble; they will more fluently plead their causes at the bar, and with their dividers mark out the paths of the heavenly bodies, and foretell the time of the rising stars; thou, O, Roman, make it thy task to rule the peoples with imperial sway; these arts are thine, to impose law and the habits of peace upon thy subjects, and to crush the haughty.")

CONCLUSIONS IN REGARD TO BOOK VI

I. Vergil is historical *in re* the Athenian tribute to the Cretan monarch, for archaeology has proven beyond a shadow of a doubt that a great Cretan Empire existed whose capitol was located at Knossos. The great building that is called in legend the Labyrinth, stands exposed to view with its winding corridors and passages, with its walls painted with the double axe. Archaeologists have advanced a theory covering that much discussed man-animal, the Minotaur. Daedalus and Icarus are a memory of the Fourth Root-Race that made its way to the now European coast by means of some kind of air-craft.

II. Vergil gathered together the vast mass of teachings relating to the realms of the dead, and molded them into a more or less consistent whole, especially teaching the horror of and repulsion for suicide; teaching for the first time within written history the divine right of the state, and emphasizing the *reign of moral law* beyond the grave.

III. He teaches the dual nature of man, his divine origin, his fall into sin because of Reason's failure to rule the animal side of human nature; and above all, KARMA and REINCARNATION.

IV. Vergil teaches that Life is Love, and that man's mission upon earth is SERVICE to humanity and to the state.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

I wish to extend my appreciation to the following authors and their works. If I have failed to give full credit to them at any place, or through oversight have failed to put their words within quotation marks, I wish at this point fully to acknowledge my indebtedness to them. At many

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places it will appear that Dr. Leaf's interpretations run parallel with that offered in this thesis. I will give Dr. Leaf full credit for his interpretation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, for with regard to my observations on the sites of Hissarlik and of other Homeric sites, I cannot lay claim to having authority that would carry weight in the world of Homeric scholarship, although I beg to say that I was driven to many of Dr. Leaf's conclusions *before* the publication of his *Troy*. I wish to extend my appreciation to Dr. Leaf and his two epoch-making works, *A Study in Homeric Geography*, and *Homer and History*.

Also to Dr. T. R. Glover and his monumental work on Vergil; to Dr. Lanciani's great works upon Roman Archaeology; to Drs. Boni and Artioli, Rome, Italy, with both of whom I had the honor of associating while studying in that classic country my favorite subject, Roman Archaeology and Topography.

I wish to extend my thanks to Professor A. C. Whitehead, who has always encouraged me in my work with kind words and helpful criticisms. Also my thanks are due to Mr. Hemp for his careful drawings of the various maps and plans with which this thesis has been illustrated.



"Is the soul, when under the influence of such affections, then chiefly shackled by the body?" — "How so?" — "Because every pleasure and pain, with a nail as it were, nails and fastens it to the body, and makes it of the nature of the body, while it believes those things to be true which the body asserts to be so. For, from its conformity of opinions, and identity of pleasures, with those of the body, it is forced, I imagine, to become identified with its manners and habits, insomuch that it can never arrive in Hades pure, but must always depart polluted by the body, so that it speedily sinks again into another body, and grows again as if it had been sown, whence it is deprived of all communion with that which is pure, unspotted, and divine."

— PLATO, *Phaedo*, transl. C. S. Stanford

REINCARNATION, AND THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANTINOPLE HELD IN A. D. 553: by the Rev. S. J. Neill



IT is the aim of the following remarks to give some idea of the causes which led up to the Council of Constantinople in 553, A. D., at which, some have thought, a ban was placed on the doctrine of Reincarnation.

* * * *

The task of the true historian is a very difficult one. When he records contemporary events there is always the difficulty of lack of proper perspective. When he writes of the past there are other difficulties: he may not possess sufficient, or trustworthy, authorities; and it is the besetting danger of all historians to picture the past more or less in the light of the present. Hence it is that we find writers like Grote, or Thirlwall, or Mommsen, or Gibbon giving us a view of the past colored by the political spectacles of the present. The liberal or conservative, the religious radical, or the ultra orthodox are pretty sure to see the facts in the light of their own preconceived ideas, and therefore to present them to us in that light. A modern writer has said that a "perfect history would be a full record of all events, words, and even thoughts of the past." If that be so, then no perfect history exists other than that written in the great 'book of life,' the astral light, from which, according to the Apocalypse, all will be judged at last.

If the ordinary historian is beset with many difficulties, the ecclesiastical or religious historian is beset with still greater ones. It is of the very nature of religion, or the lack of it, to give a strong personal element to everything which is placed under review. Hence it is, that historians find it such a difficult matter to write a really good history of early Christianity: and the same thing, perhaps, may be said of the early history of all religious movements. The *truly critical* spirit is hard to find; by that we mean the spirit of the well-informed judge (the *kritês*) who is quite free from prejudice.

When we consider that human progress depends on the lessons gained by experience we see how very important it must be to have a full and correct account of the experience of individuals and nations and races. The province of the historian is twofold: the gathering together of facts, and the study of the meaning of those facts. The latter is sometimes called the philosophy of history. It is in the interpretation of the facts that we find one historian differing so much from another. Sound judgment is one of the chief qualities of the genuine historian. This includes a careful examination of the facts, and a placing of them in proper order and proportion. If this is not done it is just as possible to juggle with

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facts as with figures. In recent times historians have been grouped into two main classes; those whose chief aim is to give a vivid artistic picture; and those who make this subservient to as full and accurate a statement of facts as possible. Rightly viewed, falsehood does not bring good to any one. Truth and Good are ever most intimately related.

In an attempt at a study of the Council held at Constantinople under the Emperor Justinian in the year 553, and especially in regard to the subject of reincarnation, one very soon realizes what a difficult task has been undertaken. To declare off-hand that the Christian Church at this Council put a ban on the doctrine of reincarnation, and chose that of hell instead, would give a very inadequate, if not an entirely misleading idea of the state of the case. The truth is that dogmas, whether in the Christian Church, or in any other religion, do not spring into existence all at once, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, armed *cap-à-pié*. As with all growth, it is "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

To not a few readers it may appear to be a simple question to decide whether or not reincarnation was brought up at the Council of Constantinople; and if so, what was the decision of the Council.

Well, it may be regarded as certain that reincarnation did not come up as a special issue either at this Council or at any other Council.

If it came up at all it was as a side issue, or part of a larger question.

If we could get back to the atmosphere of that time we should at once see that very different matters filled the minds of men in those days.

Personal matters, bitter opposition to some person or some party; and in order to condemn that person or party lists of charges were formulated. The bigger and more liberal-minded a man was the more likely it was that a small-minded man should try and tear him in pieces. Of course it is the old story — the desire for personal power — and this is not peculiar to early Christianity; we find it in all religions, in all political parties, in every land and in every age of the world. The passion for domination has ever been one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the path of humanity. The man or group of men who are animated by this love of power most likely do not confess it to themselves, and certainly not to others. They profess to seek the 'cause of religion' — 'the greater glory of God.' They seek the 'good of others.' With these and similar statements they 'hoodwink themselves, and mislead others.' There is always some plausible reason. Even those who in later times burnt their fellowmen at the stake professed a high motive; it was to 'save their souls,' and it was 'better that the body should perish if the soul might be saved.' Bigotry, the spirit of persecution, and intolerance, have generally clothed themselves in high pretensions. Purity of doctrine,

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the cause of truth, the upholding of religion, and the like, these are the sheep's-clothing under which the wolf has torn his prey. Hence, when we take note of such things a thousand years ago and more, we are observing certain prominent qualities of the lower side of human nature common to all ages and nations. In keeping this fact in view we do not lose sight of the other fact that there are false teachings and that what poisons the mind is even more dangerous than what poisons the body. But the attempt to root out the false teaching, even if we are quite sure it is so, is attended with risk; and the advice of Jesus was: "let the tares and wheat grow together till the harvest, then the reapers will separate the tares from the wheat."

This growth of the love of power and rule had for a long time been repressed in the early Christian Church. There had been a number of persecutions, and these had made domination difficult. But when the Church became numerous, and strong, and especially when from Constantine onwards it became the avenue to much political influence, then the spirit of domination grew apace.

It had been distinctly taught by Jesus that his disciples were not to permit a spirit of domination to interfere with the practice of religion.

"Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. It shall not be so among you, but whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, he shall be your servant."

And both Paul and Peter wrote in similar words to the early presbyters, and warned them against being "lords over God's heritage." This was in many cases unheeded. The result was a growing love of power and rule.

At the time of the second Council of Constantinople in 553, the Bishop of Rome was the chief Bishop in the West. The Bishops of the East, who were in some cases called Patriarchs, were the chief rulers within their own spheres, the only overlord being the Emperor who reigned at Constantinople.

It may seem a matter of little importance whether or not the Council of Constantinople, under the Emperor Justinian, condemned reincarnation. If reincarnation is a fact then the decision of any number of Church Synods or Councils would matter as little as did the opposition of the Church to the fact of the movement of the earth around the sun, or any other of the facts of science which ignorant ecclesiastics at various times have opposed. But the subject, at any rate, has an historical interest, and the more we know of the mistakes as well as of the achievements of the past, the wiser we should be to meet difficulties in the future.

In trying to find out something about the Council of Constantinople

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and what it did, we propose to glance briefly at the general state of the world then of which Justinian and the clergy were only prominent details.

The present is always rising out of the past, and more or less molded by the past. Today is the child of all past yesterdays. The Roman world of the fifth and sixth centuries was a mass of elements that had been swept down the river of Time from a far antiquity. The images of all the gods were there, but they were only images. Rome itself, and all that it implied, was fast becoming the ghost of its former greatness. The sturdy vigor of the Republic had laid up a heritage of energy upon which the following ages lived much as a spendthrift son lives on the estate he has inherited from many hardy forefathers. A modern writer tersely describes the state of Rome in those days by saying that the wealth of all the countries of the Roman world poured into it, and the only thing that went out of it was manure! This is hardly just, for Rome did furnish laws and roads, if only for the control and government of the conquered and much taxed provinces. It is a sad spectacle, but it should be a very instructive one, that nation after nation has fallen into the dust chiefly because it was built on a very unstable equilibrium. The laws of stability are not difficult to discover; they are justice and judgment, they are equity and mercy; truth and righteousness. The essential nature of the kingdom of God on earth is not different from the essential nature of the kingdom of heaven: "The delight of doing good, originating in love and operating by wisdom," says the great Swedish Seer, "is the very essence of the heavenly life."

As nation after nation grew rich from conquests, and from the labor of slaves — in one form or another — the seeds of decay were sown, and the downfall of that nation or kingdom was only a matter of time. Egypt and Babylon, Persia, Palestine, and Greece, all crumbled like a piece of wood affected with dry rot. Rome became for a time the refuge for all the things good and bad that the great river of Time had borne on its bosom, and swept in eddies into quiet corners on its sands. No form of Government will long protect a nation if greed of gain, love of domination, and a lack of the spirit of righteousness and equity sap the vitals of the people. Had the Christian Church maintained in its purity and strength the spirit of its Founder there can be but little doubt that it would have saved Rome, and there would have been no 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' But it is only too lamentably true that many, especially those lording it over others in the Churches, exhibited those vices that weakened, instead of the virtues which ought to sustain a nation. Any careful reader of Church history cannot fail to see and deplore the spirit of cantankerousness that prevailed; the egotism, the love of getting into prominent positions, and being able to rule over

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others, and all the evils which those qualities produce. These qualities on the part of some of the bishops were a source of dissension and weakness. And, strange to say, it was the spirit of Greek Philosophy which, in the manner in which it affected and divided the Christian communities, especially in the East and in Africa, helped the forces of Islâm to make such rapid conquest in the East; had there been no bitter divisions between the East and the West; had there been no hunting of heretics such as Arius, Nestorius, and many others, Islâm might have been confined to Arabia and some other places outside of Europe. Who does not know that the battle over an iota, between homoiousion and homoousion, divided the East and the West? The Greek philosophy had been absorbed in large measure by many Christian writers and one result was an age-long strife over the hair-splitting niceties about the nature of the Christ, the Word of God, the Logos. Was Christ the same nature with the Father, or only of a similar nature? Was he eternally the Son, or did his Sonship count from his earthly birth? Was the Sonship an eternal proceeding from the Father, or an act of creation? In a word, these Christian disputants fought over the great problem of the Infinite and the finite which has ever exercised the minds of men since human beings were capable of philosophizing. Then there were closely allied matters of dispute such as the nature of Christ and his personality — was there only one nature, or were there two natures in one person? It was chiefly in regard to the nature and person of Christ that men fought in Constantinople, in Asia Minor, and in Africa, in the days of Justinian. Reincarnation might be mentioned incidentally in reference to the teachings of some one over whom a bitter personal contest raged, but neither in Constantinople nor Nicaea nor during the early centuries, was it, as far as we know, brought up by itself as a question of dispute. It never was a 'live issue,' as we say. There can be no doubt that the doctrine of reincarnation was known to some among the early Christians and that there are several texts in the New Testament which either imply it or state it distinctly. But it must be acknowledged that for the bulk of the people a future life with Christ, or separated from him, was the prevalent conception — in other words, heaven or hell. It will surprise anyone who makes a careful and unprejudiced survey of the early Christian communities, and of the ideas they held, to see what a limited thing, and what a very simple thing, the teaching was at first, as compared with what it became in a few centuries. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and live that belief; this sums up the early Christian position. We see this very clearly in that general letter written by James the brother of Jesus to the early Christians. This letter was very probably the first thing written of the New Testament, even before any of Paul's letters

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— and not after them, as was thought for a time by many, because it seemed that James was combatting the Pauline doctrine of justification by faith. The Epistle is evidently written by a Jew; it is permeated all through with Jewish thought, simple and practical. It was evidently written by one who was in a position to address such advice to the 'twelve tribes which are scattered abroad.' Now James was not only the Lord's brother, but was president of the apostolic body at Jerusalem. He, and not Peter or Paul, was the acknowledged head. He was chairman or president of the first Christian Council, that was held at Jerusalem, when Paul and Barnabas and the other Christians met to decide how far Greek Christians were to be governed by Jewish ritual. It was James and not Peter nor Paul who, after hearing the various speakers, summed up and gave the decision. This decision was carried to the various Churches and accepted by them. Now this Council is very important because it should naturally form a model for the future conduct of the Christian Communities. It would seem to be intended for that purpose because the Apostles were then living, and if anybody had a right to decide such a matter they had. Instead of that they did not themselves decide. The form of procedure was this: The Christians at Antioch, where the dispute took place, determined to send representatives, and chose Paul, Barnabas, and 'certain others.' These went to Jerusalem, and the first Christian Council met composed of these representatives, and the Apostles and Presbyters, or Elders, who were at Jerusalem. Apparently many of the Jerusalem Christians were present at the Council, for the narrative says, "then all the multitude kept silent and gave audience to Barnabas and Paul." Peter also spoke, but he had no special authority. There is not a hint that he was to be the head of the Church. What he had to tell was about himself, how he had preached to the Gentiles. And it was only in harmony with the general weakness of character in the man who denied his Master, that he, after having boasted of preaching to the Gentiles, should show Judaizing tendencies. Paul says: "When Peter was come to Antioch I withstood him to the face because he was to be blamed." (*Gal.* 2, 11.)

The result of the discussion was that James as president gave a decision. This decision was sent by representatives chosen by the Council — "apostles, presbyters, and the whole Church" — and delivered to and accepted by the Church at Antioch. It is claimed that this Council was intended to form a model for the future, and it is the model upon which a large part of the Christian Church has been molded as to Government. Some lawyers and Statesmen have looked upon that form of representative government, with right of appeal, as the germ from which all modern liberal government has sprung. But Church historians tell

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us that nearly all parties, congregational, and episcopalian, as well as Presbyterians, claim to find ground to support them in that famous first Christian Council held at Jerusalem towards the middle of the first century — about the year 51.

This matter has been mentioned at some length because it is a very vital one, in many respects. It is a standard, and we can compare after-Councils by it, and see how far many, or all of them, depart from it, both in letter and in spirit. How different from the time when Councils, such as that at Constantinople under Justinian, were called by civil rulers, and to suit their purposes: or called by combative bishops to further personal ends.

Before passing from this first Council there is one matter of great moment which should be noticed. This is the expression: "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us," which was used in the letter sent by that Council to the Christians at Antioch. The meaning which appears on the surface is that the Holy Spirit had in some way inspired or guided the decision, which was also their decision, that Jewish restrictions, except in certain points, should not be laid on Gentile Christians. Now this phrase, in the course of time, became an accepted one for Councils to use. The general Councils were looked upon as infallible when the Pope approved! In other cases Councils were held to be superior in authority to the Popes. As to the real meaning of the above phrase: "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us," etc., may it not be the quite simple and evident one? Peter had told at some length how he had been inspired by God in a vision to receive certain Gentiles into the Church. The Council, having this statement of Peter before it, put the matter in the brief form we see it in the letter to Antioch; a fuller statement might be: "As we find from Peter that 'it seemed good to the holy Ghost' that Gentile Christians should not be burdened with Jewish restrictions; and as Paul and Barnabas give corroborative testimony; we give it as our finding that the Gentile Christians in Antioch and in Syria be burdened with as few Jewish restrictions as possible; but they should abstain from meats offered to idols, from blood, from things strangled, and from fornication."

This is not the ordinary explanation, though Neander, and one or two others, lean a little in that direction. At any rate, if the Voice of God indicated a certain line of action it was surely redundant, if not blasphemous, to add, "it seemed to us also"! Not in this manner spake the old Jewish prophets. "Thus saith the Lord" was their form of prophecy, not a word added as to *their agreeing with it!*

After this Council at Jerusalem no general Council was held until that at Nicaea in 325 under the Emperor Constantine; though several

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minor assemblies of various kinds were held at different places. The first of which we have any information, and this only fragmentary, is of a provincial Council at Hierapolis held in Asia in order to condemn Montanus and Maximilla, and the currier Theodotus, as false prophets. The date of this is uncertain, perhaps it occurred about 160 or 180.

Harnack, writing on this subject, is of opinion that the Church had reached a turning-point in its career, and that it was the overthrow of Montanism and Gnosticism which really made the so-called 'Catholic' Church. As with most religious movements a time soon comes when a change sets in. The ardor, the simplicity, the spirituality, of the original impulse become mixed with the worldly spirit. Then a reaction against this worldliness is started by a few zealous persons.

It was so with early Christianity. As the adherents became numerous, as they came more and more intimately into contact with other forms of philosophy, and the worldly spirit, a certain commingling took place. This made some raise a voice for greater purity, simplicity, and spirituality, just as in more recent times we have the Puritans, Quakers, Irvingites, and others. The Montanist movement was of this nature, and it was opposed by the ruling element in the Church. The chief cause of the opposition on the part of the bishops was that Montanus and others sometimes got into ecstatic states, and gave out teachings professedly from the Holy Ghost. This could not be tolerated, for it would have superseded the influence of the bishops and the clergy generally. So the Montanists were excommunicated, the Canon of Scripture was declared closed, and the clergy naturally its keepers and expounders.

However, one of the greatest of the Church Fathers, Tertullian, defended Montanism, and declared that the Church, in refusing to accept a reforming influence, had entered on the path of decay.

The next stage, the dispute about the proper time for observing Easter, indicates the sort of spirit which was taking possession of the Church. Having declared that the Bible could not receive any additions, and that no fresh revelations which might endanger the rule of the bishops were to be recognized; the clergy in the East and in the West were at leisure to fight over trifles such as the day on which to keep Easter! The many synods, and disputes, and letters from the East to the West over this matter are of little moment in themselves, but the whole controversy serves to show the nature of the spirit which was at work in the Church. Following up this line of review we shall see the causes which were gradually at work during the first five centuries, and which led to the Second so-called Oecumenical Council held at Constantinople in 553.

(To be concluded)

THE DESERTED PALACE: by Wang Po (648-576 A. D.)

(From the Chinese)

BY KENNETH MORRIS

IT was a puissant Prince, and not so long ago,
Built him a palace here, to dwell in pure delight
Where all the summer long the jade-blue waters flow
And sparkle to and fro among these islands bright.
And not so long ago, night after splendid night,
So loud the lutany and song that filled the hall,
They could not hear at all Time's nor the sea-gulls' flight,
Nor on the beaches white, the wavelets splash and fall.

Down from the mountains now the mists of morning flow,
And through Tang Taitson's halls go wandering cold and white;
And none forbids the wind whither he will to blow,
Through windows once aglow, now hollow and reft of sight,
Flapping the tattered blinds, bellying scarlet-bright
Curtains that moulder now undrawn along the wall;
And the sea-birds fly through, crying in the eerie night,
And sighing through the night, the wavelets splash and fall.

Starlight, where once the golden dragon lamps did glow;
Dimness, for orange glow, vermeil and silver light;
And lute and lutanist long since are laid a-low;
Singer and song she sang long since are silent quite.
Only the silver clouds still on the waters bright
Are glassed; the sea-gulls still along the sea-rim call,
As when Tang Taitson came in all his glory and might,
And paced the beach at eve, and heard the wavelets fall.

L'Envoi:

Long since? ---Indeed, indeed, 'tis not so long ago---
Not many autumns since---not long ago at all---
And where is Taitson now? Where? ---Soft the sea-winds blow;
Soft on the beaches low the wavelets splash and fall.

*International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California*

THE ETERNAL PILGRIM: by H. Travers, M. A.

THEOSOPHY comes to uphold the truth; and what truth can be more vital to humanity in all ages than that man is a being endowed with the power of conscious evolution, and therefore able, by the use of his will and intelligence, to advance indefinitely on a path of perfection? Man, the god in an earthly tabernacle, is ever prone to forget his divine nature and to yield weakly to his lower nature; but from age to age the Spirit is reborn, great Teachers and Helpers appear, and man is reminded once more of his own divinity. Such a reminder is now being given by Theosophy, at a time when materialistic ideals have prevailed both in religion and science, coloring the whole of life, and bringing us to a serious crisis.

The prevalent one-sided view of evolution cannot satisfy the intellect or the heart; but it can and does exercise a baneful hypnotic influence over men's minds, and should be relegated to the past along with our other mistakes, to make way for broader and more logical views of evolution. While influential people are setting up in our schools and museums images of degenerate human types, and telling us that such was our ancestry, Theosophy holds up to our view the type of God-like man, as exemplified in the greatest and noblest characters of all history. The following quotation illustrates a view taken by many people who seek to reconcile the claims of science and religion:

"We are coming to recognise that the gradual development of man out of lower forms of life made him, at the appropriate stage of that development, responsive to a higher form of consciousness than other animals possess: he became an organ through which the universal consciousness could express itself as mind and spirit." — *Spiritual Guidance in Quaker Experience*, by William C. Braithwaite.

And the following, from H. P. Blavatsky, represents the Theosophical view:

"Man is certainly *no* special creation, and he is the product of Nature's gradual perfective work, like any other living unit on this Earth. But this is only with regard to the human tabernacle. That which lives and thinks in man and survives that frame, the masterpiece of evolution — is the 'Eternal Pilgrim,' the Protean differentiation in space and time of the One Absolute 'unknowable.'" — *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 728.

The continual harping on the animal affinities of man's organism, supported by erroneous theories of evolution, encourages the idea that man is a creature of instincts and natural forces, destined to move in a circle in obedience to laws which he cannot control. It tends to a pessimistic view of human nature, and ignores or depreciates the divine side of human character. In extreme cases it may even amount to a denial and repudiation of this higher nature — the worst sin a man can commit. Though this denial may be only intellectual, yet even so it tends to spread its influence over the character, and may subtly poison the springs

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of our moral life. This is why it is so important to insist on man's spiritual descent, and to show that all science, so far as based on unassailable fact and logical inference, supports the ancient teaching.

It is not necessary to appeal to science or any other authority for the proof of self-evident facts; and it is a self-evident fact that man is endowed with a self-conscious mind, which enables him to contemplate his own thoughts and feelings, and to develop his character by deliberate resolve. The work of man is left uncompleted at his death; and, if we read the writings of those who argue for the soul's immortality, we shall find them using this argument, and saying that God could never have created man with such an endowment, only to cut him off for ever after a few brief years. And they infer that man is destined to a career of continued self-improvement in a future world or state. But, owing to a lack of knowledge of the ancient teaching of reincarnation, they do not get far with their argument. Nevertheless, the salient truth stands out — that man is bipartite, compact of an immortal and a mortal part; and that his self-conscious mind has qualities that distinguish it radically from the animal mind and render it superior to all mortality. Accepting then this peculiar mind of man as a fact, it is incumbent on us to study it, in accordance with the familiar Platonic axiom, "*Know thyself!*" And this can be done independently of any study of evolution. Yet a study of evolution will greatly help.

First it is necessary to give a logical view of the meaning of the word evolution. It means the process of growth and development which ensues from the interaction between spirit and matter; and in no way can we avoid postulating this duality as lying at the root of all motion and life. Even the most materialistic science has to use the terms force and matter, or energy and inertia. We do not know what either energy or inertia is in itself; except that, being components of matter, they must be immaterial. Hence, from the viewpoint of physical science, they are abstractions, though they must be realities on another plane of cognition. Science seems to be in doubt whether the life-force that promotes the evolution of matter is in matter itself or comes into matter from outside; but in either case it has to recognise that such a life-force must exist. Perhaps the essential difference between the materialistic view and that of Theosophy is that the former regards the life-force as blind and unintelligent, whereas Theosophy regards it as intelligent and as being a spark of the universal mind.

It will be apparent that there are two possible views of evolution, one of which looks upward from below, while the other looks downward from above. Science represents evolution as a process tending upwards from matter; the other view represents evolution as a process by which

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spirit descends into matter and becomes ever more and more materialized. Both views must be held in the mind at the same time, for both processes are going on simultaneously; indeed they are inseparable.

Materialism and Theosophy start at different ends in their scheme of the universe. The former starts from matter and gives us a picture of a chaos of inert matter, coming mysteriously to life, and slowly gaining more life and acquiring intelligence, until through long ages, man himself is evolved. This is a very upside-down picture of the universe, and shocks the mind with its idea of purposelessness. Theosophy begins with mind, and makes mind and intelligence the fundamental fact in the universe; and then seeks to derive everything from the universal mind. A study of Theosophical cosmogony will show that the three fundamental hypostases are (1) The Absolute Unknowable, (2) Cosmic Mind, (3) Cosmic Matter.*

All evolution is the result of Cosmic Mind acting in Cosmic Matter, whereby are produced the visible living organisms, including all the natural kingdoms, down to the mineral; and whereby also are produced many beings that are not physical at all — for the universe is by no means limited to what we can see. But, though the life-spirit passes successively through these various forms, the progress is not continuous, for there are distinct breaks between the several kingdoms, and these kingdoms are separated from each other by discrete (not continuous) degrees. Even within the several kingdoms, we find discrete degrees, separating one species from another, with no visible connecting links — one of the puzzles of science. All this means that a large part of evolution takes place elsewhere, and that the organisms which we see are only separate stages in the process. The universal life-spirit is ensouled in a 'Monad,' which may be mineral, vegetable, or animal, and the work of evolution is performed on these Monads, which, as they reach certain stages, appear physically on earth. This is why science cannot discover the missing links in evolution.

All evolution, then, is the accomplishment of divine purpose, achieving itself through the manifestation of the powers of the Universal Mind in Cosmic Matter. But it must not be thought that man is merely a culminating product of this particular line of evolution. Theosophy, repeating the ancient teachings, declares that nature unaided is unable to produce man, but can do no more than produce a highly evolved organism for the use of the man that is to be. Man himself existed as a non-corporeal being for ages before he acquired a physical body. He is, in fact, defined as an incarnate god. His spiritual lineage is far

*This classification must be regarded as provisional only; more precise definitions will be found in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 16.

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older than his physical heredity. He is essentially a divine being.

The incarnation of man was a necessary step in the completion of the evolutionary plan. It entailed upon man the temporary loss of many of his powers; but this loss was accompanied by the assurance of acquiring still greater powers in the long run. Man was not able at first to master the animal nature with which he had associated himself; and he experienced what is known as the 'Fall'; but the 'Redemption' lies ever in prospect. This ancient doctrine gives an epitome of human history, and by its light we can interpret the past, the present, and the future of humanity. All *facts* discovered by science must necessarily confirm this view. In order to buttress other views, theorists have to distort the facts. We do not find that races begin in savagery and then proceed upwards to civilization, but we find that races begin in enlightenment and then give way to materialism until they decline; and that then the light is taken up by another race, which in its turn passes through the same cycle. The ancient Egyptians have steadily declined from the earliest periods we can trace. All races have spoken of the 'gods, demi-gods, and heroes' who first taught and inspired their ancestors, and have preserved in their symbolic mythologies the records of their past glory. Human evolution is a continually repeated drama of the descent of spirit into matter. But within the brief period that we call history, we can find no instance of a race that has passed through *all* its stages; no race that has survived the decline into materialism and won through to a resurrection. Yet such is the true destiny of races as of individuals; and if we can find no such period within our ken, this is not to say that the remote past or the nearer future may not have witnessed, or may not witness such a consummation. And even when a race perishes and goes down in premature decay, the light is not lost, and the evolutionary plan halts not; for the work is taken up by succeeding races.

Thus we of today are the heirs of all past ages; and within man is concealed the seed of boundless powers yet unfolded but awaiting unfoldment. It is indeed well that man should be reminded of his spiritual heirloom, of which some would seek to deprive him. The truth holds good for both the race and the individual. Individual man is only half incarnated; and whenever he is able to prepare the soil, the divine seed is ready to grow, unfolding powers that he little dreamed himself possessed of. And so also with man the race. Whenever the soil can be made ready, there are infinite seeds from the past ready to grow up and blossom into wonderful life.

Shall the Eternal Pilgrim lose his way, fall asleep in the enchanted garden, become enslaved to the giant of despair, or squander his soul in Vanity Fair? Shall he lend ear to voices that whisper: "Thou art


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as the beasts that perish; let us eat, drink, and be merry; for tomorrow we die"? Or shall he not rather say to himself: "I am verily the King's son, and none shall deprive me of my heritage and kingly rights"?

Man has to understand his lower nature and learn that it has no right to impose its laws upon his soul; but that the real law of his soul is that of his higher nature. Then the Eternal Pilgrim will have returned home.

AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF HAWAII:

by Edith White

 HERE is a charm about Hawaii that none can resist. The soft breezes of the tropical seas, the luxuriance of nature, woo the imagination from the call to strenuous action, and the psychology of sense-delights pervades the very atmosphere.

And Nature's brown-skinned children, the native Hawaiians, add their touch to the picturesqueness of the place. Groups of them are seen along the way, weaving into fragrant wreaths, or *leis*, as they call them, the feathery-stamened white or straw-yellow blossoms of the ginger plant. There is a pretty custom, distinctively Hawaiian, to bedeck the parting traveler, at the steamer, with *leis* around the hat, the neck and waist. If you chance to have a wide acquaintance, you may be fairly obscured by these sweet-scented tributes.

Honolulu's greatest attraction is Waikiki Beach. All the world has heard of it, yet no word-painting nor painter's brush can ever convey the full impression of its sparkling amethyst and emerald tints flashing upon the pale blue surface of the waves. The beach is skirted by luxurious homes, with lawns reaching down to meet the white coral sands. A unique and artistic adjunct of the Hawaiian home is the *lanai*, an extended and inclosed veranda, wherein art treasures, books, music and rare ferns contribute to social enjoyment and family comfort.

But the affluent are not alone in their love of beauty and art. The soul of the craftsman speaks in the most primitive native. The natural resources of the islands are abundant and the fingers of the women are deft at weaving. For example, they make exquisite hats of the black stems of the maidenhair fern.

For the artist there are in Hawaii attractions innumerable — blossom and fruitage everywhere; a fairyland of glens and tropical luxuriance with rugged mountains and rocky headlands in bold contrast. For the tourist there is a charm memory cannot lose. Mark Twain wrote of it:

"No other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me, sleeping and waking, as this one. Its balmy airs will be always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun; the pulsing of its surf beating in my ear."



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A RIVER SCENE IN THE FIJI ISLANDS



Lowland Photo & Engineering Dept.

DIAMOND HEAD AND PUNCHBOWL, FROM PEARL CITY ROAD, HONOLULU



Lomalind Photo & Engraving Dept.

HAWAIIAN PALI BLUFF



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

SURF-BEATEN ROCKS AT WAIKIKI BEACH, HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

ANOTHER CHANCE, OR THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF EVAN LEYSHON: by Patton H. Mifflin

EVAN LEYSHON lay, as he well knew, not far from death. He had returned, the evening before, to the place that served him for a home, knowing well that his last drink was drunk, and that he would trouble the police-court cells no more. And then he had spent the night on the bare boards of the room that sheltered him, coughing and spitting blood and agonizing. That he had that shelter at all, he owed to the fact that there yet may be grace in the very far fallen. Once he had almost turned the woman of the house from the road to hell; and she remembered it.

Death — what was it? He used to know, he thought. But now — well, why care? It might at least be rest. Damnation! what did he want with rest? He had had a soul in him, once. He had never sought death — as many like him do daily. He wanted a chance to struggle on; yes, at bottom that was what he wanted: to fight on, with the bare hope that he might not die — go out at last and be at an end — ashamed. Oh, hell, hell, hell, what a rotten wreck his life had been!

An *âme damnée*, you would say, if ever there was one; humanity reduced to something like its lowest terms, so it still be human. There are lower grades — that yet wear all the outward trappings of fine success, and shine in society; and make that their business — and to allure. Evan Leyshon, certainly, had reached no such bad eminence. He was 'one of those that small boys torment as they pass in the streets, and that appear weekly before the magistrates: 'drunk and disorderly;' — a fellow with a little chin, to draw a pitying *Poor devil!* from any charitably-minded Levite passing by.

Furies came about him as he lay, to hiss and scourge. Few, I suppose, 'would have seen Aeschylean Tragedy

"In sceptred pall come sweeping by,"

in that room of an evil house in the slums; yet here vultures tore Prometheus; and here Orestes fled over dim Aegeans of thought; and I marvel if there were no august figures on the heights to mourn over that one; no aegissed Pallas to be evoked for this.

"Failure, failure, miserable failure!" hissed the Furies. "How long since you used to gather the crowds in the Hayes, to set the world right with wild words flung to them? Where are your lofty ethics now; your fits and gleams of tender poetry; your flaming rhetoric of idealism?" — It was true; there had been a time when people said he would have made a better preacher than any in the city; though already far fallen then, and his highest possibilities all disappointed. Would have made?

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— actually was. *In vino veritas*, said the moralizers; though ‘half seas over,’ the fellow rang true; pleading for things he did passionately believe in, and they were great things. — The remnant, only, of a wasting treasure, even then.

“And how long,” sneered the Furies, “since you came up from the gray house at Rhesolfen with that little sheaf of verses in your bag, and the knowledge that a thousand more were hovering in the air about you, waiting to be discovered and written? How long is it, you drink-drenched wastrel, since you were going to sing a new light and beauty to the world?”

“Thirty years,” moaned Evan Leyshon. He remembered those bright days miserably. For him the outer world, then, had been a mere transparency through which the splendor of the Spirit shone. He had been familiar with invisible dawns and sunsets, and not ungifted to make others feel what he saw. He had stirred great hopes; in his work, though youthful and imperfect, there had been something unmodern, startling; he had seen the passers by on the common pavements, beautifully shining and majestic like demigods of old. It was not altogether foolish partiality that made old Joshua Morgan, after reading the sheaf of verses, descry in them Shelleyan promise, and mutter things about “a pardlike spirit beautiful and swift.” But the promise had never been fulfilled. Beyond those juvenilia, he had written practically nothing. A couple of years in the city finished the poet in him, and since then he had been going almost steadily down. He had had a work to do in the world, and he had done none of it.

There are some crowns all the Northern Aurora without, and within wounding desperate thorns. The ‘fatal gift’ is less often possession than vision of the ‘impitiable daemon’ Beauty. Osiris and Typhon come not together in the same age and land merely, but again and again in the same breast. Evan Leyshon’s was a case in point. The crown had begun to glimmer; but only the wounding of the thorns increased. He had possessed in a measure the gift; and it had proved indeed fatal. It was now a Typhon’s victory that lay dying in the slum room somewhere behind Bute Street by the docks.

And yet, too, Osiris has a thousand lives in him; he is sometimes desperately hard to kill. You see him buried at the cross roads; yet can never go by without suspecting tremors of the ground. Or you see the stone rolled up over the mouth of his sepulchre; yet can never be sure that what you hear from it thereafter is only the howling and prowling of hyaenas. Evan Leyshon knew that he was dying, and whimpered miserably at the knowledge. The whimper belonged to his condition; it was, however, the expression through that of Osirian rebellion somewhere far within. Thirty years of decline and fall: nearly ten of utter

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abjectness: had not been enough quite to convince Osiris he was dead.

So the morning passed by; and with the afternoon came Captain Elias Elias.

Captain Elias Elias was a man of God. A Celtic sense of the unseen, and what they call '*caeredigrydd Cymru*' — the native kindliness of the Welsh peasant — to begin with; a Calvinistic chapel on the Cardigan coast, to mold the former quality during his early years; and then long night watches at sea, given over to wrestlings with the spirit and the elements, to bring the whole to fruition: had made him what he was. Ten years back he had left the merchant service, taken a house in Grange-town, and devoted himself, as he said, to the service of the Lord. It meant haunting the slums, seeking out the sick and dying — all whose condition put them at his mercy; ministering with the gentleness of a deep and tender nature to their material needs; doctoring them himself, when the peril was not too great, out of his sea medicine-chest and his old experience as skipper and doctor of the good ship *Ovingham*, of Cardiff; and then letting loose upon them his flaming imagination in bedside sermons and prayer. 'Flaming' imagination is the word. What with a hundred storms at sea, and Lord knows how many revival services on land, there was little in the geography of Gehenna that the old fellow did not know. He knew the sea, and he knew the slums, and he knew, or had known, the cliffs and lanes between Mwnt and Aberporth; but he knew hell much better. In the spirit he had rounded all the Horns in Hades. Screaming winds and black billows from the Pole had taught him to picture the roar of the flame that dies not, the overwhelmingness of eternal doom; from the fearful valleys between the wave-mountains, he had learned the horror of the Bottomless Pit. At his best, (the captain's), Dante could not be more vivid, nor Milton armed with more grandiose gloom. — Queer, cross-eyed, brown-bearded, tender-hearted old Apostle of Damnation, I wonder what kind of karma will be yours, for all that unflagging benevolence and cruelty!

Captain Elias had long since marked down Evan Leyshon as lawful prey. Sometimes he had come on him so far gone as to be passive; and had had occasion then for inly exultation: another soul in a fair way to be snatched from the talons of Sathan. Generally, however, the poor wretch would fight back with fitful gleams of energy; Osiris being uneasy in his tomb. This afternoon the captain saw at once that all skirmishing was over, and the main battle waiting to begin. After preliminaries, that is to say, pertaining to this world, and to the captain's better nature. He sent for the nearest doctor — a personal friend of his own; and heard what he expected: that Leyshon could hardly last a day. — Workhouse infirmary? That would hardly suit his plans; he himself would assume

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responsibilities there where he was. — Well, well; it was not worth the trouble of moving him, anyway. And there wasn't a better nurse in Cardiff than old Elias. "But be merciful to the poor devil, as you expect mercy, captain!" So Dr. Burnham, departing; and added to himself: "Queer old cuss — like all the rest of the Taffies!"

It was the captain's intention to be merciful; it always was. Here was a case for the tender amenities, not the terrors, of his theology. It was always so — always in love — that he went to his work. First he called in the woman of the house, and paid her handsomely to watch during his short absence. Then off home with him in a cab, and back within an hour with his own camp-bedstead and bed, and what else he deemed necessary. But for his housekeeper, he would have carried Leyshon home; but she was always 'nassty' on such occasions, and he thought this the better plan. With the skill of a trained nurse and the tenderness of a mother, he got his patient undressed, washed, and to bed; and all to an accompaniment of gentle terms of endearment in the two languages. Then, out with his spectacles and big Bible, and to reading; and after the reading, to expatiating and exhortation. His intentions were still most gentle and tender; he was full of pity; "God so loved the world" was his text.

But what are good intentions to a long habit, and a native cast of mind? The *hwyl* of the little Cardigan chapel took him: the wind was in his sails, and it was the wind that blows about the Horn. He had finished with heaven before long; and then descended into hell, and reveled there, and did gorgeous credit to his training. He could make word pictures; and he did. He read and reeled off the terrors of all the planes of dementia; he brought Tophet in its awful glory into the little inglorious room. Trembling on the verges of consciousness, Evan Leyshon heard, saw, felt, and was terrified. Dumb Osiris lay quiet in his sepulchre, and Typhon the victor tossed and wallowed in the horrid torrents of his native gloom and glare.

Somewhere about nightfall the captain came to a pause. The repentant sinner lay before him; his own vein was somewhat expended, and he remembered his first intentions. At once he was the tender nurse again: meeting the material needs, and filling his voice with soothing consolation. "But fear you nothing, my boy *bach!* remember you how God loves us sinners" — and, (as Cowley says) "a long et caetera." — A dose given, and the tossing and moaning quieted; the candle lit, and screened from the patient's eyes; he prepared himself to argue the rest in silence with the Lord, kneeling down at his soap-box chair, to make a night of it on his knees. — The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart of old; it should be a wonder if Captain Elias did not soften the Lord's

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now. A rumor of his strivings should run through all the courts and hierarchies of heaven. . . .

And he became immersed in it; and the hours went by; and meanwhile the soul of Evan Leyshon went forth upon its adventures. . . .

He was walking in a vast procession on a long dreary, road, with marshlands on this side and that, which lost themselves at a little distance in vagueness, perhaps invisibility — the Penarth Road, if you know those parts. And yet not the Penarth Road, either, as he could see; but the road taken by the newly dead . . . among whom he traveled. For there ahead — only many days' journeys ahead, and not a mere three miles or so — and yet clearly seen — rose the Heavenly City, the New Jerusalem . . . high upon its promontory, with its landmark church, St. Augustine's, in the midst dominating all, and sitting there like a duck squatting, beheaded. They had been traveling long and long. At some point or other he had come in sight of the blissful vision; he supposed after passing under the railway bridge at the end of Clive Street, where the tram turns; but could not remember.

All sorts and conditions of men were on the road with him. A priest came down the line from somewhere in front, picking out the Irishmen and here and there a foreigner; he had rather a commanding way with them, and reminded one a little of a sergeant major with recruits. The Reverend Timothy Slimgill, sometime of the Baptist Forward Movement, was performing a like office for evangelicism generally — or trying to, for he had not the discipline, and must use unction and exhortation instead of command. From somewhere behind rose a belated sound of tambourines. Evan Leyshon felt little interest in these efforts. The thought of his wasted years and soul lay heavy on him; and he knew that presently, under Leckwith Hill, or about Penarth Dock, there would be a desolate turning, which he would take.

A Mrs. Churchill-Pendleton, whom he had once known, hurrying hither and thither, displayed a busy anxiety to convert him to the Anti-Something Movement. Anti- what, he could not be quite sure; perhaps it was a good many things. She pressed leaflets on him, of which she had a goodly store; she had been distributing them all along the way, and meant to keep right on with it. — "Take quite a number," she said; "I can get more printed, you know, when we are there." Presumably she contemplated an Anti- Campaign among the angels, and had visions of reforming heaven. She corrected his pronunciation when he spoke, but seemed unaware of the substance of his answers. Later he heard her clash with the Reverend Timothy, with whom she took a high hand, telling him his views were crude and obsolete. — There

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were two young colliers talking football; wishing to goodness they could have lasted till after the International with England. Alderman So-and-so was enlarging nervously on past charitable undertakings of his own; he managed to buttonhole Slimgill, and held him five minutes, fishing for a good word. But Alderman So-and-so had belonged to the Established Church, and Slimgill seemed a little bored. He spied Leyshon, and made off to him; perhaps after all only more eager for the one sinner that might repent, than for the just man that (obviously) needed no repentance. — “My dear friend,” said he, “are you assured as to your destination?” — “Assured enough,” said Evan; “I am going to hell.”

He spoke out loud, and saw that his words caused a little stir. Heads were turned; someone whistled; there was a general movement among those nearest him to increase their distance. Apparently no one at all had like anticipations. Mr. Slimgill, however, was true to his colors, and stuck close. You might have thought his ministrations too late by a day; but here again the habit of exhorting was strong. He seemed to forget that

“As the tree falls, so shall it lie
Forever through eternity;”

and that this tree, you might say, was fallen. — But fallen or no, Evan Leyshon’s blood was up (if one may speak that way of the disembodied). The abjectness of his late physicality — the keen edge of it — had gone from him, and he could step out like a man. He knew that there was something in him that did not belong to that duck-churched Heavenly City on the heights; where, he divined, there would be conventional customs, conventional fashions in apparel, conventional morality and religion, and conventional Sundays. He had no business with singing Hallelujahs. He had tried to sing something of heaven — the real heaven — down into that hell back on earth; he had failed, and miserably; but shuddered at the thought of smug and smirky bliss as payment for his failure. In reality it was the spark left in him — sincerity — that caused the shudder. If hell was real, it was the place for him. If there was no justice, he would take the thing likeliest it. He would go where weakness and failure were punished, and take his chances. — Osiris believed that Typhon would only flourish the more up yonder; in a different way, but perhaps a more deadly: that the two of them would be soothed and lulled down into a complacent unity, with such life between them as that of a fat marrow in the fields. Typhon’s aim is peace with Osiris; all he fights for is that; — but Osiris, though vanquished, is still for war.

A cry was blown along from behind, and a motion of horror through

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the crowd; there came one wailing and pursued, from whom all the righteous shrank; — one with head hanging down ghastlily — down on his breast, below his shoulders. Someone muttered: "It was at the jail this morning; the Splottlands murderer." — "Damn them," said Evan Leyshon, "they've been at their legal crimes again." He thrust himself between the poor creature and its pursuers, put an arm round it protectingly, and railed back at them till they slunk from the pursuit. — Here the procession broke, leaving these two in a gap of loneliness. Leyshon spoke to the thing at his side, saying what his heart dictated; whatever it was, it brought a growing likeness to humanity to the one addressed; and — strangely enough — a growing strength to Evan himself. So they went on.

They came under Leckwith Hill, and to the cross roads, and the railway sidings with their many trucks of coal; there these two turned, and took their own way. As they went down into the gloom, they heard behind them the waning music of the elect: now *Jerusalem the Golden* — to the wheeze, it seemed, of some aerial unseen harmonium; now a rattle of drums and cymbals, with words to suit; now the exultant dirge or heart-breaking triumph of *O fryniau Caersalem*. All that died away at last as they went on between the standing coal-trucks and the stacked coal; through a gloom ever growing deeper, peopled with grim unhuman figures at toil. And now, strangely, the two had changed roles, and it was not Evan Leyshon, but his Companion, that seemed the protector. -- "You are not afraid?" said that one. — "No"; said Evan; "I had a soul once" — — "Speak of that," said the other; and in a tone that made Leyshon turn and look at him; and wonder at the transfiguration that had come to be there. It was now a veiled figure, erect, shining with a certain august light; and certainly with no mark of human desecration. "Speak of that," said That One, and laid a hand on Evan's arm; to whom straightway a flood of great memories came, and he stepped proudly. — "Let us go on," said he; "we two may conquer hell." It was the like of an archangel that went by his side; but veiled, so that he could not see the face.

They came to vast gates that were opened to them, and passed through into a vastness where, on high and terrible thrones amidst the shadows, sat the Judges of the Dead. Low down on a great space of floor before those judges, Evan Leyshon was bidden stand; but it was as if his Companion went invisible; none but Leyshon seemed to see him where he stood at the latter's side. No accusation was needed, nor any passing of sentence; in silence his past life was unfolded, day after day, in a long procession of pictures in the gloomy air.

These past; and the ground beneath his feet shuddered sullenly,

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and heaved, as if moved by a dreadful life beneath: the life of death, of corruption. It began to crack and tremble like the ice floe at high thaw; thin glowing streaks of fissure formed, and ran on, and broadened. A jagged rent opened, with muffled sound, right at his feet; through it he looked down into gulfs below gulfs, where in the thronging blackness ominous blue flames flickered and sputtered and died; or suddenly all would be a whirling welter of red fire, and as suddenly, darkness again. — He saw another crack form out in front, and run rippling towards him at right angles to the first; its edges as it widened glowing vermilion, and crumbling with little puffs of smoke. It grew, and drew nearer, nearer; and a great wail rang up out of the fathomless reek, and —

Then he felt his hand grasped in a hand . . . at the moment the fall began.

Down, down, down; endlessly falling; through a night black as soot, in which ever and anon the blue sulphur-flames flickered grimly. And now there were charred living arms reached out to him, of those caught and tossed up by the currents of hell; and now there were avenues and narrow vistas, seen momentarily, glowing red, and in the midst of them forms like human writhing; and now a sudden glimpse of one lying chained and prone upon some peak above the chasms, and preyed upon by winged and taloned flames. For the most part there was silence; but sometimes a burst of hopeless passionless shrieking, or moaning like a sea-noise on desolate sunless coasts. . . .

He had time to think as he fell. If this were real, he would. . . . Could he reach some stability: could he but *get at* some of those forms through which he was falling: he would, by heaven, do or say something for them. Such thoughts grew, out of a first dazedness, and then a wonder. Fear or pain he felt not; but always more and more the high Osirian longings of his earlier years on earth. He had in him something still, if only words to say: that which he had failed to proclaim living, he would, by the glory of God that kindled in him, proclaim aloud now that he was dead for the good of the damned in hell. What was it? Falling, he could not quite re-gather that. Only — there was blue sky somewhere, and he would forthtell it. Words would come to him; he felt a rainbowed cloud of them burning in the environs of his mind. There were streams on the mountains on earth, and they should flow through his songs in hell: there were little runlets that he remembered, among the bluebells and the bracken on Garth Faerdre Mountain; the damned should hear of them; they should hear of the perishless white flame of the stars. Damned? Tush! it was a dream; he would find the master-word presently, that should vibrate out through this night of fire, and dissipate it!

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— And ever and again, by a dim light, he would see landmarks worlds and worlds below: a peak; a crag whereon some vast being crouched and gloomed: and then in a moment they shot up past him, and were lost in the spaces through which he had fallen. And there were wandering and ominous suns, crimson like a dying ember, and as little light-giving, and dropping an agony of rubiate flame. And at last the glimmer of a midnight sea below; a sea of dark fires, whereon ran gleams and breakings of blue flame and green. Shadowy creatures came about him, and tossed imploring arms; there were millions and millions of them, outworn from human semblance, wasted with perpetual vain tears. Then he knew what hand it was he was holding; and that it was his Divine Companion's, who had come to him on the road in that ghastly guise. — “Wake them,” he cried to that one; “it is all a dream; give me words to wake them!” — “No,” said the other, “your place is not here, but lower; come!” Down and down; and so into the restless fire-flood on the floor of hell. But there too the words of his Companion came to him: — “There is one waiting for your coming; till you have aroused him from his evil dream, you can do nothing against hell.” — “Yes,” said Evan Leyshon; “I will do that, if it cost me more sorrow than I knew on earth.” — “He is here,” said the other.

And they were in a miserable slum room, beneath the sea at the bottom of hell. There was a lighted candle, much guttered, throwing large unsteady shadows on the walls. There was a man kneeling at a soapbox; there was a bed, and the like of a dead or dying man in it. Evan Leyshon looked from one to the other, uncertain which of the two he was to waken; nor would his Companion tell him. Then he went to the kneeling man, and shook his arm, and cried out to him: “Waken! waken! it is a dream!”

.
Captain Elias lifted his face lit up with a startled look of ecstasy. “Saviour, I thank thee,” he murmured, “that thou hast sent thine angel to visit me . . . to give me assurance of thy mercy, of whose sweetness I have never dreamed until now! . . .”

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Evan Leyshon sighed. — “He stirs in his sleep,” he said; “but he will not be awakened.” — “Go you to the other,” said his Companion.

He did so; and bending over the bed, whispered: “Awake, awake, poor soul! you are to live again; it is not all at an end; you are to live again, and to conquer!”

The man in the bed opened his eyes (his face seemed curiously familiar to Evan Leyshon). “Another chance,” he muttered. . . . “A great new

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chance. . . . I am to live again. . . . — Of course . . . of course. . . . I had forgotten.” A look of transcendent delight came over his face; he smiled, as one might that had feared to die, on awaking to find the Angel Death bending over him, more beautiful than a night of stars, tenderer than any human compassion. . . .

The room vanished, and the mirk and the flames of hell thinned and waned; and Evan Leyshon, looking up, saw Orion shining, and the great white flame of Jupiter high in the heavens; and here the glory of Aldebaran; and there Sirius like a diamond. And he heard song from those triumphant ones: as when the stars of morning sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy. Hell rang with the song, and was shattered; there was the like of dispersing mist; there was the like of a drifting rain of pale constellations; there was the like of a burning mountain giving up sweet stars and singing for fire. . . .

He was going up Bute Street, westward; but in mid air; his Companion with him. It seemed to be delight that lifted him: above the high trams, above the crowds of sailors and hurrying clerks; above the consulates and offices and warehouses. Over the whole city: he saw St. Mary Street below, and High Street; then the Castle with its great square towers, and the row of sculptured beasts on the wall. Then the park, and the river; the last suburbs; then Llandaff and the cathedral; the open fields and the hills; there the towers of Castell Coch among the trees on its hilltop; there the gap, the Gate of Wales, and the high bridge; and yonder, Garth Faerdre Mountain, all in its silvered purple beauty, under a sunlight such as never shone on it for his living eyes. And there, above Garth Faerdre, with many spires and domes of turkis and silver and glistening crystal, what he knew for the Heavenly City. — So those two came to the gates of Heaven. . . .

He dwelt in Heaven for an immensity of timeless years. By green lawns and pleasant waters he wandered, and under phantom sapphire mountains where there was singing unlike any from mortal throats. It was a place of flowers, where every bloom was living and with power to touch him to the quick of joy; all his companions were as beautiful and discreet as flowers. Their speech was verse chanted; their thoughts eager and delicate and creative and strong like poetry. Memory of his past life was blotted away from him, except, sometimes, the early and hopeful days in the Vale of Neath. He remembered no sordidness, no failure; nothing of the lure of the senses, the poison that had brought him to ruin. On those piled up mountains of serenity there were always higher heights to climb: worlds upon worlds above, of more gracious

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color, more ennobling beauty, more exquisite and vigorous song. — And then at last he came to the Peak of peaks, very near to the Sun. Over it hovered the princely Sun, with dragon wings quivering and scintillant. And the Sun leaned down, and whispered a word to him; and touched his eyes with a wand of blue turkis stone; and thereupon all vision was fulfilled in him; and all knowledge with infinite calmness blossomed within his breast. . . .

He saw the winged worlds and systems. He saw, strewn through the remote spaces, battle and bliss, battle and bliss. He heard the singing of the choirs of suns. The delight that trembles through the planispheres made a way for itself out through the inmost gates of his being. Then he looked down, and beheld the continents and islands of the world.

His eye fell at last on a city by the sea. He saw a long and dingy street with high trams moving, with groups of sailors lounging, with innumerable clerks hurrying hither and about. He could see every individual, without and within: their bodily seeming, and the motions of their minds and desires. In all that crowd he seemed to be searching for someone: whom, he could not tell; but it was someone that concerned him nearly. At last he found him: the wreck of a man, shuffling miserably through the throng; and now it was night down there in the city, lit with electric globes. He saw the man going down towards the docks, lurching in his walk, and anon coughing and spitting blood. And then turning, and creeping and sneaking down by wretched side streets; and into an abominable place in the slums, there to die.

Then he was concerned to know the past of that man; and saw it, following it like a stream backward to its source. He saw days when the man was falling, not quite fallen: when he spoke to crowds in the Hayes; he saw a divine thing, compassionate — the pride of conscious soulhood — struggling for the mastery of that life, and winning some little victories, and suffering many great defeats, and thwarted, and balked, and driven back, and humiliated, till it was almost expelled from contact with its body and brain. — And then earlier days: in fields, among hills, by a beautiful river with many waterfalls: days when the world was exceedingly lovely, aquiver with intense hopefulness: when almost every hour brought forth its increment of inspiration. He saw the whole of that life; he was fascinated by the sight; at every phase of it he made comment: "Ah, no! let him shun that! . . . let him take this other course! . . . That is not the way — let him choose thus!" — He was absorbed; he fought the battles of the man he watched, and knew that he himself had wisdom and strength to win them.

He longed fiercely to be down there in that body, informing that mind, directing that life to certain victory.

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In Heaven one must always go on; there is no standing still.

He stood, be it remembered, on the highest peak; at least the highest visible. He had accomplished the seven labors of Heaven, which are seven surprising incredible aspects of joy. His Companion stood beside him.

— “We must go on,” said that one: “there is no remaining here forever.”

— “Of course,” said Evan Leyshon. “We must go down there; there, do you see, to that world down yonder; in all space there is nothing else that I desire but to be there. It is a new place; a place of discoveries, of heroic adventures and conflicts; it has joys in it not to be found elsewhere. We must go to that man — do you not see him? — there! Every step of his life has been a step downward; he did not know how to fight the battles one must fight in that world; just that atom of knowledge was lacking to him, or he might be as we now are; for he had vision, at first, almost such as we have; he was not blinded as most of them seem to be. I must go to him; somehow, those battles of his are my battles, and I must fight and win them; somehow, I know that that place in Heaven, that duty, is awaiting me.”

“Look further,” said his Companion; “there is more still that you are to see.”

He looked, and followed the man right back through his youth and childhood — the happy-go-lucky home and parental indulgences, the first mistakes — to his birth; then clouds blew across the face of that world, and all was obscured. They passed, and he saw — another country, another life; but knew it was the same, that it concerned the same individual; and felt the same interest in it. It was that of a man who gave forth songs of divine soft beauty: one with a famous name, that captured in the nets of his vision the most secret wonder of the world; one to whom the magical life of the stars and the forests and sea-beaches was crystal-clearly revealed. High performance here; not mere promise! And he discerned in that life a certain lack of discrimination, not to know the Beauty of God from the beauty that lures and kills: the shallow pool of passional satisfaction from the deep ocean of the satisfaction of the Soul. And so he saw him entrapped by passion, till the stars and sea-beaches and the forests were obscured from him, and the torrents of the lower life whirled him away quickly down to death.

“Look still further,” said his Companion.

He looked, and was aware of clouds over the world, and that time was drifting backward. Then he saw another life; but again, knew it was he of the stars and sea-beaches, and he of the miserable death in the slums. Now it was a life dedicated to all high thoughts and heroism:

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a great champion of the divine; a man of fierce passions fiercely dominated — but dominated; a life triumphant over the temptations of sense, but with a certain pride in virtue and intolerance of human weakness; a clear vision of right and wrong; an heroic warfare, public and private, against the wrong. A grand shining life; one that thrilled him to watch . . . and yet that hurt him too . . . for there was that pride, that intolerance, that lack of pity. And then he knew why the singer of the stars and forests had fallen, and why that other had gone down to die miserably in the slums.

— “What is it you desire?” said his Companion.

— “What else should I desire?” said he. “To go down there and put that line of lives to rights. I know that it is my business, my adventure; there is nothing else in all this Heaven I care to be about. See; I am armed; I demand this boon from the Master of the Sun. That crookedness must be made straight; there will be no peace in the universe till all those lives are brought to a decent triumph; and it may easily be done; a few years of struggle and suffering — nothing! The pride of achievement is gone — sorrow and fall and shipwreck have banished that; let but the sensual weakness go — and I know how to conquer it — and he will be a true warrior for the Gods; for he has the love of man now for the central fire of his being. One life, or two, will do it. I must go down there, and run that matter, put it through. I must . . . because it concerns me . . . because . . . it is . . . it is my own life. . .

.
Day dawned; the sun came up over the hills of England; over the Severn Sea; over the slums by Bute Street, as elsewhere. A ray straggled into that wretched room, and brought Captain Elias from his knees and from wrestling with the Lord in prayer; it was now time to see to the patient again. He bent over the bed, and saw a kind of flush, something more than calmness, on Evan Leyshon's face. In a moment the dying man opened his eyes; they were clear; the traces of the beast had gone from them; there was a light in them: confidence, calmness, joy. Not for nothing, thought the captain, had the Angel of the Lord visited the slum room during the night.

— “Little heart,” said he, “how is it with you in your soul, indeed now?”

Evan Leyshon made no answer. He was taking in the fact that the life now ending had been his own, the Soul's, the Denizen of Heaven's; and then he was taking in the fact that this failure, Evan Leyshon, thus dying in the slums, was also . . . one of the Host — a Soul — one from the high mountains of godhood; that had come again and again to earth

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life, to do things — and to win things — and suffer things. And then — he was putting the two facts together, and taking the burden and sorrow of his awful life-failure, and seeing it melt before his eyes in the knowledge that there was no finality about it; that there would be other days, other chances; and, by God, a better knowledge, now, how to meet them and turn them to the purposes of the divine; — how that from birth to death is but a day, and from death to rebirth but a night; and complete victory, complete expression of the highest things in the Soul, the end and goal of it all. . . .

“*Calon fach*,” said the captain, “how is it with you, indeed and indeed now, in your soul?”

But sure you, there, what good to bother for an answer? The captain could see well enough, by the look in the dead man’s face. At home he got out what he called his “ship’s log of holiness,” and entered to his credit with the Lord, another soul snatched from the talons of Sathan, *whatever!*



“THE thought ‘that our existence terminates with this life,’ doth naturally check the soul in any generous pursuit, contracts her views, and fixes them on temporary and selfish ends. It dethrones the reason, extinguishes all noble and heroic sentiments, and subjects the mind to the slavery of every present passion.”—*Bishop Berkeley*

THE SCREEN OF TIME MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

ISIS THEATER MEETINGS ON SUNDAY EVENINGS

Impressions of the Life in Lomaland Mrs. E. M. S. Fite was the speaker at the regular Sunday evening meeting held on April 14th in the Isis Theater, and she took for her subject, 'What Theosophy means to me,' from which the following observations are extracted.

"I had occasion to visit San Diego and was taken to Point Loma to the International Theosophical Headquarters. There I contacted a phase of life quite new to me. I found the utmost activity in all departments of life, practical and artistic, but without strain; a serenity of expression and manner quite foreign to the world I knew, and there I heard of Theosophy, in all the purity of its teachings, and being lived in a way beyond anything I had dreamed of as being possible on this plane; and I was set to thinking, and thinking along new lines.

"Then I began to read and study this Theosophy, which apparently worked wonders in people's lives, and to my astonishment discovered that whereas I had been groping blindly through life, seeking my pot of gold, here in this everyday, work-a-day world was to be found this pot of gold containing untold riches, among which were the answers to my questions."

The Silence a Key to true Knowledge 'Death According to Theosophic Teaching' was the subject of an address given on April 21st at Isis Theater by Dr. Herbert Coryn, who for thirty years has been a member of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and was an old student under Mme H. P. Blavatsky, the first leader of the movement. Dr. Coryn earnestly combatted current ideas that invest death with a gloomy and forbidding aspect, declaring that life itself only acquired grandeur and deep meaning in so far as thought and feeling entertained a correct attitude toward the domain of death. As indicating that death is not merely an after-life state, but that "In the midst of life we are in death," the speaker said, "It is no wonder that we have no knowledge about death since we have not the knowledge which the silence can give us. For death is the opportunity for life and action of that part of us which is usually paralysed by our ceaseless mind-chatter."

Emphasizing the Theosophic teachings, which are at variance with the depressing notions usually associated with death, the speaker declared:

"Theosophy teaches that death is a liberation of the soul and of the best and highest part of the mind therewith; that it gives the mind rest, where rest is needed, and healing where life has wounded," and as showing the unbroken

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

unity of life with death he said, "In the silence immortality is unveiled."

At the meeting of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, held in Isis Theater on April 28th, Prof. C. J. Ryan, a former resident and teacher of art at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, England, read a paper entitled 'Why I Became a Theosophist.' The speaker proved himself to be a widely read student of comparative religious thought and of the evolutionary theories enunciated by modern science, and in this he showed the attitude of a practical Theosophist endeavoring to emphasize the idea of human solidarity. He said: "I became a Theosophist because I found that no dogma was forced upon its students, but that each was told that the real teacher was within, and that progress was only made by inner efforts at self-mastery. I found that instead of being a formalized set of beliefs that must be accepted on pain of unorthodoxy, Theosophy was what might be called a Point of View."

He declared that "according to our personal limitations and prejudices we only see a very little of the great world around us. As soon as the study of nature — human or otherwise — is taken up in the light of Theosophy, the eyes are opened and the horizon widens in the most remarkable way. This is the experience of all sincere students, and, although it brings a greater responsibility it also brings a sense of freedom and joy."

After pointing out that the diversities of modern thought in science and theology were due to the "taint of materialism," Prof. Ryan suggested the need of the more inclusive point of view for which Theosophy stood. He said, "I became a Theosophist because its teachings led to the discovery that man was something more than the every-day personality; that the real immortal man was infinitely higher, and that the meaning of evolution is the recognition of and union with the higher self." And as showing the unsectarian spirit governing Theosophic study and work the speaker declared: "It should be thoroughly understood that when we speak of the teachings of Theosophy we do not mean anything that has to be taken on blind faith, or that has the flavor of dogmatism. The teachings of Theosophy are offered on their merits, and students are told that they are keys to knowledge which have for ages proved their efficacy by opening many locked doors."

Half-Truths in the Light of Theosophy At the Isis Theater on May 5th Dr. Gertrude van Pelt, Directress of the Râja-Yoga College, spoke on 'Half-Truths in the Light of Theosophy.' After quoting from Sergeant Cox, who said, "There is no more fatal fallacy than that the truth will prevail by its own force, that it has only to be seen to be embraced," the speaker referred, as instances, to Socrates, Paracelsus, Giordano Bruno and others who had suffered for proclaiming the truth as they saw it. "All men are equal, is one half of a truth," she declared. "All men are unequal, is the other. But all have a common

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origin and are equally a part of the Great Unknown, the Supreme. All have a common destiny and equal potentialities.

"Without the solid all-round truth about life, about self, and the relation of selves to each other, real progress for the world is impossible. There must be in human life a solid basis of ethics, a true philosophy, upon which to build. And it was to fill this vital need that Mme H. P. Blavatsky brought again into the world the old truths of Theosophy, so long buried."

A Tribute

paid to

H. P. Blavatsky

At Isis Theater, on May 12th, Mme Katherine Tingley gave an address dealing especially with a subject dear to all Americans, that for which 'Mother's Day' has been instituted. The Isis stage was profusely decorated with white flowers, and the Râja-Yoga International Chorus, in their white uniforms, accentuated the scenic effect of light and purity, so fitting to the universal thought of 'mother.'

Mme H. P. Blavatsky was justly paid tribute to, as the mother of the Theosophical movement which she originated in New York in 1875, and which after a few years' leadership under W. Q. Judge passed into the care of its present Leader, Mme Katherine Tingley. A group of young ladies from the Râja-Yoga Academy laid a wreath of flowers upon the altar as tribute to Mother's Day.

Mme Tingley spoke with great feeling of the universal affection which all people associate with thoughts of 'mother,' the word that stirs the deepest note in our hearts. "Our lives must ever be a credit and tribute to her memory," the speaker said. "We must bring home to ourselves the importance of feeling our responsibilities for a greater recognition of this mother-influence. A true mother, in her right place in the home, is a queen."

The speaker then referred to Mme H. P. Blavatsky as "the spiritual mother of the age," who, "with no children of her own, dedicated her whole life to the children of the race. She came to America in 1873, at the beginning of the reconstruction of the thought-life of the world, when the old order was passing away and the new order was coming in — this new order is yet in the making. Mme Blavatsky's life and influence can be found in the results that have grown out of her work and her writings. She reconciled the hatred of men and the contradictions found in the different religions; and she accentuated from the housetops, so to speak, those two great doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, which so many thoughtful minds realize are the only explanation of the perplexing questions of life, thus supplying the missing key to all problems of science, philosophy and morals.

"We cannot realize the true life," Mme Tingley declared in conclusion, "until an outer and more definite expression is found for our highest ideals."

A large and appreciative audience was in attendance.

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On the preceding Wednesday, May 8th, 'White Lotus Day' — sacred to the memory of H. P. Blavatsky — the students and pupils in Lomaland celebrated the occasion in a manner at once simple and beautiful. Mme Tingley, in the course of a brief address, observed that among all the heroic characters in the pages of history not a single one could be found whose courage even approached the royal quality and indomitable nobility of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky — founder and inspirer of the modern Theosophical movement throughout the world. Her work is being vindicated. F. J. DICK, Editor.

THEOSOPHICAL DIVINITY STUDENTS ARE EXEMPTED

The following is a clipping from the *Evening Tribune* (San Diego) of April 22, in connexion with the claims made for exemption from the military draft in accordance with the provisions of the Selective Draft Act, which provide

" . . . that students who at the time of the approval of this Act are preparing for the Ministry in recognized theological or divinity schools shall be exempt from service in the Army."

It is important to bear in mind that these claims for exemption are made only by those students of the School of Antiquity who as students of divinity are devoting their whole lives to the promulgation and exemplification of the teachings of Theosophy, and are preparing themselves to go forth as ministers of such teachings. On the other hand a number of students (fifteen) educated at the Râja-Yoga College, a department of the School of Antiquity, have volunteered and are now in the service either in the Army or the Navy.

"THEOSOPHISTS NOT TO GO TO WAR"

"The divinity students at the Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society of the World, are exempted from the draft, and other men will be sent to war in their places, according to final instructions received this morning by No. 1 City Registration Board here from the State Adjutant General's Office.

"A question was brought up some time ago concerning the status of the students, the Local Board contending that the students could not be regarded as students of divinity in accordance with the accepted standards. Eventually the controversy was carried to the authorities at Washington where a ruling in favor of the students was rendered.

"The instructions to the Local Board from the Adjutant General follow:

" 'Forward at once all papers in cases of divinity students, School of Antiquity, with recommendations from a member of the Board authorizing appeal to President. This procedure essential if Government money is to be saved from useless expenditure.— BOREE.'

"Maurice Boguslavsky, registrant of the Local Board and a member of the Point Loma divinity school, was discharged from Camp Lewis on April 11th by reason of his being a divinity student, although the Local Board had found him subject to the draft and had accordingly ordered him to

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Camp Lewis. It is understood that the precedent opens a way for circumventing the stand taken by the Board, and the Adjutant General accordingly is said to have advised the Board to discontinue its attitude in the matter.

"The Adjutant General, according to the records, supported the Local Board some time ago by declaring the Point Loma students subject to the draft. Recently the Judge Advocate of the Army issued a contrary ruling that resulted in the discharge of Boguslavsky and that provided a means of discharge for all other Point Loma divinity students that the Local Board might send to the front.

"Chairman W. F. Ludington of the Local Board makes no comment on the case, other than to submit for publication his orders from the Adjutant General and to state that other men will be sent to the war."

MECHANISM AND PSYCHOLOGY

IN keeping with scientific progress on all materialistic lines, is the remarkable work being done in military and orthopaedic surgery, in restoring to industrial usefulness the many soldiers who have suffered loss of limbs, or of the special senses of sight or hearing. Great ingenuity is shown in the construction of artificial limbs and other mechanical aids, while new methods of occupational education, following amputations, or of the deaf or blind, are doing wonders to reduce the tragic aftermath of helpless war cripples.

No less striking are the results of modern sanitation, in controlling the usual camp diseases, which, as the classic figures of warfare show, have been far more deadly than bullets.

Evidently, the same high degree of efficiency is attained in handling these war conditions, as obtains generally, today, in whatever concerns the *mechanism* of life, both in the body, and in the human environment. Materialistic science is very much at home along its chosen lines of work.

Upon the other hand, the psychological problems developed by this war, are no less puzzling than the steady increase in mental and nervous diseases which is so marked in all our modern civilized life. Take, for instance, the psychic and nervous disorder, known as 'shell-shock,' with its unclassified symptom complex, which is commanding an important place in military medicine. The symptoms are those of psychic trauma, and bespeak some dislocation in the man's inner constitution — at best, an ill-defined subject, which science frankly ignores. These conditions do not square with the analytical methods of popular psychology, which contends that human thought and feeling are but the product of the chemical and muscular activities of man's body, supplemented by stimuli from his environment. Viewed in the light of Theosophy's explanation of man's make-up, however, it is clearly seen wherein these cases of 'shell-shock,' with no organic lesion, evidence a mal-adjustment of the conscious, inner body, through which the

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life-principle acts upon the mere matter of flesh and blood. The delicately-adjusted relations of the man himself to his complex, seven-fold nature, may be seriously disturbed, without material cause or organic symptoms. This consistent fact holds the clew to the cause and the treatment of these cases. Psychology, without Theosophical study, is *terra incognita*. L. R.

ART

IT is a remarkable fact that, in spite of all the disturbance due to the war conditions of Europe, the interest in Art, ancient and modern, has not flagged or in any way failed; but on the contrary it actually displays a decided growth; the activity in this field of art-production and collection being intense.

This marked interest in Art may perhaps be due to the need for some distraction or relief from those distressing conditions, which weigh so heavily on all thinking people today. But also it assuredly depends in some measure upon economical conditions produced by the war. Valuable works of art by great masters past or present are eagerly sought by private collectors as well as by national museums because such works represent value not subject to taxation, and which values experience has shown to be year by year increasing. Of course the esthetic value of great works of art transcends mere commercial considerations; yet it is also true that, as the products of art are bought and sold, so a general scale of valuation in such matters has been arrived at, and this scale shows a great advance of prices. The reasons for this are too complex for enumeration here.

As an example of this, the Museum of Berlin lately bought one of the finest Greek statues that has been acquired by any European museum during the last half-century, paying for this treasure considerably more than a million marks. The statue was discovered at Tarentum in Southern Italy, and after some migrations, it has found a home in Berlin where it will be exhibited in a small temple specially built for it in the Museum.

It represents a female figure enthroned in a beautifully ornamented chair raised upon a platform. She is evidently one of the great goddesses (possibly Artemis or Hera), but as she has no formal attributes, it is not possible to say with certainty what was her position in the pantheon.

This interesting work dates from the latter part of the sixth century. It is severely archaic in style, and well represents that most dignified phase of Greek Art which preceded the Phidian Age.

As this statue adorned a temple at Tarentum not far from the site of the famous school of Pythagoras, it is reasonable to suppose that many a student of that great Academy has stood in the presence of the sculptured goddess, in adoration of divinity, or lost in admiration of this masterpiece. R. M.

A HERO IN LITERATURE

MUCH truly heroic work has blazed the path for the archaeologist in various lands. And there are paths in literature—the unearthing of literatures unknown till quite recently — which come so very close to the work of Champollion, Lepsius, Layard, and all their colleagues and successors, involving equal hardships, perseverance, and courage, that perhaps ‘archaeology’ should be held to include all interpretative work of ancient or archaic times, whether occupied with monuments, tablets, or actual books — such as the *Zend Avesta*.

One *real* hero in this interpretative work was Anquetil Duperron, who in 1754 happened to see an Oxford facsimile of four leaves of the actual *Vendidad*. Though only twenty years old, he at once determined to make the first European translation of the Zoroastrian books, and he enlisted as a private soldier under the French East India Company.

After three years of endless adventures and dangers throughout Hindûstan, he arrived at Surat, where he lived among the Parsis for three years more. Here began another struggle, against that mistrust on the part of the Parsis, which had disheartened another before him. He finally came out victorious, and won access to their books, and some of their knowledge. Ten years had elapsed, when he placed the *Avesta* in the Royal Library, Paris. Ten years in all were spent in studying the material he had collected, and the first European translation of the *Avesta* was published in 1771, in three volumes.

Sharp controversies quickly arose, in which Duperron, as might have been anticipated, appeared not always in the best light, for, like Champollion, he was not crusted over with an invulnerable hide of musty scholarship. He found himself bitterly attacked — as pioneers usually are! — but discovered a champion in Kleuker of Riga University. Meanwhile, Duperron had already partly proved that the data in the *Avesta* agreed with Plutarch’s account of Magianism, in *Isis and Osiris*.

Passing over the controversies of the early nineteenth century, we find Burnouf, Lassen, and Rawlinson, as a final result, deciphering the inscriptions at Persepolis and Behistan, and the authenticity of the Zend books was finally established; for a language, close twin to the Zend, was found, speaking from the tomb of the first Achaemenian king.

Thus the initiative of Duperron has evolved a literature of the greatest importance for the study of Comparative Religion, and yet it remains, even in this field of the Zend language, unfinished. The mysterious *Honover*, or *Ahuna-Vairya*, is in a language so obscure that no satisfactory rendering of it has yet been achieved. It is an adjuration of several clauses, occurring frequently in the Yasnas. Much of importance regarding Zoroastrian philosophy, science and religion, can be discovered by students in the pages of H. P. Blavatsky’s works, *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*. D.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either at 'large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

July, 1918

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH (Katherine Tingley, Editor) is a thoroughly representative Theosophical publication. The July issue in its varied articles shows the close relation of Theosophy to religion, as in 'Is Theosophy a Religion?' and 'Theosophy and Christianity'; to science, as in 'Science and The Scientific Method'; to history as in 'History in the Light of Theosophy'; and to art, as in 'Art and Religion'; and 'Art as a Factor in Evolution.'

IS THEOSOPHY A RELIGION? by H. P. Blavatsky.

A reprint from one of Mme Blavatsky's powerfully written editorials, as valuable today as it was at the time she wrote it, in 1888.

"The assertion that 'Theosophy is not a Religion' by no means excludes the fact that 'Theosophy is Religion' itself. A religion in the true and only correct sense, is a bond uniting men together — not a particular set of dogmas and beliefs. Now Religion, *per se*, in its widest meaning is that which binds not only *all* MEN, but also *all* BEINGS and all *things* in the entire Universe into one grand whole. This is our theosophical definition of religion."

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY: by H. T. Edge, M. A., Part II

"The burden of Christ's teachings, or of the true and original Christian gospel, is that which has been called the 'Mystic Christ'; It seems clear that Christ and his apostle were teaching that man should seek the God within, not an imaginary God without; that they should strive to *become*, rather than to follow."

ART AS A FACTOR IN EVOLUTION: by R. Machell.

"In all races, even in the most degraded, there are traditions as well as evidences of lost arts and sciences such as distinguish the civilized nations. . . . The prime factors in civilization, as well as its chief attributes, are the arts and sciences, the religions and philosophies.

"Art, therefore, is a revealer of hidden truth, a bridge across the gulf that separates the illusions of earth-life from the realities of the spiritual spheres of consciousness."

PITHECANTHROPUS ERECTUS IN THE LIGHT OF HUMAN HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris.

This is an eloquent arraignment of the modern evolutionary viewpoint that man is descended from the ape. Literary in treatment,

rather than scientific, nevertheless the article brings forward most telling and unanswerable arguments against the acceptance of the brute ancestry of man. In its reference to human history it forms a notable addition to literature on this subject.

STUDIES OF CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING: by Osvald Sirén, Ph. D., Professor of the History of Art, University of Stockholm. CHAPTER VII — ART AND RELIGION.

“European art devoted itself so completely to representation and description that the Western world has almost forgotten that art may be a poetic creation capable of directly expressing spiritual and emotional impulses.

“One need not have seen much of Chinese painting to perceive that pictorial art is not necessarily dependent on imitation of nature as generally understood.”

REINCARNATION, AND THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANTINOPLE HELD IN A. D. 553: by the Rev. S. J. Neill. Part II.

According to the writer, “the nearest reference to anything like reincarnation” is contained in the first anathema which reads: “‘If anyone maintains the legendary pre-existence of souls, and the fanciful apocatastasis [restitution of all things] let him be anathema,’” but he declares this has nothing to do with reincarnation,

“it is simply pre-existence. It may be safely said that neither in this nor in any of the early Councils, as far as we have records, was reincarnation condemned, or even discussed.”

HISTORY IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY: by H. Travers, M. A.

This is one of the most valuable articles in this issue. It is impossible to do it justice by any brief quotation. The writer shows, not only deep study of Theosophical teachings, but profound insight into history. One of the most interesting of the points brought forward by him is an ancient prophecy found in the Vishnu Purana, regarding the Kali (or Black) Age, which includes our own times.

TALKS ON THEOSOPHY: by Herbert Crooke.— I — WHAT IS IT?

This promises to be a most interesting series — particularly valuable to inquirers and others just becoming interested in the subject.

In this issue there are also Verses by Kenneth Morris, being renderings in English of **THE YELLOW-CRANE PAGODA: by Ts’ui Hao (A. D. 703-755)** and **THE COLD CLEAR SPRING: by Li Po (A. D. 702-762).**

This issue is beautifully illustrated as is always the case with **THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH**. It concludes with interesting news items under the heading ‘The Screen of Time,’ bringing the reader into more intimate touch with the activities at the International Theosophical Headquarters, at Point Loma, California, and including reports of Katherine Tingley’s addresses at Isis Theater in San Diego.

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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

The office of the Theosophical Publishing Company is at Point Loma, Cal.

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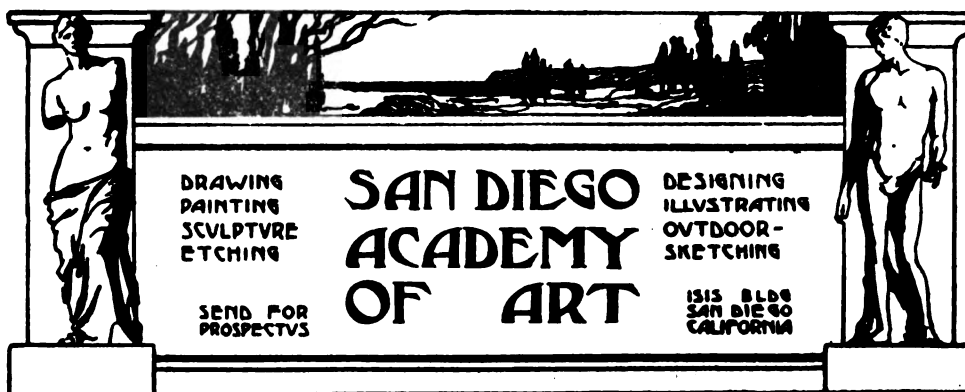


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